The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEORGE

DE WALD

AND

COMPANY.

We Are Now

SHOWING NEW THINGS

—IN—

DRESS GOODS

Beautiful Goods and Handsome Effects. Choice things in Satteens and Ginghams. New Embroideries and White Goods.

GEORGE -:- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BROOKS, commanding the steamer Arizona, has completed 600 round trips of the Atlantic. Captain Brooks, who is a hale and hearty, jovial mariner, is 57 years of age. He began his sea-faring life as a cabin-boy in a small sailing vessel when only 15 years old. His life since then has been full of stirring incidents.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CLOSING PRICES—1:15 P. M.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Wheat: February, $1.07; March, —1; May, $1.1@1⅛; June, $1.05½. Oats: February, 2⅛; March, ——; May, 27⅞; June, 27⅝. Corn: February, 34⅛; March, 34½; May, 35⅝; June, 35⅝@½. Pork: February, $11.00; March, $11.00; May, $11.17½@.20; June, $11.27½. Lard: February, $6.65; March, $6.65; May, $6.65; June, $6.70. Short ribs: February, $5.02½; March, $5.02½, May, $6.07½; June, $6.05.

GREAT - ANNUAL

REMNANT SALE!

Monday, Feb. 18.
Tuesday, Feb. 19.
Wednesday, Feb. 20.
Thursday, Feb. 21.
Friday, Feb. 22.

To the Ladies of Fort Wayne and Vicinity:

Our annual Remnant Sales have attained wide-spread reputation. They have become "household words." The ladies can only appreciate the very tempting bargains we offer upon these days. Every economical mother in this city will visit our establishment during the progress of our Remnant Sale. All our departments contain short lengths of goods, which will be sacrificed far below cost.

This sale is especially convenient to the ladies preparing for spring sewing. Our White Goods and Embroidery Remnants, Muslins and Cambric Remnants, Laces, Ribbons, etc., will find hundreds of patrons.

Silk and Dress Goods

REMNANTS

In lengths varying from 1 to 12 yards at

HALF - PRICE!

Short lengths of Plushes, Velvets, Sateens, Ginghams, Tickings, Linens, Flannels, Sheetings, Towelings, Shirtings, Linings, white Goods, Embroideries, Ribbons, Laces, etc., etc.
Remnant Calicos, 4 cts. per yard.
Remnant Indigo Blue, 5 cts. per yard.
Remnant Bleached Muslin, 1 yard wide, 5 cts. per yard.
Remnant Unbleached Muslin, 1 yard wide, 4 cts. per yard.
Remnant Gingham, 4 and 5 cts. per yard.
Remnant Toweling, 3 cts. per yard.

Sale Opens Promptly

MONDAY - NEXT,

9 O'clock, A. M.

Our Patrons will call as early as possible to secure the Best Selections.

M. Frank & Co.,

BEE HIVE

DRY GOODS HOUSE!

62 and 64 Calhoun Street, Corner Berry Street.

THE FIRE FIEND.

It Sweeps the Handsome Fox Block From the Face of the Earth and Wrecks Skelton, Watt & Wilt's Wholesale Grocery.

Fort Wayne was visited by another disastrous fire, last night, possibly one of the severest in its history.

Shortly after midnight Officer Gusching detected a blaze in the great manufactory of Louis Fox & Bros, at the corner of Calhoun and Jefferson streets. He sent in an alarm and turned again to the scene of the fire.

Like pent-up lightning, the flames shot through the building and lit it as if by magic. They were fed from a point over the boiler, near the wall of Skelton, Watt & Wilt's grocery, and this possibly locates the origin at the fire box.

When the department arrived, and they came flying, the block was doomed. The fire was on every floor and found easy food, as the nature of the firm's business would indicate.

They manufacture candies and sweet meats, and make all the varieties of crackers, deal in tropical fruits, and handle everything in that line, for they had one of the finest establishments of the sort in the country.

The flames raged, rolled and whirled about the building, windows burst out into fragments and the roof went up like shot, driven high into the air by the force of the fire below it.

It was a veritable fire pot for a moment or two. Then the front wall crumbled in, the south side followed and the fire fiend had full sway. It sent its fangs out in every conceivable form. They would almost reach the St. Augustine academy on the south side and then sweep towards the store rooms on Calhoun street.

The water thrown into the fire and its immediate vicinity turned into steam as it encountered the flames. "I stood some distance away," said Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, "and could see the water converted into steam as its sprays touched even the walls of the Sister's school."

It was the hottest fire on record. The window glass at the Sisters' school crumbled into atoms, the plate glass front of Fred Hollenbeck's saloon, across the street, fell into a thousand bits and smaller lights went its way. One could not pass the fire on Calhoun or Jefferson streets, without being scorched.

The firemen played at long range and watched the surroundings. They considered the Fox block doomed from the first and aimed to save adjacent property.

The wholesale grocery of Skelton, Watt & Wilt was sorely menaced and the firemen were handicapped in reaching it. They had but one ladder long enough to touch the third floor and here were two magnificent four story blocks on fire.

What an outrageous neglect, and one that falls on the city, for the chief has repeatedly asked for better ladder facilities.

But it is too late, the east half of the dividing wall between the buildings burst and fell with thunderous noise and opened passage for the flames into the wholesale grocery.

The firemen fought the fire at every inch and succeded in saving the block from utter destruction, but what the fire did not devour water damaged, so that in reality the work of the fiend is complete.

The fire in the Fox block found food enough to feed it until daylight put its flames to shame. The firemen could not smother it.

The wholesale grocery smouldered along, too, but there is something left to recognize it by.

Not so with the Fox manufactory. It is a complete wreck, entirely obliterated, save a portion of the rear wall and here and there a corner to mark the confines of what was yesterday one of the handsomest four-story business blocks in the city.

The fire-proof vault stands, and it may be that the books and accounts of the firm are safe, but it is doubtful, so fiercely hot was the fire.

Some conceive that the safe is surely a molten mass, as is certainly the splendid machinery with which Mr. Fox equipped his building.

A Talk With Mr. Louis Fox.

The handsome four-story business block of Mr. Louis Fox & Bro. was erected in 1887, at a total cost of $17,000. It was a monument to Mr. Louis Fox's great business qualities, and so nicely did he prosper that a year ago he admitted his brother, Mr. Gust Fox into full partnership. They employed sixty people in their establishment and six salesmen on the road. This house occupied the first rank in the west and the financial standing of the firm was rated at the top.

"We had almost finished our annual invoice," said Mr. Fox, "and it figured up to $38,000 as far as we got. The total invoice would foot up $40,000, and then you must understand that we [illegible] $30,000 on the stock and building, but I am not certain about it. I knew to the dollar yesterday, the amount of our insurance, but the moment the central office notified me of the fire last night, the whole thing was swept from my mind like a flash. It will take a day or so to recover."

It was a severe blow to Mr. Fox, but he is not discouraged, for last night while his block was blazing he leased from Mr. S. C. Lumbard the store room on East Columbia street, recently vacated by G. W. Seavey & Co., and this morning had an army of men preparing it for business.

"From all over the country, when accounts of the fire were read in the telegraph columns of metropolitan papers, I received offers of assistance," said Mr. Fox, "and in ten days I will be able to supply the trade as usual. Through other agencies I can fill all orders from this moment on."

"Will you rebuild?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir. Last night I instructed Architect Kendrick to prepare plans for a new four-story business block, and we will let the contract for it as soon as he is ready.

"I can not say, however, where I will build. If I get my price for the site of the burned building, 50x120 feet, on Calhoun street, I will sell it and build on the property 52½x150, just in the rear of it on East Jefferson street. I recently purchased this property from J. B. White, and it is as desirable for a wholesale house as the Calhoun street front, which, of course, is a retail center."

Skelton, Watt & Wilt.

This company of wholesale grocers have taken first rank in the trade inside of two years and were doing a handsome business. They leased their business block from Hon. Wm. Fleming. The members of the firm could not estimate their loss this morning, but their insurance is $18,200. Their store was not completely gutted, but at this writing they cannot tell what damage the water did to their varied stock.

This firm held a two years' lease on their old building, the Breen block, at the corner of Calhoun and Lewis streets, and will occupy it at once, so that they will be ready for business in a week.

It is stated that the insurance of this firm reached 80 per cent. of their annual invoice, making their loss about $25,000.

Hon. Wm. Fleming.

His business block was erected two years ago, at a cost of $10,000, especially for Skelton, Watt & Wilt. The walls of his block may be utilized, and if so, his insurance will cover the loss. Mr. Fleming came down to-day, for the first time since his illness and said at the office of the Frst National bank that he would rebuild at once.

The Insurance and Loss.

The insurance, $48,200 in all, is divided between the local agencies of S. C. Lumbard, Glutting & Bauer, D. C. Fisher, J. E. Graham, Leonard Bros., D. L. Harding, Chester Scarlet, S. C. Schroeder, Kuhne's, Casper Neireiter and Edward Sidel. As the policies are not heavy, none of them over $3,000, the names of the companies are not of local interest.

The loss on the burned and adjoining buildings is estimated altogether at $85,000.

The damage to the St. Augustine academy will amount to $200 or $300, and on the other buildings on Calhoun street $1,000 more or if Nathan & Co. are damaged by the flooded cellar.

The Management of the Fire.

It is freely charged that the management of the fire was bad. The streams from the water mains could scarcely reach the third story of the buildings, but in the face of this deficiency it was after 2 o'clock when the engines were connected with the line of hose.

The lack of ladders and facilities to reach the fourth floor of buildings was most deplorable. It is a miracle that everything for blocks around did not burn down.

These criticisms are made by hundreds of citizens and THE SENTINEL can give their names to the city authorities.

The Sparks.

The fire originated in the boiler room.

Thousands of people viewed the ruins to-day.

A number of dwellings all around the scene of the fire were damaged by the flying sparks of fire.

Rev. Dr. Moffat and Rev. D. C. Woolpert were among the first spectators to arrive at the scene of the fire.

Messrs. Louis and Gust Fox were at the fire and calmly watched their handsome property go up in smoke.

Steve Bond cut his hand badly in breaking in a window at Skelton, Watt & Wilt's grocery to save some papers.

Clerk McDonald says that the water pressure on the mains during the fire [illegible] one hundred [illegible] The loss is al[illegible] dollars.

Chief Hilbrecht, "and I tell you we needed it. An act like this firemen never forget."

Street Commissioner O'Brien has blockaded East Jefferson street and the east side of Calhoun street for fear of accidents.

Pat Bulger and other brave men climbed onto the roof of St. Augustine's academy and smothered the fires that originated from sparks.

Julius Nathan & Co., assembled a large force of men and began carrying their books and a portion of the goods to the wholesale grocery house of G. E. Bursley & Co.

Mr. W. H. Watt, Mr. Ben Skelton and Mr. Frank Wilt looked on the fire and must have been thrilled with fear as the flames raged and menaced their wholesale grocery.

Henry Rosenberg, one of the firemen, was overcome by the heat and fell exhausted. He was taken to St. Augustine's academy, where the good sisters cared for him tenderly.

The building occupied by G. Niemann, just across Calhoun street, was threatened by the flames every moment, but fortunately escaped. The windows in the store room were badly shattered.

Many people were passing the Fox manufactory when the fire broke out. Among them was Frank Pierce, bartender at the Wayne house. He was on his way home when he met Policeman Gusching, running to the fire box. "I asked him," said Frank, "what was the matter." He said: "There is a fire over at Fox's." I looked over there and saw nothing but a light from one of the side windows, and started to go on home. I had walked, probably, a quarter of a square, when I heard a fall of glass, and turning around I saw the whole corner apparently a mass of flames. I never saw a building so completely and thoroughly gutted in so short a time in my life." Lieutenant of Police Wilkinson passed the building probably not over a minute before Officer Gusching turned in the alarm, and noticed nothing unusual. The fire broke out like a flash.

POSTAL CLERKS!

President-elect Harrison is Interviewed on the Subject by Ex-Speaker W. G. Sayre.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 16—A local paper publishes the substance of an interview which the Hon. W. G. Sayre, ex-speaker of the Indiana general assembly, had a few days ago with President-elect Harrison, at Indianapolis, on the subject of fourth-class postoffices and the application of the civil service law to outside republican postal clerks, who desire to be re-instated.

Mr. Sayre found that General Harrison is well posted on the plan to have the present incumbents of the fourth-class postoffices resign before the 4th of March, in order that weak-kneed republicans may succeed them.

Gen. Harrison declared that such a proceeding would not be countenanced under any circumstances, and intimated strongly that the republicans, who occupied such appointments would be the first to walk the plank.

Gen. Harrison also cordially coincided with Mr. Sayer's views of the extension of the civil service law to the railway mail service, which the latter characterized as outrageous, and urged that it should be suspended so as to permit the reinstatement of republican mail clerks on their records without examination. The president elect stated that this was a line of policy which he had mapped out.

WIDE AWAKE HATTERS.

The Grand Opening of the Spring Styles of Dunlap Hats.

The Dunlap hat is enjoying a great boom just now, for the firms handling them are having grand openings all over the country. The hat has no equal in the market and has climbed to popular favor on its own merits. Everybody seems to want a Dunlap hat, and hence the announcement that Messrs. Golden & Monahan are now holding a grand spring opening has resulted in crowding their magnificent store with visitors, each eager to see the different styles of the Dunlap hat.

In quality and finish it has no superior and will make friends wherever it is seen. It is the most fashionable hat ever worn. The popular firm have all the different styles and their corp of efficient clerks will take pleasure in showing visitors through the mammoth establishment, whether they wish to look at the Dunlap hat or not, for the firm, as is well known, are the leaders in all gents furnishing goods.

MONTREAL IN FLAMES!

A Terrible Fire Raging at Montreal, Canada—Loss Already $1,000,000.

MONTREAL, Feb. 16.—2 p. m.—A terrible fire is raging on Mull street, near Canal. Ogilvies elevator, Beck, Binning & Co.'s rolling mills are destroyed. The [illegible]

SENATOR BARRETT.

He Returns to the City to Meet His Friends and Answer His Enemies—A Chat With Him.

Hon. J. M. Barrett arrived home from Indianapolis last night, in accordance with his agreement, and to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, will meet the representatives and members of the various building and loan associations at his office in the Sidel block.

THE SENTINEL representative found Mr. Barrett at his office and as the topic is uppermost, asked what object he had in introducing his tax reform measures.

He replied:

"I found upon an examination of the existing laws that they were so drafted that any number of men, not less than ten, could organize a corporation under the name of a building loan association with a capital of $1,000,000; then loan out every dollar to other persons upon first mortgage security at eight per cent. interest and not pay a cent of taxes upon their investment of a million dollars. I was informed that all through the state a large number of well to do men were putting their money into these institutions for the purpose of realizing handsome profits and avoiding the payment of taxes. This condition of affairs did not seem to me to be right or just. I believed that money loaned upon interest is the class of property best able to pay taxes because it yields an income without any labor on the part of the lender, and I have no patience with the assertion that men invest their money in any corporation to be loaned to their poor neighbors upon interest as a matter of charity. I take it that they are as selfish as other money lenders and lend for the profit there is in it.

"Under our present laws there is an unjust system of double taxation. The poor man who is compelled to mortgage his home is taxed for the full value of his property without any deduction on account of the mortgage, while his actual interest in the property may not exceed one-half its value. He is then compelled to pay taxes on double the amount of property which he actually owns. In every case of double taxation under existing laws, the poor man who is compelled to borrow pays the double tax. Some of the money lenders say that this is right, and that they ought not to pay any taxes on their money because the poor borrower pays more than he should. The same argument would release every money lender from taxation. I do not agree with that kind of a friend of the poor man.

"To prevent this unjust discrimination against the man whose necessities compel him to borrow, I introduced two bills in the legislature concerning taxation. One concerning the taxation of building and loan associations, which I find has been grossly misrepresented by a class of men who lend and do not borrow. Wherever you find a man abusing the bill or its author, if you'll scratch him hard enough you will find a man who lends his money and pays no taxes. This man will at once cry "double taxation!" But ask him who pays the double taxes at present? He is compelled to admit that he pays no taxes at all, not even a single tax on his money loanded out to others. So his cry of "double taxation" is an argument against the existing laws, and not against my bill, which permits every shareholder to deduct what he has borrowed from what he has paid in, and the excess only is to be taxed. This will reach the men who lend but never borrow, and will not effect the others.

"But the critics of my bill, and especially the anonymous scribblers who attack me in my absence do not mention the other bill which I had the honor to introduce, which permits every man to deduct the amount of his mortgage from the actual value of his property, so that the mortgagee shall pay taxes on the mortgage and the owner of the property to the extent of his actual interest thereon.

"This bill also provides that when the mortgage is owned by an associatian, which pays taxes on its capital by itself or members that it shall not pay on both. The two bills were intended to avoid every species of double taxation, and yet I find that a few personal and political enemies have been busily engaged during my absence trying to excite the prejudices of the very men whom I have been earnestly seeking to protect against double taxation.

"This latter bill is so drawn as to compel all classes of money lenders to make true returns of their notes and mortgages, so that the state, counties and cities shall get their revennes. Every dollar of this class of property that escapes taxation necessitates an additional levy upon the house of the poor man which cannot escape the eye of the assessor."

"I see, Mr. Barett, that it is announced that you are to have a meeting with the representatives of the associations."

"Yes. I agreed to meet them to-morrow at 1:30 at my office, and I shall be [illegible] press purpose of investigating this matter, and learning the truth about it. I invite any candid and fair discussion of the subject, and when I am convinced that I am wrong, no one will confess the error more quickly than myself."

"Do you intend to reply to the anonymous communications attacking your motives and character that have appeared in some of the newspapers of the city?"

"I certainly do not. I have made it a rule never to enter into a controversy with a man who is afraid of his own name. The names of these anonymous writers would disclose to the community their own selfish motives and character, and for that reason they conceal them. Their readers understand that fact as well as they do. I also appreciated the further fact that when I introduced other bills to crush out the trusts and to protect the employes of the railroads against the rapacity of the companies and against the Pinkerton 'blood tubs,' that I would excite the enmity of some of the railroad superintendents, who would seek to injure me, calling in question my motives in reference to other matters."

SWEET CHARITY.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger Reviews the Affairs of the Orphan Asylums.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, has made his annual report for 1888, giving the financial statement of the two orphan asylums of the diocese.

The report shows that there are in attendance at the St. Joseph asylum for boys, at Lafayette, 134 orphans, the average attendance being 118. Rev. J. H. Guendling is director of the institution. One Brother of the Holy Cross teaches the larger boys and ten sisters teach the smaller children and superintend the domestic department.

The total receipts of the asylum for the year were $5,949.56, and the expenditures $5,949.58, with $100 still due the director.

The St. Vincent asylum at Fort Wayne, with Rev. B. Theodore Borg, chaplain, Sister Eudoxia, superior, and eight other sisters handmaids of Christ, commenced the year with fifty-six in attendance, sixty-one pupils have been added during the year and the total number in attendance was 117. Twenty-two have died and twelve have been placed out during the year leaving the present number eighty-three. All that died, with the exception of one, were foundlings. The total recepts of the institution were $4,618.83, and the expenditures $4,655.34. The furnishings of the new asylum, the arrangements of the garden and orchard, will explain many of the expenses.

The bishop's report shows that the Christmas collections amounted to $5,327.84; dispensation fines, $220, and special donations, $105.25, making a total of $5,653.09. The expenditures were: Paid St. Joseph asylum, $3,085.16; paid St. Vincent's, $3,981.81; paid deficit of Renssalaer, $300. The deficit paid by the bishop over all receipts for the support of the orphans was $1,913.88.

The total cost of the St. Vincent orphan asylum building was $49.289.35. From the Fort Wayne fair $13,300 was received; special collections, $13,265.17; diocesan collections last August, $2,130.81; from sale of lands, etc., Renssalaer, $11,800; making the total receipts $40,495.88, leaving still a deficit due the building fund of $8,793.39.

The orphan asylums are now finished and in a splendid condition, but are not yet paid for, and the bishop closes his report by saying: "We have no doubt many of our wealthy people could be induced by special donations or bequests to do something for our orphans."

BLOODY TRAGEDY.

A Young Brute Kills Three Women and Then Commits Suicide.

ALBERT LEE, Minn., Feb. 16.—News has just been received here of a horrible tragedy at London, fourteen miles from this city, in which three persons were killed.

Joseph Chemelke, nineteen years old, was the murderer of three women. His victims were Mrs. Philip Chemelke, his sister-in-law, her sister, Mary, and their mother.

Joe had been on bad terms with his brother's family for some time. He got drunk last night and laid in wait for them. When the two girls came out of their mother's house he shot them. He then went into the house and killed the old lady. He then fled and his body was found some time afterwards. He had shot himself in the head.

The dance at the Arion hall next Tuesday evening will be a grand success. It will be given by the Q. and O. club.

Spring styles in carpets, curtains, rugs, low prices. Louis Wolf & Co.

Potatoes and Onions Down.

Choice large Burbank Potatoes, 60c bushel.

A HORRIBLE CRIME!

Masked Men Enter a Home and Butcher a Mother and Child and Two Servants With Axes.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 16.—News has been received here of one of the most horrible crimes that was ever committed in North Carolina. Ella Chauvers, colored, reports that on last Wednesday night masked men entered the house of Jacob Faucett, who lived in a cottage near Mount Olive, Bert county, and with an ax, killed Mrs. Faucett and her child, while they lay abed.

The murderers then went to a cabin in which three negro women servants were sleeping and killed two of them in a like manner. The third, Ella Chauvers, was sleeping in an adjoining room and being awakened escaped. The men started in pursuit of her but she evaded them. She was unable to tell who the men were. She watched from a distance and saw them kindle a fire on the floor of both houses. Thursday the bones of the four murdered persons were picked from among the ashes. They are: Mrs. Anna Faucett and her child, Ada Wren, and Anna Gordon, the colored woman. The most intense excitement prevails, but no arrests have been made. The Chauvers woman says that Faucett has had trouble with his neighbors, who were quarrelsome at all times, and had threatened his life. Faucett was not at home on the night of the murder.

REVOLUTIONARY!

The Republican Members to Withdraw From the Indiana Legislature and Thus Stop Business.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—It is reported that the republican members of the legislature will withdraw from their respective chambers for the rest of the session next Saturday, breaking the quorum and preventing political bills from becoming laws. None of these measures have passed both houses.

The governor can hold bills three days and veto, and if the plan is carried out may become effective. It is certainly under contemplation and only a caucus can change the program.

MUST FIGHT AGAIN.

The Pugilists, McAuliffe and Myers Will Meet Again.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—McAuliffe must fight Myers again or forfeit his share of the $5,000 stake money. Myers and his backer, Alf Kennedy, came up from Streator last night, and entered formal protest against taking down the money at stake in the recent world's championship light weight prize fight at North Judson.

Such a proceeding within seventy-two hours after the fight was Myers' privilege under the articles of agreement, and the money, therefore, remains in the hands of the stake-holder, Harry Hallard.

DEATH BY SMOKE.

Three Children are Smothered in a Burning House.

PORT HURON, Mich., Feb. 16.—Mrs. Barney Bieler, living on the Water street plat, locked her three children, aged two, four and six years, in the house, yesterday, while they went down town. The children set fire to the house and when rescued by neighbors were unconscious. The two youngest children died last night and the other is not expected to recover.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The house today adopted a resolution calling on the secretary of the interior for a list of special pension examiners and as to the number of clerks appointed since March, 1885.

The house then took up the postoffice appropriation bill.

The democrats in the house were circulating a petition for a caucus on the tariff bill to be held Monday.

SENATE.

After some minor bills were passed the Texas election matter was taken up and Mr. Cooke continued his remarks.

Canadian Parliament.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 16.—The Canadian parliament has settled down to hard work and night sittings are now in order.

H. W. Matson, the architect, has been been employed by the trustees and building committee of the Ahavas Sholom congregation, at Ligonier, to prepare plans for a new church to be erected at that place the coming season.

New dress goods, silks, laces and embroideries. Louis Wolf & Co.

Georgia Black Cod Fish.

Two barrels White Bonaire Cod fish 8c pound.

Georgia Rock Cod Fish [illegible]

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

THE STAGE.

Current Gossip About Prominent Players and Professioanls.

WITH A LITTLE HUMOR ADDED.

Various Fancies of the Footlight Realm—Movements of Noted Stars on Both Sides of the Ocean.

JOSEF HOFMANN is now studying music with Urban, of Berlin.

MME. SEMBRICH is ill and has had to give up all her engagements for two months.

THE Florences' engagement in Kansas City was the most successful of their long career.

MARCUS MAYER has gone to Milan to talk over another American tour with Sarah Bernhardt.

FRAULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE is to become a member of the Emma Juch Concert Company.

DORA WILEY will return from Australia to support Richard Golden in his new play, "Jed Prouty."

A DRAMATIZATION of a book of Mark Twain will "intrude upon the stage in the spring or next fall."

THE directorate of the Vienna theaters has resolved upon a most important step. It has suppressed the claque.

MRS. MARY H. FISKE, the brilliant, versatile "Giddy Gusher" of the New York *Mirror*, and wife of Stephen Fiske, is dead.

"THE Two Sisters," Denman Thompson's new play, is a "city sketch," and said to be as drawing as "The Old Homestead."

"THE Shenandoah" opens its season next year in New York City for twelve weeks, after which it will be taken direct to Chicago.

LOUISE DILLON is going to leave the New York Lyceum company at the end of the present season. It is said she is going to be married.

PATTI ROSA missed her grip getting the Strand Theater and will appear at the Crystal Palace, and will make another tour of the provinces before returning to America.

A CONCERT with soprano solos and cornet performances in New York was recently listened to, transmitted by telephone, by a considerable audience in a hall in Philadelphia.

NORDICA, Ella Russell, and Scalchi have already signed contracts for opera at Covent Garden this season. Hastreiter is also negotiating terms with a view to a revival of Gluck's "Orpheus."

LIZZIE EVANS goes to Europe this spring and will "do" London and Paris. She has received offers to play in London, but will probably decline, as her visit is more for pleasure than business.

TEDDY SOLOMON had to apologize to Arthur Sullivan for making a jig-dance out of a part of his new opera, and withdrew the piece from the stage, but his new music for "Pickwick" is considered a clever and creditable work.

LAURA DAINTY, the former star of "A Mountain Pink" company and a soubrette whose intelligent and earnest work long ago won for her sincere and wide praise, has gone to New York to take up a permanent residence.

GENEVIEVE DOLARO, daughter of Mme. Selina Dolaro, has sailed for Paris to finish her education, intending to make the stage her vocation. Miss Dolaro, who is a handsome brunette yet in her teens, was a member of Mrs. Langtry's company.

DION BOUCICAULT asserts that newspapers have had a depressing effect upon the modern drama. And now it would be interesting to know what the papers think has been the influence of modern dramatists on drama, and, likewise, on the newspapers.

THE new play, "The Fairy's Well," by Con Murphy, is said to be one of exceptional power and exceeding any of his former works as a literary production. It deals with an epoch in Irish history quite unknown to most playgoers, that of the "old school" in Ireland.

HELEN DAUVRAY, back in New York from Paris, makes known that she will return to the stage before this season is over, appearing in "One of Our Girls," "A Scrap of Paper," and perhaps "The Love Chase." She will play in New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia.

ATTENTION has been directed to the absurdity of Mr. Irving's claim to originality in the matter of casting women for the witches in "Macbeth." The Manchester *Guardian* says that the original patentees of the first Theater Royal in Spring Gardens, Manchester (Messrs. Younger and Mattocks), were fully 113 years ahead of Mr. Irving in this respect.

LOUIS JAMES and Marie Wainwright have decided to act separately, as they believe they will realize more money in playing that way than by acting jointly. Miss Wainwright will first appear in Chicago in a production of "Twelfth Night," and later in New York City. Mr. James will not continue his season October in order to help Miss Wainwright in the launching of her enterprise. He will produce a new [illegible] has closed a con-

entirely completed for next season. In September Booth and Barrett open together in Louisville, after which Booth and Modjeska start out under Mr. Barrett's management. Later the tragedians will come together and finish the season.

WITH the solitary exception of "Faust" the opera of "Il Trovatore" has had more representation than any in the world. It has been sung in all lands and in all tongues. The authorities have held their hands to their ears in horror and excommunicated the vile thing as the abomination of desolation. But the great world loves it and will have it.

STUART ROBSON will begin his tour as an individual star under the management of William R. Hayden about Oct. 1 in Steele Mackaye's written-to-order romantic play. The scene is laid in Spain in the seventh century and Mr. Robson's character is a quaintly humorous one, drawn upon Shakspearean lines. The new play and "The Henrietta" will comprise Mr. Robson's repertoire, and the tour will extend to the Pacific coast. Frank Mordaunt or M. Kennedy will probably be seen in Mr. Crain's role in "The Henrietta."

THE study of the violin by girls is fast becoming a fashion in this country and the practice should be strongly encouraged. In Europe it is an old story, but of late years much more than formerly serious attention is paid to those students who show a predilection for the instrument. At the competitive examination in the Paris conservatory this year, there were twelve young girls who presented themselves, violin in hand, confident of their ability to pass as creditably as their associates of the other sex. Eight of those girls received prizes, and the highest honor was unanimously awarded to a girl of 15, Mlle. Dantin.

THEATRICAL Manager (breathlessly)—Are you busy? Dramatist—Not very. "Well, everybody is talking about a book called 'Robert Elsmere' and I want a dramatization of it right away. Can you do it?" "Dramatize 'Robert Elsmere?'" "Yes, that's it. Work in a few elopements and murders and that sort of thing, you know, and a prairie fire and a cyclone—got the machinery all ready—and put in a low comedy part for Jinks; he's the best stage Irishman in the country, you know, and last week I got two of the funniest trick mules you ever saw. Big bargain, too. Work them in somehow. Well, ta ta! I'm in a hurry. See you later."

MRS. BURNETT is making swift progress on her new play for Mr. Frohman, which will be produced at the Lyceum Theater before the regular end of the regular season. She is a rapid worker. She thinks out her plots, her situations, her incidents, and her dialogues so thoroughly in advance that when she begins to set pen to paper she covers page after page with wonderful speed and precision. Few alterations or corrections appear in her manuscript. So distinctly and with so much firmness are her conceptions molded and elaborated in her mind before the labor of expression is entered upon that the artistic achievement requires few finishing touches.

A MRS. ANNA WADE, of New York, who trains children fr the stage, says: "I have had society girls make application to me day after day. They attend the theater regularly until suddenly the intoxicating influence of a favorite actress throws them into an absorbing passion to go before the footlights, and in their eager youth they stop at nothing to gratify their animated desire. Most of them have made hits in recitations at their private, fashionable schools, and others have studied elocution and the oil of flattery has been poured upon their young heads. Perhaps you will hardly believe it when I tell you that I have had ladies who are grandmothers apply to me to get them a position on the stage. I saw in a spectacular performance in a Broadway theater recently a grandmother, mother, and grandchild all in the first row of dancers."

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S new play which he will produce this season was written by William Young, the author of "Pendragon," and is entitled "Sanelon." The story is historical, and the scene is laid in the island of Corsica in the early part of the ninth century. Galerlon, the part to be played by Mr. Barrett, is the son of a man of the same name, who betrayed Roland at the battle of Roncesvalles. In consequence of the disgrace attached to his father's memory the son has abandoned his home in France and entered the service of Hugo, the Count of Corsica. The drama deals with the loves of Sanelen and Bianca, the daughter of Hugo, and the stirring events of the wars between the Saracens and the Corsicans. In addition to the unlimited opportunities of scenic splendor the play possesses the unusual merit of having several characters whose acting parts are almost as great as that of the hero, and Mr. Barrett is now engaged in selecting a company from the best talent of this country to interpret what he confidently believes to be one of the best tragic plays this country has produced.

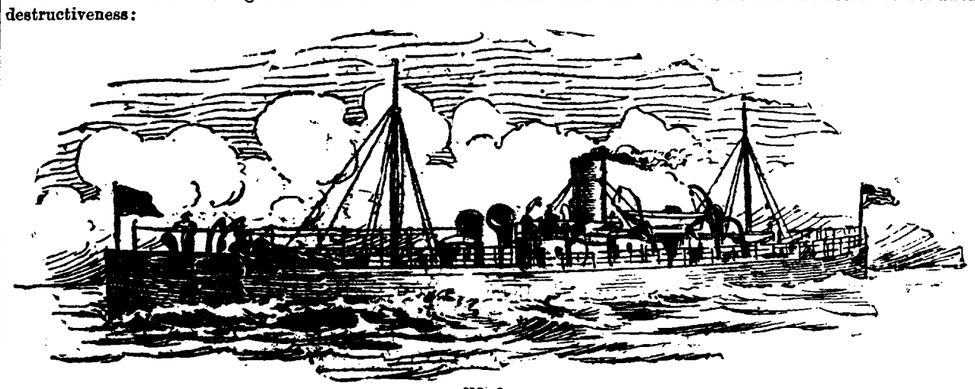
TRAVELER dismounts at a tavern. "Hallo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord—No, sir, every room in the house is engaged. Traveler—Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room? Landlord—No, sir, there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house. Traveler—Then, look here. Just shove a pole out of your second floor window and I'll roost on that.

DR. HAMMOND reports that a man [illegible] to be

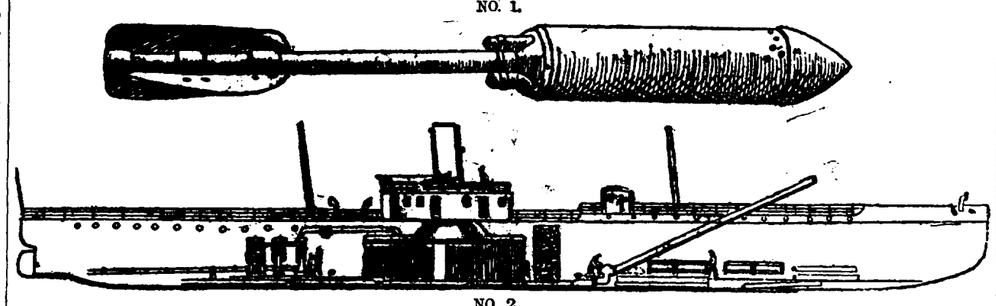
OUR KING OF WAR SHIPS.

With a Speed of Nearly Twenty-five Miles and Guns that Throw 600 Pounds of Dynamite, She's a Terror.

In the following cuts the main and characteristic features of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius are made apparent, without exactly attempting to illustrate the complete mechanism of the guns or details of ship construction in cross sections of the hull. At a glance these illustrations will make clear the vessel's lines and the secret of her awful destructiveness:



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

Cut No. 1 shows the Vesuvius in motion, the fastest vessel afloat. She is a steel ship of 725 tons displacement, 252 feet long, 26½ feet wide, steered by steam, and drawing a maximum of 9 feet, though her main draught is 8½. Her engines are of the four cylinder, triple expansion type. The Vesuvius on her final trip at Philadelphia steamed at the rate of 21.64 knots per hour, whereas the contract called for but 20 knots. This speed lacks but 6-10ths of being 25 statute miles per hour. On this occasion the vessel's total horsepower was calculated to be 4,445. The contract demanded but 3,200.

Cut No. 2 shows the position of the dynamite guns in the ship, as well as the arrangement of the pneumatic system wherein is generated the propulsive force applied to these extraordinary guns. As shown in cut No. 1, the ship has three fixed guns projecting above her deck near the bow at an angle of about 18 degrees. These guns are 54 feet long, 15 inches in diameter, of thin cast iron, and are not rifled. The air for discharging the projectiles is compressed by two compressors into reservoirs consisting of a number of tubes. These are made of wrought iron, sixteen inches in diameter, and thirteen-sixteenth inches thick. The firing reservoirs contain 210 cubic feet of compressed air, the storage reservoirs contain 420. It is proposed to store the air at 2,000 pounds pressure per square inch, the compressor being able to deliver 140 cubic feet of air at that pressure every hour. The firing reservoir is to be maintained at a pressure of 1,000 pounds. Each shot at one mile range reduces its pressure 150 pounds. The deficit is immediately supplied from the storage reservoir. Under the rear of each gun are placed two "revolvers" in line with each other. Each contains five chambers, for holding as many torpedoes. To load a gun, its breech is dropped, swinging downward on a pivot at its extreme rearward end. The opening points forward and comes directly opposite and in line with the lowest chamber of the after revolver. By a hydraulic ram the shell is pushed into the breech, which is at once swung upward, again completing the continuity of the barrel. The revolver is then turned one division, so as to be ready for supplying a second shell. When the after revolver is empty it is filled from the forward one in the same way. All these maneuvers are executed by hydraulic power. Each gun will have about ten projectiles.

In the light armor-covered tower is the real artillerist of the ship, since from that point will the desirable range be obtained and the ship maneuvered, as a field artillerist moves his gun carriage to determine his fire.

The figure above No. 2 shows the formidable projectile of this sea terror Vesuvius. The full-sized shell for the Vesuvius' guns is 14½ inches in diameter, and its body is about 7 feet long. Back of the body is a tail fitted with spiral vanes, which secures its alignment and rotation. The body is made of thin-drawn brass tubing, and will hold 600 pounds of high explosive dynamite or gelatine, the whole weighing about 1,500 pounds when charged. What this type of gun can do at a distance of about a mile we already know. What the Vesuvius can do in open water with all steam on we already know. What the Vesuvius and her guns can do when brought into action against an enemy is a problem that the future may solve with astonishing results.

The Vesuvius.

Hey, Britannia, take a cluss
Squint at our Vesuvius!
Rather guess yewr navy's junk,
Sho! It might es well be sunk,
Fust es last: fer—yes siree—
We've tuck a notion tew th' sea!
Ef yewens ever tackle her
Yew'll diskiver what's she's fer—
An' 'taint fer hevin' it yewr way
Yew can bet, Britannia!
S'pose ye hev sloshed raound th' seas,
B'al'avs copyin' aour ideas?
Yew'll hev t' copy us agin,
Britannia, an' then not win!
Es fer yew rulin' uv th' main,
'Tain't at present quite s' plain!
Gosh! but wouldn't ye strike a muss
Fightin' aour Vesuvius!
Dangd ef I wouldn't like t' seb
Sech a scrimamage es they'd be—
All yewr old pot-metal ships
Lost like crackers offen whips!
It's time Europeans should know
We're fixed fer enny furrin foe.
And thet it ain't all in aour fleets—
Tho' es t' thet it's aour ship beats
We kep' th' flag afloat on Erie,
With craft thet wa'n't fit fer a ferry—
The likeliest not wuth a cuss!
An' speckin' o' th' Vesuvius,
It's jes' es safe t' bet on her
Es 'twuz on th' little Monitor.
"Old Ironsides," or thet old scow
Thet Perry won with—Lord knows how—
And not because she's stanch an' quick,
But bein' aours she's bound t' lick.

PHILIP BACON.

TONS OF MAIL MATTER.

THE INSIDE WORKINGS OF A GREAT POSTOFFICE.

A Peep Inside the Chicago Office—How the Enormous Masses of Letters and Papers Are Handled and Distributed—Some Odd Packages Received.



THE inside workings of the Chicago Postoffice are as unknown to the average citizen as are the secrets of a yeast powder or oleomargarine factory.

The Postoffice building occupies a space of one block square, and underneath it is a commodious basement, where an army of clerks struggles with the enormous quantity of mail which hourly pours into the office. These men work from noon until midnight, surrounded by four stone walls as solid and grimy as any prison's. The only time they see daylight is while on their way to work. In this basement, under the glare of innumerable incandescent electric lamps, the bulk of the mail is handled. The manner in which it is worked is as follows:

In the western side of the building are two large chutes or slides. These are for the reception of the mail. The one to the north is for second class matter, which consists of newspapers and regular publications. The other is for third and fourth class matter, such as books, papers, bundles or packages of merchandise bearing stamps. The mail begins to arrive in the morning and gradually increases until between the hours of 6 and 8 o'clock any day may be seen a string of wagons often reaching from the chutes clear around to Clark street or further, waiting for their turn to dump their loads of mail. To give the reader some idea of the vast amount of mail matter which is thus received into the office, the following figures, taken from the weighmaster's books, are given, showing one week's receipts:

	Second-class matter.	Third and fourth class.
Sunday		1,345
Monday	59,725	42,225
Tuesday	60,388	37,365
Wednesday	82,714	39,005
Thursday	64,155	32,415
Friday	52,969	36,990
Saturday	63,704	33,585
Total	383,655	292,930

Unworked railroad mail, 74,310. Grand total, 680,895 pounds, or about 340½ tons.

This enormous quantity of mail is handled by only sixty-nine men. All the stamps on the third and fourth class matter are canceled by only ten men.

When a load is dumped into the second class chute it glides down on boards worn as smooth as glass from constant use, and, landing on large scales 10x14 feet in circumference, the weight is recorded. It is then loaded into trucks by men in waiting, who cart it into the center of the basement, where each bag is immediately inspected to see if the addresses run to any particular [illegible]. If the addresses [illegible] and South—it is taken to the clerk whose duty it is to separate it.

The third and fourth class mail, or that which bears stamps, is received in the southern chute and is stacked up in the stamping-room. This room is partitioned off from the rest of the basement by a heavy wire grating. A force of about ten men work in this room. As the stamps are canceled the mail is dropped into bags, which, when filled, are taken out into the distributing department. One can hardly conceive the great diversity of the mail of this character. Everything imaginable, from a piece of an old door-key to a bass-drum, is handled in this department. Old door hinges, pieces of stoves, grates, single screws, stove-lifters, banjos, overcoats, old socks, parts of sewing machines, old pieces of iron bolts, newspaper cuts, picture frames and feather pillows are a few of the articles which are daily handled. One firm alone sends every day a two-horse wagon-load of catalogues and general merchandise. This merchandise is usually sent to towns which do not possess an express office and which may be easily reached by post. No piece (unless it be a single book) weighs less than four pounds) which is the limit to this class of matter. Some queer expediencies are resorted to in sending articles of overweight, as, for illustration:

A woman purchased a sealskin sacque and directed it sent to a small



town out West. No express office being in the town and there being danger of damage or loss in sending it by freight, the sacque was given into the hands of a seamstress, who ripped open the back seam and made the sacque into two packages, weighing about three pounds, and they were mailed.

A large bicycle was recently taken apart and sent piecemeal through the mail with the two heaviest bars, or "backbone," which weighed a trifle more than four pounds.

Some persons use little discretion in mailing frail articles. Almost daily a bonnet, or a birthday card, or some wedding cake inclosed in a light pasteboard box passes through the office. What wonder is it that when it arrives at its destination it is found scattered promiscuously through the bag when it is known that in transit a ton of heavy merchandise and papers have been resting on it?

The Purpose of All Industry.

It is a curious thought that all the huge value of traffic, production, distribution, and consumption has for its end and objective point the supply of each inhabitant [illegible] few pounds of food, a few [illegible] glass of beer, about five pounds of solid or liquid food per day; these constituting the necessaries of life. Some one has said that life would not be worth living except for its luxuries, and that time would not be worth having except for the hours that could be saved for leisure. How much of luxury and how much of leisure can the average man get out of what fifty to fifty-five cents a day will buy for his shelter, food and clothing?—*Forum.*

HOW TO SIT A HORSE.

An Old Cavalryman's Pointers to an Inexperienced Rider.



AID an old cavalryman, who was giving a greenhorn some points on equestrianism: "The best riders in the world are Mexicans. Buffalo Bill's cowboys are splendid riders, but the Mexicans are better still. And their superiority is in part due to the kind of saddle they use. That low English saddle you've got there," he continued, "I couldn't ride in. It isn't fit for a man to ride in. Now, the greaty beauty of the Mexican saddle is that a man sitting in it has his legs almost straight down beside the horse, like a clothespin. A Mexican on horseback keeps his heels and shoulders nearly in line, his feet planted firmly in his stirrups underneath him, and pointing straight ahead, parallel with the horse. Our McClellan saddle would be as good as the Mexican saddle if it only had the stirrups placed a couple of inches further back. As it is, a man riding in a McClellan saddle has to bend his leg at the knee in the English style. Now, with the knee bent it is almost impossible to keep your feet pointed straight ahead.

"The position of the feet," the impromptu riding-master continued, after pausing a moment to allow his casual pupil to absorb what he had already said, "is a very important thing in learning to ride properly; in fact, it is the thing. And yet nine-tenths of the riders you see about the streets and



THE ENGLISH STYLE.

"How is it the way the toes point has so much to do with good riding?"

"To sit firmly on a horse and at the same time to have the body erect and free to give with the horse's motion," the cavalryman said, "you must grip the animal's sides with your knees. Not with the calves of the legs, mind. Now, if you don't keep your toes pointing straight ahead, or nearly so, it is impossible to get this grip with the knees. Turn your toes out and you will find at once that you grip the horse with the calves of your legs, and that your body is thrown forward from the hips, instead of being erect. Experiment a little when you get on your horse, and you'll see it works just as I say. But if you keep your feet straight, hold tight with your kneees and sit erect, you will find you can accommodate yourself to the motions of the horse more readily and gracefully, your seat will be firmer, and riding will not tire you near so quickly.

"If you will notice old cavalrymen when they walk," the gentleman continued, "you will see that instead of spreading their feet apart they keep them parallel. This is the result of their riding, and it often makes them very ungraceful on their feet. The best and most graceful rider I knew was General Ashby, who was killed during the late war. I never saw any man who looked so handsome on horseback. Off the horse, however, he walked like a duck and was so clumsy that he couldn't get into a parlor without falling over all the furniture in sight.

"A Mexican astride his high-curved saddle with his legs hanging straight down, rides as easily as if he were sitting in a rocking chair, and at the same time it is almost impossible to unseat him. He is clothes-pinned on the horse and the latter can't get from under him. But a man riding on a flat English saddle with short stirrups, his legs bent at the knee, and his toes turned out, has no chance when his



THE MEXICAN STYLE.

horse jumps suddenly. He is in a cramped position, and is almost sure to be thrown forward on the horse's neck or over his head."

Some Points of Etiquette.

On a first visit you leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards.

A daughter's name is written underneath her mother's on the same card.

For calling or leaving cards the hours are from 3 to 5.

On no account must cards be left in the morning—that is, before 2:30.

Persons in the country can now send their cards by post if living at a distance and unable to make the call proper. A polite note should accompany them.

Bachelors should leave their cards in person, though on very exceptional occasions they may be left by mother, sister, or friend.

Every woman should keep a visiting-book.

A lady's visiting card should be about three inches in length and two in depth, without glaze, and not too thick; small clear copperplate is the best for the names.

Coronets, monograms, crests, and initials are never printed on visiting cards.

The prefix "Mr." must never be omitted from a man's name.

A married lady only uses her Christian name, but if her husband has a father or brother living she should always use her husband's Christian name.

When brother and sister reside together, the card bears their joint names. It is usually a lady's visiting card with her name printed beneath her brother's. The same when a girl has no mother living, only a father.

Wedding cards must never be sent; they are out of fashion. So are memorial and christ ning cards.

If a lady has a friend or acquaintance who is ill, she leaves a card as soon as she can, with the words "to inquire" written underneath her name. These cards cannot be sent by post under any circumstances.

Cards or calls can be returned any time within a month.

After every entertainment to which a lady or gentleman has been invited, visiting cards must be left, whether those who have received invitations were present or not, and whether they accepted or declined.

Morning calls are the only social occasions when ladies receive their friends and acquaintances when no refreshments are offered to them with the exception of tea, cake, and bread and butter.

Invitations should be answered the same day if possible.

College Libraries.

New York *Mail and Express*: The number of volumes in a library is not always a criterion of its value to the student, but it is interesting to know the extent to which the colleges of the United States have accumulated libraries and their comparative sizes. We append a list showing the number of bound volumes in the libraries of the principal colleges of the United States:

University of Va.	40,000	Harvard	365,000
Vanderbilt	15,000	Yale	200,000
Lehigh	67,000	Swarthmore	24,000
Hamilton	5,000	Bowdoin	48,000
Univ. S. Carolina	30,000	Dickinson	23,000
Boston University	5,000	Syracuse	75,000
Brown	66,000	Madison	18,000
Colby	21,753	Cornell	156,000
Univ. of Vermont	35,000	Union	36,000
Univ. of California	8,000	Columbia	90,000
College City N. Y.	2,000	Dartmouth	68,500
Ohio University	8,000	Tufts	25,000
Williams	2,500	Pennsylvania	21,000
Rutgers	30,000	Allegheny	15,000
Marysville	1,000	Lafayette	12,000
Wesleyan	12,000	Swarthmore	30,000
Wooster	12,000	Wesleyan	35,000
Univ. N. Carolina	5,000	Oberlin	18,000
Bates	14,432	Hobart	21,750
Bucknell	10,630	Mount Union	5,000
Univ. of Toronto	30,000	Vassar	16,000
Univ. Nashville	15,000	Wellesley	40,000
Princeton	6,000	Rochester	23,000
Amherst	22,800	Univ. of Tenn.	6,000

Not All a Dream.

BILL NYE IN DIXIE.

An Interview with Gov. Gordon—How the Georgia Cow Takes Her Morning Repast—An Unreconstructed Barber.



I BELIEVE that in the South there was never a more general desire to do as she has been in the habit of doing than to-day, writes Bill Nye from Atlanta, Ga. Everywhere we see manifested an earnest spirit, a tireless energy directed toward the best interests of those who manifest it, regardless of party. A conciliatory policy in the South would never have a wider field to work in than it would to-day. Industries here are looking for a fostering hand. A fostering hand could get steady work here all the fall. New enterprises needing nothing but capital and industry to make them self-supporting could be started up all over the South. With a fine climate, good air, warm sun, wet rains, and a bright red soil, the South is on the eve of an era of prosperity which bids fair to dawn at any moment. I do not know exactly what I have said, but I will not take it back now.

Governor Gordon told us about his ranch. He is an enthusiastic farmer and asked us to visit his farm, but we cannot drop our lecturing to go gadding about with every Governor we run across. So we told him that with us life was real, life was earnest, and we could not drop our work to visit the Executive farm of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Governor Gordon is maintaining a large herd of cows by pasturing them on the rich, succulent foliage of the fishpole. The skittish reader may charge me with lying in order to astonish him, but such is not the case.

The ordinary cane pole, which is so largely used for fishing purposes by the plain two-for-a-quarter sportsman, who generally gets all the fish, here grows in wild barbaric splendor and profusion without replanting. Governor Gordon has a fishpole orchard covering a large area, over which he pastures his cattle. These canes grow to a great height, unless fed down, and it is no uncommon sight to see an ecru cow going about with a stepladder and a pair of long-handled pruning-shears gathering her breakfast still wet with dew.

The fishing pole grows to a height of twenty or thirty feet and the leaves are nutritious to a tall cow. Gov. Gordon



ENJOYING THE MORNING REPAST.

says that he is going to graft the click reel on his fish-pole next year and thus start a new industry. If the small trout reel can be successfully grafted upon this pole it is only a matter of time, I am sure, when the new bass reel can be introduced and attain its full size. Gov. Gordon is said to be a successful ornamental farmer and his salary as Governor enables him to make his farm self-supporting. He enjoys meeting the yeomen of Georgia and telling them about his hopes and aspirations. In this way he makes many friends among the voting classes.

Gov. Gordon fought in the war which I alluded to in the beginning of this letter, but he is willing to let bygones be bygones. He has no animosity now against his old enemies, but wishes them well. Please state through the columns of the press, so that it will be generally known, that the Governor is willing to let bygones be bygones. Any armed enemy of Gov. Gordon at the North who will come in and lay down his arms will not be molested.

But, seriously, there is too much distinct desire South to be regarded as a people instead of a locality. It is all sentiment, and it is a mighty expensive sentiment. The Yankee is charged with being lost to all sentiment but the wild, consuming yearn for more means, and he does undoubtedly sacrifice lots of comfort in order to fight against the imaginary wolf on his front stoop; but, after all, there ought to be a golden mean between his restless, apprehensive career and that of his happy-go-lucky brother over the line. An old



THE BARBER DOING HIS DEADLY WORK.

and still unrepentant rebel over in Alabama, the other day, with a haughty and rather poorly ventilated air, had been telling me, with many a blood-curdling oath and hair-lifting anathema, of his still hot and undying hatred of his old enemies. He was a barber, and while he shaved me and wiped the blood on an old newspaper he rehearsed his piece to me and twisted the tail of his animosity.

Finally he stepped back, and, waving his razor high in the air, he said: "I reckon you'd hang me if I ever went up to New York and talked that way?"

I assured him, on behalf of the people of New York, that he misjudged us altogether.

"Come up there any time and say what you like," said I, "and you will be perfectly safe. You can go to New York to-morrow if you want to, and if you will agree not to open a barber shop there you will be able to [illegible]

'LIJAH BROWN.

BY LOUISE GREY STITT.

"It's good to be snug indoors to-night," Said Farmer Brown to his wife.
"The wind is blowin' a reg'lar gale; I never see it worse in my life.

"Them 'ere clouds is full of meanin', Nancy, Or else I miss my guess; It 'pears like a blizzard a brewin' up there; Leastwise it's nothin' less.

"I'll just run down to the cattle-shed And give 'em more fodder and straw; I'm 'fraid them shoats o' mine 'll freeze, For I tell you it's cuttin' raw."

A few miles out on that country road A woman, infirm and frail, Was drifting along with uncertain step, Heeding not the wind's bitter wail.

As she stops at a farm-house door, she asks, "Please tell me, sir, if you can, If 'Lijah Brown lives near these parts— Tell me, do you know such a man?"

"I knows him, indeed; he's a neighbor o' mine, Jest two mile and a half furder down; I reckon he's known all over the West; Every one knows 'Lijah Brown.

"That great big house and barn is his'n; Why, yes, every one knows Brown. You know he owns nigh every farm For miles around yon town.

"But, law! you can't get there to-night, woman, It's too dark and stormy and late; Make yerself comfterble here till morn, And by that time the storm 'll abate.

"Come, sit ye down, and rest and warm, And have a bit to eat and drink. I'm sure you look nigh tuckered out, And feel so, too, I think."

"No, I'll trudge along—it's hard to wait, When I know at last I'm so near. I've been waitin' too long for 'Lijah now, It's up'ards of twenty year."

Out on that desolate road again, She staggered along in the storm, Breathing a prayer to God the while, To save her bent old form,

Till 'Lijah could see her yet alive. As she prayed, she cried for joy; At last, after twenty year had passed, She had found her long-lost boy.

"God pity all who are out to-night," Said Farmer Brown to his wife; "That gust o' wind fairly shuck the house— To be out is worth one's life.

"Hark! did you hear that crashin' noise? It's the old oak tree blown down; I planted it there for a mouument To the mother of 'Lijah Brown.

"When I left her and sot out fer the West Nancy, Says I, 'Mother, my fortune I'll make, And then I'll come back and pay off the debts From our old home—all fer your sake.'

"But luck went agin me the first few years; I had nothin' good to write; Still, I writ and I writ, but never a word From her since I left her that night.

"There's a sound as of some one knockin' Nancy; Some traveler may be tossed to our door." He opens it wide, and there, crouching, lies A woman, weak and sore.

Gently he brings her in by the fire, And looks at her pale, withered face Again and again; though wasted and wan, There remains a familiar trace.

Eagerly he waits to know if there's life. "O, God!" in his anguish, he cries, And the great strong frame of Farmer Brown Trembles as he wipe his eyes.

As he tenderly watches that withered form, He prays by her side till dawn. Then slowly she opens her weary eyes, And whispers, "'Lijah! my boy!"—and is gone.
CHICAGO, Ill.

GRASPING AT SHADOWS.

BY GENEVA MARCH.

"He's come, Mr. Gerald."

"Come—come at last? Are you sure of it, John?"

"Sure as taxes," said John Baldwin, with a confident nod of his head. "He's taken that old stone house—the 'haunted house,' the neighbors call it—and he's moved into it, bag and baggage, which ain't much, by the way."

"Any servants with him, John?"

"Only one—a crooked old woman, as throwed a porringer of hot water over me when I went around to ax if I could be of any use. If they only had

"Well, young man, and what do you want?" he asked impatiently, when the old woman, who evidently considered Gerald was no subject for the hot water treatment, showed him in.

"Humph! My health is well enough. Better than you wish it, I dare say!"

"My dear sir——"

"But it will make no difference to you," acidly went on the old man, still nervously fingering the rings of the box. "I don't deny that I have a treasure to leave behind" (Gerald's eyes glistened), "but it will be given to those who consult my wishes more than you have done."

"But, my dear cousin——"

"Words are all very well," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders, "but deeds speak the louder. You knew very well my aversion to matrimony, and yet you go and engage yourself to get married to a girl who hasn't a penny. Eh! Don't you?" in a rising inflection like a bark. "And then, after coolly disregarding all my wishes, you expect me to leave you this—this—" tapping as he spoke on the lid of the box.

"But, Cousin Hiram, if you wish I will certainly adapt myself to your opinions. I did not know that——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" yelled the old man. "What you know or did not know is perfectly immaterial to me. Leave me to my books and my writing, that's all I ask of any man living."

So Mr. Miner went moodily away.

"I must break my engagement," said he to himself. "That's the first step; what the second will be depends entirely on fate and fortune."

Margaret Harmon was sitting in the farm-house kitchen, peeling potatoes—no very romantic occupation, but still one which has to be fulfilled in spite of all the guitars and fancy work in creation. She was a black-eyed, damask-cheeked girl, with velvety eyebrows and a round dot of a mouth; and in those dark eyes glittered a light, half resentful, half cynical, as she looked straight at Gerald Miner.

"I understand," said she, "that you want to break the engagement. Now that your rich relative has come to the neighborhood I am no longer worthy of you."

"It isn't that, Maggie, believe me," said Miner, twisting himself about with the red signals of mortification blazing on his cheeks. "But I think perhaps it would be better for both of us."

"And I haven't the least doubt of it," passionately interrupted Margaret, with heaving breast and quivering lips. "A thousand times better, for I value the love of no man who can love me thus. Pray, don't waste your time in conjuring up any better excuses; they are quite unnecessary. I wish you a very good-morning."

And she went on peeling her potatoes, while Gerald Miner crept out of the house, feeling very much like a whipped cur.

For a day or two he felt heartily ashamed of himself, but the reward—as at least he esteemed it—came at last.

Mr. Hiram Dale fell ill. Being ill, he was frightened. Being frightened, he was solitary. And consequently he sent for his cousin Gerald, a thing he never would have done in health.

"You don't think I am going to die, do you, Gerald?" he asked, tremulously.

"Oh, there's no danger at all," reassured the young man, as the doctor had said that morning that the patient's spirits must be kept up at all hazards.

"And you won't leave me?"



HIRAM DALE RECEIVED HIM VERY COOLLY.

a black cat. I'd have the whole kit and boodle of 'em up for witchcraft. I never did come across sich a rum lot in my life."

"Did you see the old man yourself, John?"

"See him, Mr. Gerald? I seen a bundle of old bones tied in the middle, with a palm-leaf pattern dressin'-gownd on, and a flannel nightcap on his head, and I supposed likely there couldn't be two sich outlandish old customers goin'. He were a runnin' in and out from the furniture cart like a crazy spider."

"That will do, John; here's a dollar for you."

"Thankee, sir. Much obleeged to you, sir."

And the stable boy who belonged to the inn shambled away, grinning and pulling at the front of his cap, while Gerald Miner leaned, whistling, against the pillar of the front piazza.

So old Hiram Dale had arrived at last—the rich and eccentric relative on the reversion of whose fortune, real or supposed, he had all his life been building aerial castles. At last! And Gerald resolved to call the very next day and pay his respects, although the old woman with the hot water did not add to the delight of the contemplated visit.

"If I hadn't heard from his lawyer that he had taken a lease of the 'haunted house,'" mused Mr. Miner, "I certainly never should have buried myself in this out-of-the-way place, awaiting his advent; and if I hadn't thought I could work into his good graces, I should have taken the trouble to [illegible] up. Heigho! Sometimes I [illegible] to work for [illegible] it."

"Certainly not, if my presence can be any satisfaction to you," responded the delighted fortune-seeker.

"But that girl that you're engaged, to?" grumbled Mr. Dale. "She won't like it."

"Do you think that I could persist—anything contrary to your wishes?" reproachfully asked Gerald. "The engagement is broken."

"Good!" croaked the old man; "engagements are a humbug in any event; but engagements to girls that haven't anything are still worse. Cousin Miner, you've more sense than I gave you credit for."

Day by day, Hiram Dale grew worse. On the fourth day he sent for a lawyer, and made his will. On the fifth day he became speechless. On the sixth day he died.

"My fortune is made now," thought Gerald, who had listened at the door during the interview with the lawyer, and heard directions given, connecting his name with the padlocked iron box, the key of which they hung around the dead man's neck, and he felt that Margaret had been well sacrificed.

* * * * * *

"You wasn't at the funeral, eh?" said Mrs. Dunn to Widow Harmon, while Margaret's needle flew faster than ever through the cambric she was hemming.

"Well, no; I ain't partial to funerals in general, and I don't see no special call to put myself out to see an old miser buried that I never see nor spoke to while he was alive."

"A man can't be a miser without he's got money, can he?" said Mrs. Dunn.

"I don't rightly know about that," said the widow, "but you don't mean to say that old Dale hadn't got

the iron box as was willed to Gerald Miner?"

"Just sheets of paper as was to be a dictionary as the old man had a been a writin' all of his days. Manuscript, the lawyer called it, whatever that may be. He thought it was worth a deal of money, and he had spent his all a huntin' up old books as nobody but his self ever heard tell of, and traveling about the country to pick up information."

"Humph!" said the widow; "but what did young Miner say?"

"I didn't sit near enough to rightly hear," said Mrs. Dunn, "but them as did tell me he swore a awful oath when he saw what was in the box, and flung the whole bundle on the back of the fire; I see it blaze up myself."

"And was that all?" asked the widow.

"That was all," responded her informant.

"I'm glad of it," cried Margaret, springing up, with sparkling eyes. "He is served right for once, anyway."

Mr. Miner called the next day, meek and subdued. If Margaret had been a model heroine she would have thrown both arms around his neck, and vowed that she loved him better than ever. But she was only a very human little girl, so she stood up, with dignity, and said:

"I wonder at your assurance in coming here, Mr. Miner, after all that has transpired."

"But, Maggie——"

"There's the door, sir; please to walk out!" And there was nothing left for him but to "walk out."

Old Hiram Hale sleeps quietly in the village graveyard. And public rumor has added yet another ghost to the spectral population of the "haunted house"—a yellow-visaged old bogey who wears a wig and carries in his hand a "padlocked box."

MONODY OF A PEN.

BY J. C. WILSON.



'M but a worn-out fountain pen, my useful days are over; so badly battered up am I they've slung me on the floor. A writer's hand has wielded me for more than half a year, and now that I can mark no more, I'm lying sadly here. The janitor may come, perhaps, and claim me for his own, or with the other waste and truck perhaps I may be thrown, and of the millions in the world, not one of all the men will ever give another thought to this old fountain pen. The man who used to write with me, before he'd start to think, would rudely twist me all apart and chuck me full of ink, and then I'd scratch along and tell of some bright youthful bride, who wed the only man she loved, serene and joyous-eyed; and of her dress and of the buds that decked her flowing hair, and of the words the parson said about the "happy pair." And then I'd glide along the page and leave the letters bold, to tell how some one gathered in a wondrous pile of gold, and all the other little things that go to make a day, and now that all my work is done I'm calmly slung away. I've told of births, I've told of deaths, of joy and dark despair; I've told how vagrants are run in, how dudes oil up their hair; I've quoted Latin, French and Greek, bad English I have known, I've treated of a loud guffaw and likewise of the groan. I've helped to kick when days were hot, as when they were too cold; I've run in lines from chestnut poems as when "the knights were bold"; I've told how in some lonely grave the clammy earth was flung, I've shown how some at eve have wept, how some at eve have sung. How Richard Roe got thirty days for going on a drunk, how Paddy won a slugging match because he'd lots of spunk; how some one, smiling, took a gun and aimed it at a friend, and in a jesting, joking way, brought one life to an end. Of how the smiling servant lit the fire with kerosene, and swapped her apron for a robe where fires are never seen; of how some stumbling feet went down toward the burning bars, while others clambered up the road that leads toward the stars. I've told of human misery, of human grief, as well, of musty flasks of ancient wine, and buckets in the well; of gray-haired men and women old, of happy girls and boys, of groans and smiles, of prayers and thanks, of sorrows and of joys; and now my point is worn away, I'll scribble never more, but lie alone, a broken wreck, upon the office floor; and those who've read of all I've told, in all the ranks of men, will give but little credit to this busted Fountain Pen.

In the Industrial Field.

The St. Louis carpenters are agitating the eight-hour question vigorously and are holding frequent mass-meetings for its discussion.

The longest electric railway in the United States will soon be put in operation in Topeka, Kas. The distance between the two termini is fourteen miles.

There are 2,800 all-night bakers in Philadelphia, not counting 1,400 men and women who are employed in twenty-two steam bakeries manufacturing cakes, crackers, and knick-knacks.

The eight-hour system of labor, which was adopted in Australia many years ago, has been found to operate so advantageously there that it is now upheld by both employers and wage-workers.

The employes of the New York elevated railroads have a very strong organization. Every member who is sick or out of work now receives $7 a week until he is able to accept a paying position. The plan has struck the employes of Philadelphia street-railway companies so favorably that they propose to adopt a similar one.

From all appearances Texas is a very good place for mechanics out of work to go to. Manufacturing interests in that State were never in a more promising condition than at present. Several large factories have lately been established in different Texan cities and an immense Boston woolen concern is about to move to Abilene.

The New York dry-goods clerks' recent appeal for a shortening of the day's work from fourteen to twelve hours is meeting with warm support from the labor organizations of that city. The press is also lending its aid, and altogether it looks as though some[illegible] before

A PLEASANT PASTIME.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER ON SKATING AND SKATERS.

The Exploits of a Young Yankee, Who Is Now Teaching the Russians and Hollanders the Art of Using Steel Keels—The Donoghue Stroke and the Skating High Jump.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



THIS has not been a good winter for skaters on American ice, but the skates are still on the market, and the extraordinary work done abroad, where they have a cold wave now and then, by an American skater, has induced many a youngster to keep his steel keels well oiled, and many an old boy to recall the days of his sport on rockers. All the inventions in the world by which one may skim over a polished floor on wheels attached to the feet, will not withdraw skating from the category of winter pastimes, and even if the present season should pass with no more than a week of ice, where usually there are months, the sport will live until the sun and wind are less kind to the houseless and the thousands who have no idea of the exhilaration that comes from vigorous exercise in the coldest weather. Even if there should be no more skating than has already occurred, young Joe Donoghue's European achievments will keep alive the interest in the sport and he will be assured an eager



TIM DONOGHUE, JR.

welcome when he returns to his home in Newburg, N. Y., even should that occur in July.

The Donoghues are a skating family. At present the youngsters are in the fore, but years ago there was another Donoghue whose name was highly written. That was Timothy, the father of the boy who has been teaching the Russians and the Hollanders how to get over the ice. In 1864 Timothy Donoghue was the American champion. He still lives and still skates, when the thermometer will let him, but he no longer enters for races. His sons could probably beat him at it now at any distance.

Timothy Donoghue was born in America fifty-one years ago. Almost all his life he has lived in Newburg. He was from the first an enthusiastic skater, and the broad Hudson by his city gave him plenty of opportunity to practice his favorite sport. He is now a powerfully built man, five feet eleven in height, with a full beard that is turning gray. He stoops slightly, and this may be due to his trade, that of an oarmaker, which causes him to lean again and again over his bench as he fashions the wooden blades for boating men the world over. Outside his skating fame he has a general reputation of considerable importance. He makes the oars for many of the best college crews and for professional boating men in this country and even in England and Australia.

Early in Mr. Donoghue's career as a skater he became noted locally as one of the best. He was naturally ambitious to excel, and in every kind of way he sought to perfect himself in the wintry exercise. It occurred to him that the rocker skate with a keel about equal in length to the length of the foot could be improved upon. He saw that such a skate necessitated keeping one foot after another in the air longer than was advisable for renewing the stroke. It seemed to him that if the skate keel were



THE DONOGHUE STROKE.

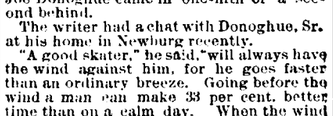
longer a more powerful stroke could be given with it. For this and other reasons he set about inventing a skate for his own use. His model is a curious affair, a diagram of which is here given. It is eighteen inches long, the keel extending the entire length of the frame from A to B. The widest part, denoted by the dotted line, E to E, is three and a half inches. The heel has to be pierced in the old-fashioned way for a screw, which projects upwards from the place marked D. At the points marked c c are guards for straps that are wound about the foot from heel to toe and fastened by buckles. The shape of the steel keel and the appearance of the skate on the foot may be seen in the picture of Timothy Donoghue, Jr., that accompanies this article. The wooden frame in which the keel is set is made of applewood.

For many years Mr. Donoghue has made his own skates and those used by his sons. It is just possible that he may have made a pair occasionally for personal friends, but he does not sell them. None were ever on the market, and he says that he does not propose to make money by manufacturing skates. Those who have grown up familiar with the various club skates, or who learned on the rocker with its screw and straps, and therefore realize how great a convenience it is to fasten a skate to the foot by a clamp that is simply adjusted, will wonder why Mr. Donoghue did not adopt any of the



clamp is an improvement. When he goes on the ice he goes to skate, and he doesn't mind a bit of extra trouble to make his skates secure. He does not think that champs are to be depended on in racing. At all events he and his sons have won various kinds of championships on the father's skates, and they are well pleased with the model and its screw and straps.

Perhaps Mr. Donoghue's most famous feat as a skater was his trip from Newburg to Albany, made many years ago. The distance is eighty-five miles and the time required for covering it was five hours. His shorter distance records have been eclipsed by his sons, of whom he has four: Charlie, a liquor dealer; Tim, Jr., a letter carrier; Joe, the lad of eighteen who is now in Europe; and Jim, a boy of fifteen. Tim, Jr., is the American champion one-mile skater, with a record of three minutes twelve and three-fourths seconds. Joe is the champion of this country at five and ten miles, and in Holland and Germany at two miles. He was taken to Europe by Mr. G. M. L. Sachs, an enthusiastic admirer of skating, and therefore of the Donoghue family. Mr. Sachs went abroad on business and took Joe along purely out of kindness. Neither of them has tried to make any money out of the boy's races, and he is still



THE DONOGHUE SKATE.

an amateur. He has met in Europe the best skaters of the continent, and he has won enough events to cause his friends to believe that he could win the world championship under good conditions. In his European races he has been handicapped by lack of practice. What with traveling a good deal of the time and meeting bad luck now and then with respect to weather, he has not been able to keep in prime condition. One of his victories was won immediately after he had left a train on which he had been riding for hours. What he has accomplished may be summed up in Mr. Donoghue's own words:

"As far as we have now heard, Joe's trip sums up as follows: He has won three races and lost three. He has beaten the champions of England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, and has won all his races at distances of one mile. He has been beaten only at a half-mile and a mile, and by only one skater, the Russian champion. I think we have no reason to be ashamed of our boy, and I have only this to say: If Joe does not beat Von Panschin at a mile this winter, I will send him to Christiania, Norway, next October, let him stay there until he gets all the practice he wants, and then send him to St. Petersburg, and have him try Mr. Von Panschin at home."

Von Panschin, the Russian, is a large, powerful man of remarkable endurance. The first time he met Joe Donoghue they raced two miles. Joe's time was six minutes twenty-four seconds, twenty-one seconds better than the world's previous record. Von Panschin made the distance in six minutes thirty-one seconds. Afterward they met in a contest at one mile. Von Panschin made the fastest time on record, 2:57, and Joe Donoghue came in one-fifth of a second behind.

The writer had a chat with Donoghue, Sr., at his home in Newburg recently.

"A good skater," he said, "will always have the wind against him, for he goes faster than an ordinary breeze. Going before the wind a man can make 33 per cent. better time than on a calm day. When the wind is against a man it is desirable to present as little surface as possible. For this reason I have taught the boys to skate with their arms folded behind them. With our long skate we make long strokes. Von Panschin, in spite of his size, makes thirty strokes to Joe's twenty, while they are racing."



A SKATING HIGH JUMP.

"Do you practice or teach fancy skating?"

"Not a bit of it. I have never touched it, but have confined my attention to straight-away skating, which involves, of course, the ability to turn all kinds of curves quickly and securely. I doubt not there's much fun and sociability in fancy skating, with you; lady partners cutting up fine figures on the ice, and in rougher sports, jumping over stumps. My skates, however, are not adapted for jumping or the more delicate figure drawing. They are made to race with, and I am content with that."

TERPSICHORE.

Getting the News Under Difficulties.

Ex-Senator and ex-Cabinet Minister William Windom has an idea that the importance of the American nation is not fully recognized by the middle and lower classes in foreign lands. He is led to this from an experience he had last summer when he landed in England. He sailed from this country on the third day of the Chicago convention, and during the eight days' passage he was in such suspense to know what was the result of the convention as a man of his interest in public affairs can appreciate. Archibald Forbes, the English newspaper correspondent, was on the same boat, and the two did some tall guessing during the time they were out of sight of land. When they were once on British soil, Mr. Windom said:

"You are a newspaper man, Forbes, take your auger and go find out who was nominated."

The first man asked was a boatman at the docks. He had nearly forgotten the convention, but, getting the two national conventions mixed in his mind, he said:

"They elected the same man they did before."

A little questioning revealed the fact that the man knew no difference between a nomination and an election, so Mr. Windom did not know whether he referred to the St. Louis convention or meant the Chicago convention had nominated Blaine. Another man was hunted up and asked if he knew who had been nominated for President of the United States. The man asked what States he meant by "United States."

"The United States of America," said Mr. Forbes. "Do you know where America is."

"I have heard of Canada," was the reply. "Is America the same as Canada?"

They left him, and Mr. Windom got his first information on the result of the convention from a scrap of a German newspaper, a week old, which he found at a hotel, and in which the only words he could read were two that are the same in German as in English—"Benjamin Harrison."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

AN HOUR WITH AMELIE RIVES.

BY HOLLY HOCK.



NOISELESSLY the door swung on its highly polished brass hinges, and I found myself within an apartment filled with the perfumes of rare exotics, long and well curtained, and draped profusely with finely spun lace. Draperies hung from everything drapable. I even found myself draped in a mist of wonderment and unreality.

A sudden and intense passion sprang up in the room, enveloping me with a species of suffocation. On looking up I beheld a fair young creature, with large, solemn eyes and wondrous burnished tresses, coming toward me. I bowed graciously, and bended low over the perfect white hand she extended to me.

"Miss Rives?" I murmured.

She assented, with a bend of her dainty head, and waved me to a seat.

I allowed my eyes to travel slowly from the tip of her tiny toe, which peeped from her dress-hem, to the top of the great shining mass of her hair, which was crowned with a white dahlia, unobtrusive but nestling there with all the confidence of having found its natural resting-place; or, better still, of having grown there. The ripple of hair which turned and mounted upward from one delicate ear had an individuality all its own, undulating and rising with conscious pride to join its fellows, and swell the beautiful knot which formed the coiffure.

The long, lean arms, rounded and perfect as an houri's, only half concealed by the lace sleeves which sought to envelop them, thrilled me with approbation and exquisite delight. The dimpled hands lay in a listless clasp, like twin rose leaves upon her lap.

With a great lump in my throat, I endeavored to address this beautiful creature. You will laugh at me, perhaps, but beauty, at all times joy to me, at the present moment enthralled me and made me dumb.

At length the lovely lips parted, and a voice, the silvery sweetness of which is unsurpassed, breathed forth the commonplace:

"You wished to speak with me?"

"In truth, I did," was my response, in somewhat stilted fashion.

"Well?" A slow and entrancing smile dawning on the flower-like face.

"I love you," I gasped, with hurried and intense breathing, all at once losing my head, and plunged from my purpose by an overwhelming desire to be forever linked with this rare and perfect expression of humanity.

With a sudden, swift vehemence, born of surprise, she rose from her chair and threw down the answer to my avowal; like a fair angelic being from the paradise of the skies, she shone above me.

"You dream!"

No more. With a sharp cry of suppressed anguish, I started to my feet—there was a dull thud—and my slumbrous eyes struggled to hold the vision of loveliness, but Morpheus broke loose from my embrace and hid away, leaving my naked gaze to encounter my book, "The Quick or the Dead?" prostrate on the floor.

I rubbed my dazzled orbs vigorously, as the genii of old must have rubbed his magic lamp, seeking to call up the slave of my dream, but in vain. I only beheld my fire, from which all warmth had long since fled, burning dimly in its socket, the lamps spluttering and hissing wildly, and an icy atmosphere slowly but surely wrapping my apartment in uncomfortableness.

Wonderful Scent.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, writing from Kingston, N. Y., in response to an inquiry as to the scent a dog will follow, when in trail of his master's buggy, whether that of the horses, or the wheels, relates this anecdote:

Some years ago a man by the name of Mellert was arrested in this city for shooting another man. Mellert was placed in a horse-car and conveyed to jail at a distance of two miles. The horse-car was closed except that the door in the rear end of the car was opened and shut on the way to let other passengers in and out. Mellert was placed in jail and the jail door locked. The next morning his beagle dog was found lying against the jail door. I offered Mellert $100 for that dog, but he said no money could buy from him such a friend in distress. Mellert was afterward acquitted upon the theory that the killing was justifiable under the circumstances; but he was a long while in jail before his trial came off, and his beagle was his constant companion day and night. Now this beagle missed his master from home some time after his arrest, and the next morning found him in the jail at a distance of two miles, and the dog had no doubt that his master was there, because he lay by the jail door sill, and this jail door was not the outer door of the Court House, but an inner door. Now what scent did this beagle follow? It must have been the scent of his master, although the feet of that master never touched the earth for a distance of two miles; and he did not ride in an open buggy, but in a closed horse-car. The horse-car landed Mellert about 300 feet from the jail, and from that point to the jail Mellert walked over pavements upon the sidewalk, but before his dog came to find him, hundreds, and perhaps thousands of other people had walked over the same flag sidewalk, and yet his dog found him, and was so sure of it that he lay down by the jail door—an inner door in the Court House—to receive his master when he came out. It is no wonder that money could not buy such a faithful friend. But what scent did he follow?

Automatic Turnstile.

The principle of the automatic boxes, which form such prominent objects at our railway stations, has been applied to doors and turnstiles. A coin of the proper value must be dropped into a slot before the door can be opened, and thus the services of a money-taker are dispensed with. Such doors are applicable to the entrances of exhibitions and places of amusement.

Their special use, however, is for lavatories and the like. For such cases it is necessary to insure that the doors shall always be closed after a person has passed out through them, and that they cannot be again opened except by the proper coin. To this end folding doors, meeting at the middle are employed, [illegible]

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

The Church Social.

NECK OR NOTHIN HALL,
KILKENNY CORNERS.



MR. EDITUR: As I wus a tellin you in my last we wus a goin to hav achurch soshal, an we did at the appinted time.

Willam Henery an all of us went over an we hed a fust rate time.

Willam Henery he et and et, till I most thot hed bust his self, but he didnt, an every thing passed off reel splindid.

I beleave I tole you thet each one of us thet wus onto a commity hed to talk fur five minits to everyone thet their names wus onto the keerds we hed.

Well, my keerd hed the young docter man, an the preacher, an Mis Giles, Peter Roper, Smantha Cruthers, ole Zeke Jackson, an Mis Perkins, frum over on Spider Crick, and a hull lot more.

I hed to talk to every one of em fur five minnits, an not enny longer, fur when the bell rung we hed to giv rite up an make off fur the next one.

Rite there is where the trubble begun—a havin to giv up an leave rite in the middle of a cunversin.

I hed to leave the young docter man rite in the middle of an awful interestin diogenese of a case of sickness over to Spider Crick. It so kindy flambergasted me a hevin to leave so unsarymuniously thet when I got over to where the preacher sot I jest kindy goshed out: "Do you beleave into the immulsion?" when I wint to say "immersion."

Thet wus jist the way it went, everybuddy a makin mistakes.

We hed lots o fun, tho, an Willam Henery he didnt git into not a single scrummage. I 'spose twos cause twos into the church house. Mis Perkins, to be sure, she wus a goin to send fur me to cum over sum day afore long.

I 'spose Mary Hanner, thet is the oldest gal, is a goin to git married.

Oh, yes, the Cronkses an Parsonses air a gittin over there furs sum.

You see Tom Tilbert he stept in an claimed all the turkeys es his'n (the Tilbertses aint in our set), and so the others turned again him, sole the fouls, an divided the munny, so I reckon the'l be quite frenly agin.

I furgot to tell you thet the schoolmarm hed to talk to the widder fur five minnits, to the soshal. I tel you they didn't do mutch talkin, an ef Jerry an Simeon hedn't bin ther I guess the'd a hed sum words.

Everybuddy hed a good time I guess, ennyways I wus awful tired when we got home, an by the time I hed wound the clock, spunged my bred, kivered up the fire, an locked the house, Willam Henery, he wus to bed, a snorin like sixty.

I got into bed an scrouged up again the wall, but he snored so awful it made the bedsted shake, an I jist coudn't go to sleep. So I jist gouged my elbow into his ribs an he turned over onto his side, and then I got sum sleep.

We air a goin to hev a quiltin an woodchoppin nex week. I didn't want it, but hed to give in. Willam Henery he hes butchered a hog an the ole line-back cow, an I'm a goin to kil sum ole roosters, so I guess we'll hev feed enough; but I do dred a gittin reddy fur it. The schoolmarm has got her litanny sciety to runnin. We air a goin ez quick ez my corns git so's I kin walk. I'm a docterin 'em now, but they air awful sore yit. Well, I mus quit an pare my corns an chop up the mincemeat fur the pise fur the quiltin an choppin. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Model Woman.

Mr. Jones came home at an unseemly hour the other night and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below stairs with no other light than that of the electric tower on the corner to keep her company.

"M-m-maria," he said huskily, "y-you shouldn't sit up s'late when I'm out on business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him he continued in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m' dear, but it's lash time—tell you I'm shorry—won't shpeak to me?"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above:

"Mr. Jones, who are you talking to at this hour of the night?"

"Thash what I'd like to know m-m-myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened down stairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the situation she laughed in spite of being angry.

"It's the model," she said, "the model I bought to-day to fit my dresses on."

"Yes, thash so," said Jones, tipsily, "model woman—didn't talk back—make some fellow good wife."—*Yankers Gazette.*

The Acme of Hospitality.

First traveler—Yes, the people of the South are hospitable and large-hearted, but in my visits to Ireland I have been treated to a refinement of hospitality which, Kentuckian, as I am, I acknowledge rather beats us.

Second traveler—In what respect

First traveler—The bottles are round on the bottom and won't stand alone. When you open them you've got to drink every drop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Much Sweetness.

Prof. Gustav Gehring states that 5,038,000,000 pounds of cane sugar and 5,588,000,000 pounds of beet sugar are produced annually. All plants contain sugar, but only four others—the sugar palm of the Indies, the maple tree, the sorghum and the sugar corn—are at all used industriously for its extraction; and from these four the total quantity of sugar obtained is comparatively insignificant.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Tucker Had to Explain.

"When does the next train go to Readville?" said a short woman [illegible] Park Square station [illegible] ticket office.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

RABUS

—THE—

TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

Suitings,
Overcoatings,
Trouserings

IN THE CITY.

Work - All - Guaranteed!

NO. 16 WEST BERRY STREET

Six Doors West of Calhoun.

RABUS,

—THE—

TAILOR. 19-1mo.

FOR RENT.

OVERSEERS WANTED EVERYWHERE at home or to travel. We wish to employ a reliable person in your county to tack up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be tacked up everywhere, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in conspicuous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States and Canada. Steady employment; wages $2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. Address with stamp,
EMORY & CO., Managers, 241 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. No attention paid to postal cards. 15-10t

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A planing mill fully equipped with tools and machinery for doing a large business. Engine and boiler nearly new. Located on seven lots adjoining the Wabash and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroads, near depot. Lumber on hand. Can be bought at a bargain. Apply to H. C. Taylor, on the premises, or to A. H. Carrier, Foster Block, City. 19-eodtf
Jan. 19, 1889.

FOR RENT.—One half of store room at 56 East Main street. Call at store. 13-3t

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 41 East Main street, Miner block. By W. E. & G. E. Miner, Room 5, Aveline House Block. 28-tf

FOUND.

FOUND.—Watch and chain. Owner can have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this advertisement. 10-tf

FOUND.—A large flat key. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement. 12-tf

WANTED.

WANTED.—A girl to do housework in a small family, at 202 West Wayne street. 13-tf

WANTED—People in want of any kind of help or employment to call at the Employment Agency, 152 Calhoun street, 6-tf

FOR SALE.—At 70 Harrison street, the Phaeton wagon, buggies, sleighs, harness, double and single bells, biant, saddle and bridle. Mrs. Dr. T. S. Virgil. 14-3t

Herman Helmke,

DEALEL IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

The public is cordially invited to call and examine my stock. Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed. No. 47 West Main Street. 19-1mo.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer,

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

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PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.,

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Calhoun Street. jan 29-6mo.

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—DEALER IN—

Hard and Soft Coal!

Wood and Kindling,

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

B. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16. 1889.

THE West Virginia democratic legislators has decided to stand by Kenna.

THE Princeton college faculty has renewed its invitation to Gen. Harrison to spend Sunday at the college on his way to the inauguration.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance worker, is having a large attendance at his meetings in Anderson. He will make that place his headquarters for some time to come.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT MARTIN, of the eleventh district, and E. C. Vaughan, the retiring prosecuting attorney of Wells county, have formed a law partnership at Bluffton.

IT is now stated that Col. Fred Grant desires to be appointed minister to China, and his friends are combining to influence General Harrison to gratify his yearing in that directon.

MR. W. E. ASHCRAFT, editor of the South Whitley *News*, has purchased the Decatur *Journal*, and will take charge of it next week. H. W. Kirby, the retiring editor, will teach school.

M. LABOSCHERE says that Queen Victoria saves $5,500,000 annually from the civil list alone. Half of that would save a good many poor families in Ireland from being turned out of their huts of shelter with nowhere to go.

EX-COUNTY TREASURER W. L. PORTER, of Vermillion county, and late chairman of the republican county committee, has been discovered short in his accounts with the county about $12,000. The discovery has caused quite a sensation in Vermillion county.

E. B. BALL, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the pension building at Washington, where he sells fruits and cigars to the clerks. He is nearly eighty years of age, and bears a striking resemblance to the Father of his Country.

A JOINT meeting of the union and confederate veterans of the battle of Chickamauga was held at Washington, Thursday, to devise a plan for marking and preserving the battle-field, and marking the positions of all the forces that participated in the fight. The plan adopted was patterned in general after that of the Gettysburg association.

THE Kokomo "Kids" the crack Pythian division which has been suspended by the supreme chancellor for its failure to obey orders, is not cast down, and the commander reiterates the charge that the division was not fairly treated, and that no apology will be made to the judges in consequence. The division will appeal to the supreme lodge, and the commander claims that at the proper time, evidence will be forthcoming showing that the division was robbed of first honors at the Cincinnati contest.

THE monthly reports of the state treasurer, certified by the auditor of state, by section 5,640, revised statutes, must include "a statement of the exact amount of money in the state treasury at the close of business on the last business day of each and every month, specifying the amount belonging to each particular fund." The question is raised as to whether the reports, as published, comply with this provision. The last report gives a balance in the treasury of $299,363.09, but there is no specification as to what funds this money is in The receipts and disbursements alone are given by funds. As the *Daily News* remarks, "we want a competent treasurer," this time at the state helm.

A GREAT CALAMITY.

The destruction of the manufactory of Louis Fox & Bro. and the partial destruction of the wholesale grocery house of Skelton, Watt & Wilt is one of the sorest and severest losses ever recorded in the city.

It is a calamity to some of the best and most enterprising young business men in the community and THE SENTINEL feels that it is speaking the sentiment of the people whom it offers them full public sympathy.

They are all comparatively young men and the fact of their immediate resumption indicates that they intend to retrieve their fortunes and the position they proudly held in the commercial and mercantile world.

Their loss and the fearful fire of last night serves as a warning. As the local columns detail, the city is shamefully deficient in its facilities for fire protection.

If it is not the inability to supply sufficient water it is something else, and last night it was something else.

The firemen have no ladders to reach the four-story buildings that grace the business heart of the city, and, of course, a fire at that height can have full sway.

The management of the department, too, must be strengthened. Last night the streams from the mains could scarcely reach the third story of any building and this deplorable neglect continued for over two hours before the firemen placed the two engines at their disposal to the assistance of the force from the mains.

These facts warrant prompt investigation, and Mayor Mahler cannot afford to lose any time in calling the council together in special session of the

SCHOOL BOOK TRUST

Considered in the House—The Senate Agrees to Give $75,000 to Purdue University—The Natural Gas Bill.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—After considerable delay, the house yesterday made a move, feeble in comparison with the spirited interest evinced in political legislation, toward smashing the condemned school book trust. Several bills, proposing various systems for reducing the cost of text-books, have been introduced, but the one given preference by the majority of the committee on education is the measure for which Mr. Pleasants assumes responsibility. The minority of the committee, the republican members, have presented a report recommending the passage of a bill providing for free text books.

The Pleasants bill requires the state board of education to "compile or cause to be compiled," a series of text books, embracing the branches of study that are now pursued in the common schools of the state. The board is given authority to fix the remuneration of the persons employed to compile the books. The work on the books relating to at least two subjects shall be completed within a year from the time the bill becomes a law and the text books on at least two additional subjects shall be completed each year thereafter. The board is to have power, in all cases, to designate what cuts and maps shall be used. The mechanical execution shall be equal to that of the books now in use. The copyrights shall be secured by the board. The printing of the books shall be done under the supervision of the commissioners of public printing and binding, who shall advertise for proposals and let the contract for a period of ten years to the lowest responsible bidder. The contractor must furnish a bond for $50,000 for the satisfactory execution of the work. When the new books have been compiled the state board of education shall issue an order requiring their uniform use in the schools, but the order shall not take effect until the expiration of a year. In defining the method of distribution of the books the bill requires that the school trustees shall certify to the county superintendents the number of copies required and the county superintendent shall then make a requisition for them upon the superintendent of public instructions, at the same time filing with the county auditor a duplicate of the requisition, upon which the latter shall issue a warrant upon the county treasurer, in favor of the county superintendent, for the amount, payable out of a revolving fund to be created by the county commissioners. The state superintendent shall make monthly reports to the state auditor of the number of books sold by him and pay into the state treasury the money received. The bill provides for the appropriation of $20,000 to be used in defraying the expenses of compiling the books, and $50,000 for a revolving fund. The books are to be furnished to school children at cost. In a brief speech Mr. Pleasants explained the bill and answered some of the objections to it.

In the afternoon this bill and all others on the same subject were referred to a special committee of seven with instructions to report next Tuesday afternoon.

Natural Gas Discussion.

Senator Boyd's natural gas bill drew forth much of the fluid which the bill proposes to deal with. The bill was reported upon favorably by the committee, together with an amendment which makes it unlawful to pipe gas out of the state. The original bill makes it unlawful to abandon gas wells without first plugging them; one section makes it unlawful to consume more gas than is contracted for; another section defines the methods by which lands may be obtained and used by gas companies. Other features have heretofore been referred to. The committee's amendment encountered opposition from Mr. Shockney, of Randolph county. Union City is on the line between Indiana and Ohio, and the Ohio end of the town depends on Indiana for a contemplated gas supply. Mr. Stockney, therefore, moved that the amendment reported be rejected. Mr. Boyd, in speaking to the question, said that if it were permitted companies to pipe gas outside the state it would not be long until Indiana's gas supply would be exhausted and the state would have as reminders of its late wealth only holes in the ground, filled with salt water. Senator Harness was of the same opinion. Mr. Shockney, in supporting his position, said that it would be absurd to take a stand over the Indiana gas holes and say that nobody but Indianians should enjoy the benefit of the product. It reminded him of the opposition to railroads down in Jackson county, where it was maintained that railroads should not be permitted to pass through because the trains would scare the cows and turn the milk sour. After discussion, Mr. Shockney's motion to strike out the amendment was defeated. An effort to postpone further consideration until next Tuesday morning was made and an earnest debate resulted. The bill, together with a bill relating to the protection of land against gas companies, was eventually made the special order for Tuesday, at 10 a. m.

Appropriation for Purdue University

Senator Dresser's bill to appropriate $75,000 for the use of Purdue university passed the senate yesterday. Thirty thousand dollars of this amount is for the [illegible] of 1889,

and improvements on the farm; $15,000 is for additions to the shops and chemical labratory and $15,000 for building and equipping the school electrical engineers.

Five Bills Become Laws.

Five legislative bills yesterday became laws by receiving the governor's signature. The most important was that appropriating $187,000 for the school for feeble minded at Fort Wayne. Another made Madison county a separate judicial district. A spirited three-cornered fight for the judgeship of the new district is already begun, and representatives of all factions are making the governor's life a burden. Other bills are legalizing acts.

The Election of Prison Trustees.

Senator Francis, from the prison committee, submitted a report designed to correct the law in relating to the appointment of prison trustees. Three are to be chosen at this session. The report recommends that of the three elected, lots shall be drawn for the two years' term, two to serve two years and one for four.

The School Fund Interest.

Senator DeMotte's bill, changing the rate of interest on school funds and other public moneys loaned from 8 per cent to 6, was reported back favorably by the committee on education. Several amendments were presented, but the noon intermission interfered with final action.

Bigham's Bill Forced Through.

Late this afternoon the house door was locked and Bigham's police bill was rushed through. Representative Cranor, in insisting on a hearing, was forced to take his seat by the speaker.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

Life has exceptional difficulties for the babies of Eastern nations, especially those who are of sufficiently high rank to be brought up according to all the ancient customs of their race. A royal baby's first toilet, in Arabia, consists in winding a bandage about its body, after it has been bathed and perfumed. The little creature is then placed on its back, its arms and feet are straightened and the entire body swathed to the shoulders. In this position it remains motionless for forty days, but the bandages are removed twice a day that the child may have a bath. The Arabs believe that this process will make the body straight for life. Under such circumstances it seems fortunate that babyhood is not a period which can be remembered in after years, for nobody would choose to suffer such days of misery again, even in recollection. If the child be a girl, on the seventh day after her birth holes, usually six in number, are pricked in her ears, and when she is two months old heavy gold rings are attached to them, to be worn throughout her lifetime, except during periods of mourning relatives.

On the fortieth day the baby's head is shaved—a ceremony which could scarcely be performed in our own country, where thick hair is usually of a later growth. The operation is considered a very important one, and thirty or forty persons are witnesses of it, for the performance of certain rites. The disposal of the hair is regarded as a very weighty matter; it must not be burned nor carelessly thrown away, but buried, thrown into the sea, or hidden in some crevice of a wall. This fortieth day marks a turning point in the child's life. Heretofore it has only been seen by its parents, the slaves on duty, and a few intimate friends of the family; now, however, it may be seen by anybody, and it is regarded as fairly launched on the tide of existence. Several charms are attached to its body for protection against the "evil eye," boys wearing them to a certain age, and girls still longer. The favorite charm consists of a gold and silver locket worn on a chain.—*Memoirs of an Arabian Princess.*

HISTORY OF A POEM.

Will S. Visscher, who was George D. Prentice's amanuensis on the Louisville *Journal* for some time, says he wrote The Closing Year, one of his greatest poems, under the following circumstance: It was New Year's Eve, and the carriers of the *Journal* had no address for the patrons of the paper, a departure from a long-established custom In those days The Carrier's New Year's Address was a matter of serious financial importance to the boys who delivered the *Journal* to the city subscribers. It was handsomely printed, usually, and every subscriber gave to the carrier a remembrance in the shape of coin. The poet who had engaged to furnish the annual address had failed and the boys were in distress. Mr Prentice, one of the kindest of men, appreciated the situation, and said suddenly to his amanuensis—"Write—I will dictate the New Year's Address," which he did, and thus The Closing Year was produced. Some one present, and in authority, recognizing the strange beauty of the poem, caused it to be printed on satin—something immense in those days—and all Louisville was charmed with it next morning.—*Texas Siftings.*

EXPERIMENTAL ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Young Man (confidentially)—I want to see some of your solitaire rings.

Jeweler—Engagement ring, I presume.

Young Man—Y-yes, sir.

Jeweler—Here's just the thing you want. Alaska stone, rolled plate and warranted for a year.

Young Man—But I want a real stone.

Jeweler—Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of [illegible] plated rings [illegible]

ADVANTAGES OF BEING PLAIN.

A French newspaper lately introduced a novelty, by asking its women readers to write on the advantages of being plain, and the disadvantages of beauty. The discussion which resulted has brought out the deliberate expression of the opinion, on the part of a celebrated man of letters, that it is better for any one to be "homely" than to be handsome.

His reasoning is that one who is without good looks, seeks to make up for the lack of them with all the world by amiability, gentleness, and politeness, and so is liked by all, while handsome persons are apt to be vain of their looks, and, confident that they make them quite independent of ordinary politeness, attract dislike by "giving themselves airs."

As to women, the same writer is sure that the plain one generally has, except beauty, everything on her side—modesty, simplicity, and confidence. He relates an anecdote of Lord Russell and his son, the Viscount Amberley, which is to the point. At a royal *fete*, Lord Russell called his son to a window-seat, and said to him:

"My son, you are 30 years old, and should think of settling in life."

"Have you chosen a wife for me?" asked Amberley.

"No; you have only to choose for yourself. Look! Do you desire wealth with your bride? There is Miss Clanricarde, whose father has come back from India as rich as a nabob."

"With £20,000 from my estate of Amberley," said the young man, "I have no need to look out for a fortune."

"Well, then, do you look for high birth? There is young Lady Florence, the descendant of Rotherand, one of the companions of William the Conqueror."

"When one is the son of a Russell," said the Viscount, "there is certainly no necessity of looking out for a noble birth in a wife."

"Then if it is beauty that you seek, here is the lovely Miss Broughthampton. Her beauty alone has won her the most noted of suitors."

"My lord, I do not look for beauty any more than I do fortune. Since I am to marry, I desire only happiness."

"Oh, that is quite a different case! If it is happiness you seek, marry a plain woman, by all means."

ORIGIN OF SOME PROVERBS.

A couple of rogues engaged in distilling illict Mountain Dew whisky quarrelled and fought one day, and falling out of a window both were killed. Then their stock fell into the hands of a couple of newspaper men who happened along. "When rogues fall out honest men get their Dew."

It was when ladies wore their hats on the backs of their heads that "Pride went before a fall"-bonnet.

Mr. Toodles often forbade his wife going to auctions, but 'twasn't any use; she would go. Then he would get drunk, and raise his voice and rave, but she went all the same, because "Auctions speak louder than words."

"No use crying over spilt milk," remarked the original man, "particularly when you had not yet put in the rum, sugar, and other ingredients for a milk punch."

He was a baker's man and he had a sweetheart named Cake—Patty Cake, and one evening when he was holding on his knee he said. "Patty, you are so sweet I would like to eat you." And Patty replied, roguishly, "You can't eat your Cake and hold it too."

It was the man who wet it too often, who "paid too dear for his whistle."—*Texas Siftings.*

Catarrh originated in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

CARROLL MATTINGLY, a Louisville boy of 12, is probably the youngest publisher in the world. He recently published a neat and creditable holiday book.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe ree of charge. O13deod4m-weow15t

HARLOW CURTISS of Harwinton, Conn., is in his 89th year. He has carried on his farm himself last season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol, Conn., a few weeks ago, he entered a rifle range and secured 91 points out of 100. He made three consecutive bull's-eyes. He can read a newspaper without glasses.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, of T[illegible]

ANY ONE CAN DYE



A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. } Any Color FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE

DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.



A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthing qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."
HONESTUS STEARNS, Felchville, Vt.
$1.00. SIX for $5.00. At Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

HOPTONIC CONTAINS

Hops, Malt and Peptonized Beef.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

New Advertisements.

VIRGINIA FARMS and MILLS SOLD and exchanged. Free Catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

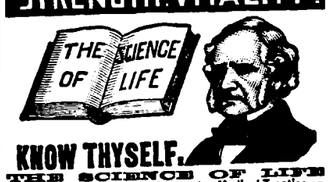


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Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Pains, Back and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and Muscular Pains, relieved in one minute by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.** The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cts; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP. Feb28.

THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH VITALITY!



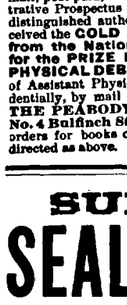
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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood,

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskilful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

SUPERB SEAL SKINS on YOUR OWN TERMS



If you would like to own an elegant SEAL SKIN SACQUE, JACKET or NEW MARKET, but are not prepared to pay for it promptly, it will be to your interest to communicate with us without delay.

We are the largest American Importers and Manufacturers of Alaska Seal Skins, and the backward winter has left us with an enormous stock which we must reduce.

Send your address for our new plan of purchase circular, which will explain how you can secure a Seal Skin and hardly know when and how you pay for it.

A. E. BURKHARDT & CO., CINCINNATI.

GOLD MEDALS for SEAL SKINS & FURS at Cincinnati Centennial.

Feb 3mon&thurlmo

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Speech and whist greatly improved.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., office and residence No. 26 Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May24-tf

MRS. MARIE L. HOLLOWAY, M. D.

Office, No. 80 Calhoun Street, Up Stairs.
Residence, No. 306 Maumee Avenue.

Special Attention Given to
Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
OFFICE HOURS: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., except Thursday afternoons. jan. 14-1mo.

ANDREW J. BOSWELL, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher,
Continues in the
General Practice of Medicine and Surgery.
Office over Loesch's Pharmacy. Residence, 199 East Lewis st. Telephone 232. 25-1mo

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ALLEN ZOLLARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office, McDOUGAL'S BLOCK,
Northwest corner of Calhoun and Berry Streets,
Fort Wayne - - - - - - - Indiana.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

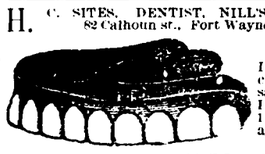
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

THOS. H. M'CORMICK, M. D.
CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES
ROOMS 8 AND 9,
Office, Pixley and Long Block.
FORT WAYNE, IND.
Office hours: 1 to 9 p. m. july9-1y

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OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK, 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.



I still occupy the same room I was in 14 years ago.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,



No. - 74 - Calhoun - Street,
Opposite the Avellene House, over Mordhurst's Drug Store.
FORT WAYNE - - - - INDIANA.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

110 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

A. FOSTER!

Merchant Tailor

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

Fall and Winter '88-9!

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings, very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

A. FOSTER,
No. 15 West Wayne Street.

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

BREXEL'S COLOGNE

Sweet as Roses!! Fragrant! Lasting!
The Leading PERFUME. Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR Cures Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Affections, Giddiness. At druggists. 25 c.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL

Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.
Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

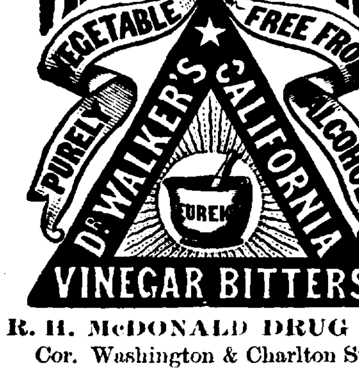
But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with a fine, delicate flavoring.

Send for a beautiful book free.



R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

DIETER'S CROWN



BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

A Proclamation!

Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:— "A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best

ANTI-BILIOUS

medicine ever used. I always prescribe them."

Tutt's Pills

Cure All Bilious Diseases.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.

To those who want their advertising to pay, [illegible]

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

IN THE WOODS.

A Boy Who Didn't Bother About Bears While the Fire Burned.

After the echoes made by walking had subsided, the stillness was oppressive. The bright moon cast strange shadows which fancy wove into such forms of life that the situation was uncomfortable, and to retreat to the shanty might bring host of wolves, bears, or other beasts directly upon me. A sensation of fear was mingled with one of cold, and camping in the wilderness where bears are plenty did not have the roseate hue at midnight that it had borne in the morning. If only one owl had hooted there would have been a relief to that dreadful silence, for I was familiar with that bird and its cries and hootings. Should I fire the pistol to scare the monsters which surrounded me, or should I call for John? A knowledge that I would have to explain matters, and a dim consciousness that when John told the story of the adventure to our schoolmates I might be the butt of ridicule, prevented either course being taken. After long consideration, and with a heart trying to burst its ribbed inclosure, and with pistol at full cock, I carelessly stepped a few steps in the direction of the shanty, which lay full in the moonlight forty rods away. The assumed carelessness must have deceived the monsters, for when I faced about and presented the pistol in their direction with the intention of killing the foremost, and then rushing for the shanty, not one had stirred. Several repetitions of these tactics brought him to the fire when John asked:

"Where have you been?"

"Me? Oh, just out to see what a beautiful night it is and to see if any game is about."

He yawned and said: "Put on more wood and turn in, there is no game here that stirs at night except rabbits and skunks, and the snow makes so much noise that they'd hear you a mile off. I heard you go out and then you stopped a long time; what were you doing?"

"Watching for game," said I, and after firing up, turned in to count the stars across the Hudson, for the bright moon had extinguished them at the meridian. What if a bear should come in the shanty? The flint of the pistol was let down, but the weapon was at hand. John was unimaginative, unpoetical, a plain matter-of-fact fellow, and rabbits and skunks were all that he had seen when he was here before. How did he know there were no deer, wolves, and bears about us?—*Forest and Stream*.

DREAMED HE WAS A HORSE.

Valdosta (Ga.,) *Times:* There are dreams and dreams. Dreams which are as vague as thin air, and dreams which make and leave an impression on the mind which days cannot eradicate; dreams which make us laugh and dreams which make us cry; dreams which are foolish and simple; dreams which are profound and mysterious; but it was left for good old Parson Squills, of Florida, to dream that he was a horse—one of your masculine, noisy, neighing, kicking kind.

The good old parson had many appointments far and wide apart, and some days he rode as much as fourteen hours to reach the more remote ones from his home. One night about dark he rode up to a good brother's house to spend the night. The brother had been killing hogs, and at supper the table was laden with spare-ribs, sausage, hog's headcheese, etc. The parson had missed his dinner and had a keen appetite, and he could not resist the tempting, steaming bites of choice meats before him, and, unmindful of dyspepsia or what not, he ate heartily.

At a reasonable hour he was shown to his room and he retired for the night. The good farmer brother was also wearied from his day's labor, and he also retired early.

About midnight the farmer was aroused from a peaceful slumber by a considerable noise somewhere about the premises. He lifted his head from the pillow, and he plainly heard a horse neighing and kicking violently against the stable door, and, assuming at once that the visitor's horse had gotten out of the stable and was creating a riot among his own stock, he bounced out of bed, hurriedly dressed, and stepped out of his bedroom door into the hall. Then his attention was drawn to the parson's room across the hall, where he heard the horse squealing, and neighing, and kicking—bam—bam—bam!—and, puzzled beyond measure, he forced into the room, and as the door opened he saw the outlines of the good man standing erect in the middle of the floor, and he heard him panting for breath, which was followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Strike—a match—my good brother," said the parson between breaths, and then he ejaculated, "pshwhew! good sakes alive; I must be a fool!" The brother struck a light and he found the bedstead scattered and broken up. The footbar was shattered and the mass of bedstead and bedding had come down upon the floor in a heap. "Pshwhew!" ejaculated the parson again, "I must be a fool—I dreamed I was a horse, and I thought I was kicking at the barn door. Fetch the light this way, brother, I don't believe there is any skin left on my heels!"

The bedstead was past further service, and the brother had to spread the parson's bed on the floor."

THE Pawnee Indians have become so civilized that most of the bucks wear paper collars, the squaws wear red stockings, and all are catching on to [illegible]

NEW ENGLAND "NEARNESS."

Shakspeare makes Hamlet say:
"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

But a good New England woman did a "thriftier" thing than that. Her mother had a long sickness and finally died of inflammatory rheumatism, leaving several half-used bottles of medicine, which became a source of great concern to the daughter, for "it ought not to be wasted," she said. She offered to sell it at a discount to a neighbor, but finding it left on her hands, she took it all herself for sore throat, colds, gastric trouble, and whatever ailment she happened to have.

The same woman once told two visitors whom she had invited to tea that she had been in a good deal of trouble that day to calculate upon just how many biscuits to make for the meal. She always knew about her own family; she "allowed one apiece, and an extra one in case of being extra hungry"; but where two new persons were concerned, whose appetites and habits were an unknown quantity, she was in such a state of mind that she was "fairly upsot"; and at the table she watched with keen eyes to see what was to be the fate of the one "extra" biscuit which was all she could bring herself to provide beyond the regular "extra" of the family.

A certain New England family will never forget their inward amusement at the remark of a "near" woman (as penuriousness and close calculation are phrased), who had come to see them in the beginning of her annual round of visiting to "save her board"; she remarked at the dinner-table that the "food tasted good," for she had been keeping herself "short," in expectation of shutting up her house!

She had been brought up in such a small, narrow way that she "could tell to a pin" every article she had with her. When a little girl she had been sent from home to school, and boarded with her Aunt Esther, having for room-mate a girl named Hannah. At the close of the ten-weeks' term, when getting her things together, she went to her relative, with these words:

"Aunt Esther, I wouldn't do such a thing as to say that Hannah would steal, but when I came here I had seven needles and four rows of pins. Now, Aunt Esther, five pins are gone, and there is one of the needles which I can't find. Hannah *must* have taken them!"

Once, when she was going away for two or three days, she offered a neighbor the morning's tea-grounds to steep over, and, to save it, a pumpkin pie which she was afraid wouldn't keep till she got home. But she returned sooner than she expected, and went over and said if the pie had not been eaten she would take it back.—*Jane Gregory, in Wide Awake.*

SHE SWALLOWED THE CAR FARE.

If there is any one thing that makes the horse-car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their mouths as purses for the car fares. It is a great nuisance in summer during travel on the open cars, where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A Lewiston conductor says that children are the worst. Some of them disgorge a handful of change, and he has to accept it. One day a very pretty young lady, who was a guest in Auburn from a Massachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat from her on his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she joked no more. When he got along to the party the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money—" The conductor, with infinite tact, says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it. You've swallowed it. I see you do it." The young lady blushed, and the car rattled along. A child with five coppers in its mouth is a fearful picture for the conductor, but what do you think of one with twenty-four cents in its cheek? Better buy the youngsters ten-cent purses.—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal.*

SENSIBLE LOVERS.

"Make many presents, Dolby?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I've got a best girl."

"Ah! diamond earrings, I suppose?"

"No, sir; she's a sensible one. We just made the old lady a present of a clock that loses two hours every night, and a muzzle for the dog. I feel perfectly easy when I stay there late now."

"But her father?"

"Oh! he's got the rheumatism. Who's afraid of her father? In both legs, too!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Rheumatism

Is undoubtedly caused by lactid acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparill a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

DR. CHARCOT, of Paris, an authority on nervous diseases, is soon to be summoned to St. Petersburg to see the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who are both in bad health.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Wende, Pres. of the N. Y. Electrical Society, (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, [illegible] Write to them

THE THROAT TELEPHONE.

The Lowth stettic-telephone hails from Chicago, and is a combined transmitter and receiver. A hollow extension about four inches long is attached to the receiver, from the end of which a small button protruded slightly. This button is placed against the throat near the vocal cords, and the receiver is held against the ear in the usual manner. When the operator speaks the vibrations of the throat are transmitted, with, it is said, distinct clearness. The machine is operated by the muscular vibrations that accompany the utterance of words.

The inventor, James Lowth, is said to have been experimenting and working on this instrument for over ten years. When he first applied for a patent, three years ago, the authorities at Washington thought him a crank, and refused to issue one. He attached the instrument to wires in the office and asked over it: "What do you think now?" Back over the wire came, "I give in. It works perfectly."

The *Electric Review* says it has been successfully operated between that city and Milwaukee, and in Pittsburgh it worked over a line seventy-five miles in length, on which were twenty-five Bell instruments.—*Boston Cultivator.*

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Cattarrh Remedy cures.

EXPERIMENTERS at Manhattan, Kan., have discovered that the use of salt on wheat fields will greatly increase the yield. It is also announced that salt will kill potato bugs.

The Finest Train in the World!

Via Union and Central Pacific roads. Sixty-four hours from Council Bluffs or Omaha to San Francisco. A Pullman Vestibule train; steam heat, electric light, bath rooms, barber shops, library and dining car—a palace hotel on wheels is the GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL, every Wednesday. 12-sat-8t.

IN Siberia, when it is 26 degrees below zero, men go puffing about and inquire of each other: "Well, is this warm enough for you?"

EVERY NIGHT I SCRATCHED

Until the skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary change your Cuticura Remedies performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your Cuticura Remedies, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the Cuticura Remedies, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the Cuticura Remedies to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the Cuticura Remedies have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Sept. 21, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatsoever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure. GEO. COTEY.

We cannot do justice to the esteem in which Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

Catarrh to Consumption.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and of tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and distressing cough.

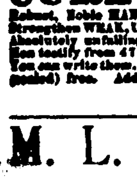
Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and an Improved Inhaler, with treatise; price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Pains and Weaknesses

OF FEMALES



Instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, most agreeable, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster, especially adapted to relieve Female Pains and Weaknesses. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters, and the most perfect Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness yet compounded. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Nov. 29eod&w1yr.

M. L. ALBRECHT,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

CARRIAGES

—AND—

BUGGIES.

—CORNER OF—

MAIN AND BARR STS.

POND'S EXTRACT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the more recent letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.

GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER.
Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially in relieving the aches, sprains and bruises incident to children.
Very truly yours,
Nov. 30, '87. JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Governor of New Jersey.

DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Yours truly,
Dec. 5, '87. R. S. GREEN.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it.
I am, truly yours,
Oct. 10, '87. J. C. SMITH.

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.

A Excellence invites imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.



Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. *Successfully used monthly.* Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept 12-1yr

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect Nober 18, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., †1:35 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †12:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—Ar	—Cincinnati Ex......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	" —Detroit Ex	" 11 30 a m
5 20 p m	" —Way Freight.........	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 p m

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft Wayne accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex—	4 05 pm
5 30 p m—Indianapolis express......	—10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY.
NOVEMBER 11, 1888.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail........	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily...........	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday..........	1 25
Limited Express, daily	6

Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m................................	10 30 a m
1 45 p m................................	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m................................	1 20 p m
1 10 p m................................	6 10 p m
7 00 p m................................	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov., 1888.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North..........	Lv 3 05 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids..............................	" 2 40 p m
From Grand Rapids........................	Ar 6 00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 35 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 11 20 p m
From " "	Ar 6 15 p m

Trains daily except Sunday.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Monday Evening, Feb. 18.

MR. A. M. PALMER

Will present the Great Success of Two Seasons at Madison Square Theatre, New York, entitled,

"JIM, The Penman"

Written by Sir Charles Young.

Mr. Palmer's Co. Includes:

F. C. Bangs,	Wright Huntington,
J. L. Ottomeyer,	C. J. Bell,
Guy Lindsley,	Alfred Becks,
John Matthews,	John T. McKever,
Benj. Singer,	Clara Lipman,
Miss F. C. Jackson,	Lititia Aldrich,
Jennie Eustace.	

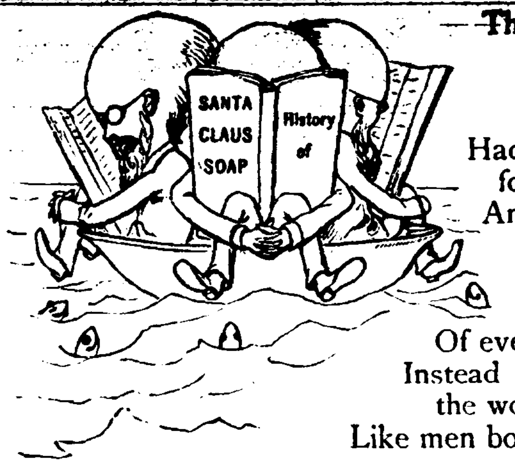
The time of the play is the present.

ACTS I and II—Mrs. Ralston's apartment in the town house of the Ralstons in Regent Park. Conservatory at back.

ACT III.—The Library of Ardleigh Court, Ralston's country house.

ACT IV—Small reception room at Ardleigh Court, with breakfast room at back.

Sale of seats Friday. Prices: 25, 50, 75 cents and $1.00.



The three wise men of Gotham
Would not have been so wise,
Had they not sought for knowledge,
And used their ears and eyes
In getting information
Of every sort and kind,
Instead of going through the world
Like men both deaf and blind.
And you can be as wise as they,
If you but choose to buy
The Soap that's called the SANTA CLAUS—
Its good effects to try.
Because 'twill help you through your work
At such a rapid rate,
That you'll have time to master all you care to undertake.

All Grocers sell SANTA CLAUS SOAP.

Made by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO.

TAR-OID

NATURE HAS NO BETTER REMEDY

Than this New Compound of Tar for Wounds, Burns, Sores, Piles, Salt Rheum, Eczema, and Coughs, Croup, Scrofula, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Bronchitis, and Consumption.



TAR-OID must not be confounded with the cheap remedies which are prepared on the theory that *Skin Diseases* are caused by impure blood, which is not true. They have their cause in a want of vital action in the skin. TAR-OID restores this action, hence it cures every form of *Skin Disease*, also sores, burns, etc. It is soothing and wonderfully healing—gratifying results follow in every case. It is harmless and can be used with perfect safety by any one. It is superior to all other remedies. There is positively nothing else like it.

TAR-OID is a sure cure for piles. It never fails. We warrant a cure or refund the money. It gives immediate relief. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful in its action.

Send for our "Good Samaritan" free.

CHICAGO'S BEST PHYSICIANS INDORSE IT.

TAR-OID has no equal for Piles and Pruritis.
LEILA G. BEDELL, M. D., 181 Dearborn av.

TAR-OID gives me fine results in Rectal and Skin Troubles, Indolent Sores, and Enlarged Glands.
F. H. PRATT, M. D., 57 Central Music Hall.

TAR-OID acts like a charm on Piles, Old Sores, etc.
J. R. M'CULLOUGH, M. D., 9 S. Halsted st.

TAR-OID has yielded excellent results in Croup, Bronchitis, and Consumption.
J. R. BOYNTON, M. D., R. 506, 70 State st.

TAR-OID has a most wonderful action on the skin and has given me fine results in Coughs and Consumption.
W. H. BURT, M. D., 112 Dearborn st.

TAR-OID gives me perfect satisfaction in Cervical Troubles, Swellings, and Piles.
M. M. THOMPSON, 403 Oakley av.

TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale by Dreier Bros., Corner of Columbia and Calhoun.

Lots of SOAP but room for JAXON because it beats them all.

It is QUICK, EASY, CHEAP. It's worth trying.

DON'T FAIL TO USE JAXON
5 CENTS 5 CENTS
JAXON
5 CENTS 5 CENTS
ANTI-WASHBOARD SOAP

SAVES MONEY, TIME, LABOR, STRENGTH, CLOTHES.

5 Cents is all it costs. That's not much if it's bad, and is mighty cheap if it does what is claimed for it.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1889.

No Advance on Sugar, Coffee or Teas.

Just Received a Shipment of Twenty Hogsheads of Choice New Orleans Sugar 5 1-2 Cents a Pound.

Great Reduction in New Turkish Prunes, Foreign and Domestic Dried Fruits.

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c. per pound; choice, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Imperial Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Gunpowder Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. Oolong or Black Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. Japan Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. The above prices are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality. No better anywhere. The other grades are good, sweet, drawing tea and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

Best Rio Coffee, 20c.; Best Roasted Rio, 21c.; Jersey coffee, 22c.; Dannermillers, 22c; Leverings, 22c.; Anchor, 22c.; Victor, 22c.; Best Old Government Java, 27c.; Roasted Java, 32c.

Sugars—White, Brown and New Orleans.

Choice yellow C sugar, 6¼c.; best standard A coffee white, 7¼c.; crushed, powdered and Granulated sugar, 8c. per pound; choice New Orleans sugar, 5½c pound.

Foreign Fruits for Cakes.

New Valencia Raisins, 8c.; Loose Muscatel Raisins, 12c.; Seedless Sultana Raisins, 10c.; Finest Malaga Layer Raisins, 15c.; Zantee Currants, 8c.; Leghorn Citrons, 25c.; Orange and Lemon Peel, 15c.; Layer Figs, 12½c.; Good Figs, 8c.; Golden Layer Dates, 8c.; Shelled Almonds, 30c. per pound.

Domestic Dried Fruits.

Dried Raspberries, 28c.; Pitted Cheries, 25c.; Dried Blackberries, 10c.; California Pared Peaches, 20c.; California Apricots, 20c.; California Pitted Plums, 15c.; California Necterines, 20c.; California Silver Prunes, 15.; California Evaporated Peaches, 20c.; New Turkish Prunes, 5c.; Dried Peaches, 8c.; Dried Apples, 5c.; Evaporated Apples, 9c.; German Pears, 10c.; Prunells, 16c.

CANDIES AND NUTS.

Pure stick candy, 12c.; Pure mixed candy, 12c.; Fancy candy, 20c.; Brazil nuts, 10c. quart; Almond nuts, 15c; Mixed nuts, 12½c.; Walnuts and Filberts, 12½c. quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups.

Pure Maple syrup, 80c.; golden drips, 40c.; Sorghum, 40c.; New Orleans molasses, 35c.; best, 50c. a gallon; The sorghum is splendid and 10c. lower than we ever sold it before.

Liquors and Wines for Medical Purposes.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry, $1.25 a gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 35c. and 40c.

Oils—Machine Oil, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor and Headlight Oil.

Fish oil, 70c. per gallon; Neatsfoot oil, 80c. per gallon; Lard oil, 70c. per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c. per gallon; Golden, 30c. per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c. per gallon.

Cigars and Tobaccos, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut

Good cigars, 60c. and $1 per box; Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; Horse Shoe plug tobacco, 45c. per pound; J. T. or Big Chung, 38c; Wild Flower 40c.; Bob White, 45c.; Jolly Ike, 40c. per pound; Smoking tobacco, 20c, 25c, 35c.; Bull Durham, 45c. per pound; Fine cut tobacco, 25c, 50c, and 75c. per pound.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE

MUSTANG LINIMENT MUSTANG LINIMENT MUSTANG LI[illegible]

THE BIGWIG PAPERS.

BY S. F. FIESTER.



DEAR FIDOLA—I mourn for my dear children's prospects, and you are the sneak that helped to make our misfortunes. George Washington has been gloomy for some days, and I couldn't get at the cause of it till lately. Last night he told me all about it. You see he had been up to call on Miss Hessbold, and while she was out of the room a few moments he got his eye on a letter which was partly covered up on the stand, with one corner stuck out. Well, he made up his mind that as he was her beau he ought to know who that letter was from, so he just pulled it out, and, as I live to tell it, it was from Solomon, and he a declaring that he loved her, and asking her to be his beautiful bride, and a lot of other stuff, such as makes people like us tired. George Washington heard her come in kind of suddenly, so that he didn't get time to replace it, and she caught him putting it back and flew mad, called him a sneak, said she hoped she might never see him again and ordered him out of the house. Thus ended George's present prospects.

I knew something dreadful was going to happen, for I had a token, or something like a token. I was troubled yesterday morning right after I got up, (I got up early before it was quite light) with something like a-rushing around my heart, and once I thought I would faint. By-and-by it got to tingling around in my bosom, and I thought I was getting a chill, and I was sure it must be a token of disaster. When it got light I went out for wood, and as I stooped over something rushed to my neck and out jumped a mouse! O, Fidola! but I did scream to think of that terrible mouse being in my bosom and me not a knowing of it at all, and having the horrid feeling of a token and things spiritual. If I had only known it was a mouse there, I would have died from fright.

Thus ended Tryphena's token, but my heart mourns worse for Sophia Jane, and to think you should let homely Kate come over and steal away the affections of our clerk from her. It makes me sick at heart to tell you and I want you to know that you are to blame for it. When homely Kate came over I thought it best to appear kind, and so I introduced her to the clerk, and, as Sophia Jane had to help me about the cooking at meal time, homely Kate entertained him, and before she was here three days she had stolen his heart, homely as she is. But I soon began to suspect something, and when she began running over to the store for needles and pins so often, I knew how it would end, so I had George Washington go in and sit behind the bush like and hear what they said, and report to me. He heard them make fun of their benefactors, joke at our bread, and sling out slurs at our butter, and then she up and told the clerk how I got my flour and butter so cheap, after which they laughed like a set of fools. While they were laughing George Washington coughed like he was choked, and rose up from behind a pile of goods within two feet of where they stood. He gave them a scorching look, and, remarking that he was choked on lies, he walked past them out of the store. Knowing that he overheard them, and feeling ashamed or afraid to come back to my hospital home, they had nothing to do but to go to the hotel for dinner, and homely Kate left in the afternoon for home. She sneaked in the house and got her things while the rest of us were out of the house. The clerk, of course, quit boarding here, and I have been bereft of my grandmotherly hopes. On top of all these troubles "came the last feather which broke the animal's back," as poor Dick used to say. For what worse could happen than that the Littlesouls should move over here, and in the same block at that. O, Fidola, did I not tell you how mean they were? Did I not tell you to keep homely Kate at home, and never permit the Littlesouls to move into this town? But, verily, verily, I say unto you, I shall have my revenge. I poured out my complaint to daddy and mammy and they took pity on us, and, as they had not moved their things here, I induced them to go back and take us along with them, and let us get out of this town in disgust and contempt. I will even shake the dirt of my feet off against my persecutors, and I intend to throw a pair of old shoes out of the hind end of the car as we move away, to let the people know that I have no need of old trash in the society in which I am destined to move when I get into civilized borders. As for you, Fidola, henceforth let your name be changed to Fidolaless, and I never want to hear from you again. In the circle we next make our fireside I want none of you to poke your heads, nor none of your epistles. I went up and dunned Miss Hessbold for her board money, and she paid it, after I threatened her with a lawsuit. How to get rid of our butter puzzled me at first, for daddy would not hear to our taking it along. Remembering a text which says, "Return good for evil," and knowing it to be a poor rule that won't work both ways, I translated it into "Return poor butter for goods," and, laying aside my Sunday cloak, I went and packed it in jars, and traded out a jar at each store. Hence we are all ready to start, and here let me say adieu, Fidolaless, adieu; a thousand times and forever adieu.

TRYPHENA HIGGINS.

A Terrible Experience.

[illegible] contains over eight million [illegible] in area, and has more than two [illegible] million inhabitants. In such [illegible] and almost unknown country [illegible] adventures are of everyday [illegible], and the traveler, hunter [illegible] explorer is subject to perils peculiar [illegible] Africa alone. Of such was the [illegible] of Mr. Deane, one of the [illegible] the Congo Free State. He [illegible] command of Stanley Falls station [illegible] it was attacked by the [illegible], with his comrade Dubois [illegible] soldiers, fled from the [illegible] it was not long before Dubois [illegible] the river and was drowned. [illegible] soldiers pushed on all [illegible] marching raid, and only [illegible] through the bush, followed by his attendants. It was nearly noon before they succeeded in distancing their pursuers, and by that time it was a most woe-begone band of fugitives. In the mad race for life, every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party. One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a small military cape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle, he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots, he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have instantly revealed to any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood. A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about three hundred miles from the nearest white station at Bangala. All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense bush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment. For four weeks this white castaway wandered through the country, living on wild grapes, fried ants and caterpillars, and sleeping at night on the bare earth, with no covering but dried leaves. At last they came to the Bakuma tribe, and shortly afterward were rescued by Captain Coquilhart, who had been sent in search of Deane. It was an experience that not one white man in a thousand could have lived to relate.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

BY S. E. M.



THE hair must be brushed and brushed again. This is the biggining and the end of the admonition Brush it. So shall your hair be clear and silky. No amount of combing will make it either.

Look well to your brush. No wire brush, no heavy, silver-backed brush, but even, well-chosen bristles.

If your hair is dull in color, wiry in texture and will not catch the burnished gleam of the last rhyme you read, brush it. If it is losing the gloss it had when you were younger, if it looks old and sickly, brush it. If your hair is fretful and peevish, brush it till it smiles and behaves with docility under the comb again.

Wash it first. Beat an egg into foam, rub it well into the roots, thoroughly but gently, then rinse it in lukewarm water. Keep a small brush for the purpose—a nail-brush or a tooth-brush will answer—and part your hair, strand by strand, until you have cleansed the scalp well over. If your hair is moist by nature, dissolve a little borax and glycerine in the rinse water; if it is harsh and dry use the glycerine only, lest the head after so much manipulation feels uneasy or sore. Find an airy place—in the sun if the day be not too warm—and brush the wet hair dry. Brush it caressingly with a soft brush till the moisture is nearly expelled. Then stop petting it and brush quickly with a stiff brush till it is satiny and dry.

At bedtime unfasten your hair and brush it. Brush it half an hour every evening for a month. After that brush it fifteen minutes nightly, ten minutes if you have no more time. Loosen it completely, rub it with your fingers, rubbing and brushing alternately, using, as before, first a soft, soothing brush, then a vigorous, stiff one. Brush it to the tips of the longest strands. Gather it very loosely for the night, allowing full ventilation, and in the morning brush it fifteen minutes at first, afterward ten minutes, devotedly every day.

If your hair is thin and threatens to fall, or the parting is growing inconveniently wide, let it down at night and massage the scalp. Rub it, gather the loose skin between the fingers, pinch it a little, invent exercise for it with the tips of the fingers. Give it some work to do every day and brush it. Part it on the side at night, and give the day's parting a rest. No treatment of this sort produces sudden or spectacular results, but if there is no disease of the hair follicles and the general health is good, it will often work wonders in a twelvemonth.

Madame De La Rame.

The subject of this sketch is better known by her nom de plume, "Ouida," than by her real name. Though of French extraction, she is a native of England, and is 48 years old. She began her literary career at a very early age, her first work consisting of contributions to the English periodicals. Before she had attained her majority she published her first novel, "Granville de Vigne," in a London magazine. This was followed some years later by "Strathmore," which was issued in 1865. From this time forward her pen was busy, each recurring year witnessing the production of one or more novels. The productions of no writer of fiction of modern times have been so widely read as have those of Ouida. The demand for them some six or seven years ago amounted to a rage. As a result, Madame Louisa de la Rame has realized between $300,000 and $400,000 from the sale of her works. Her manuscript commands a higher price in London than that of any other [illegible] writer [illegible]



SOME FUNNY FANCIES.

RICH relatives are like wine. They grow dearer with age.

THE "Maiden's Prayer" usually has something to do with a him.

"MY dear wife," murmured paterfamilias as he looked at the dressmaker's bill.

THE borrowest man to this date is the one in Manhattanville who wanted to borrow a friend's tombstone.

PATIENT—Doctor, I can't sleep nights. What shall I do? Get a position somewhere as night-watchman.

THERE is said to be a veterinary surgeon in Albany who has grown so expert that he can tell the age of a rake by looking at its teeth.

"CONSISTENCY, thou art a jewel," sure enough; but thou standeth an exceedingly poor show when the other fellow can afford a diamond ring.

MISS PARENTALSTEM (age 35)—So you are going to get married at last, Pauline? Pauline—Yes, dear, I should think it was about time; you know I'm 24.

YOUNG wife (at a ball)—You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses? Young husband—Yes; I wasn't buying 'em then.

MADAM (to applicant)—Where was your last place? Applicant—At the hospital, mem. Madam—Were you a nurse there? Applicant—No, mem; I was a small-pox patient.

SMITH—You say the speculation has proved a failure? Jones—A total failure. Smith—I thought you said there was a fortune in it. Jones (with a groan)—So there is. Mine is in it.

MINE eyes have seen the gobbler lose his cranium in the dark, a prehistoric turkey that came over in the ark, the boarders break their molars as they chew the patriarch, but their bills go marching on.

MRS. HOPEFUL—Is my boy improving any? Professor of penmanship—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad no living soul can read it. "How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day."

MRS. BROWN (who has boarders)—And how is Mr. Smith getting along? Mrs. Smith—I fear he is past recov ry. For the last two weeks he has eaten scarcely enough to keep a robin alive. Mrs. Brown (unconsciously)—Isn't that lovely!

THEIR brand of breath: Representative Martin, of Texas, recently walloped a reporter because the latter said that he blew out the gas in his room. He should have gloried in the assertion. It isn't every politician who dares to monkey with the gas with his breath.

WOMAN (looking at a house to rent)—I don't fancy these windows on this side. The people in the next house can look in here and see anything that's going on. Landlord—If you want the house, madam, I'll have the windows boarded up. "How on earth could I see into their windows then?"

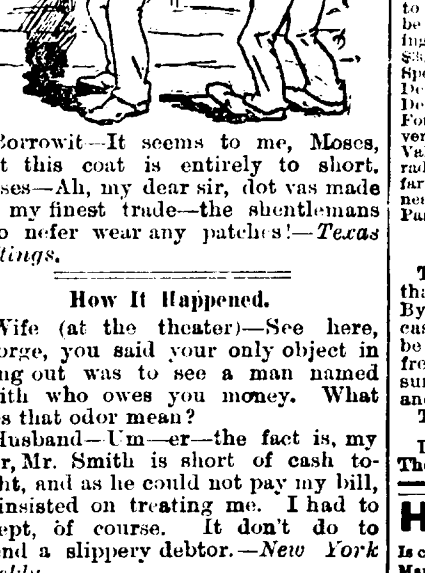
BACK NUMBERS.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushion and slumbered,
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."
The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly, devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed:
"O Lord! send me down the back numbers."
—*Judge.*

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavored to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's as old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed; "but, my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."

MILLIONAIRE (to old and poor chum)—You ought to drop your bad habits, Smith. If you'd stop taking that glass of beer every day you'd have $18.25 in a year. Go on that way for a hundred years and there'll be $1,852 in bank if nothing happens. Then put that in some good stock, and if all goes right you'll make money. That's the way people get rich.

FASHIONED FOR THE WEALTHY.



Borrowit—It seems to me, Moses, that this coat is entirely to short. Moses—Ah, my dear sir, dot vas made for my finest trade—the shentlemans who nefer wear any patches!—*Texas Siftings.*

How It Happened.

Wife (at the theater)—See here, George, you said your only object in going out was to see a man named Smith who owes you money. What does that odor mean?

Husband—Um—er—the fact is, my dear, Mr. Smith is short of cash tonight, and as he could not pay my bill, he insisted on treating me. I had to accept, of course. It don't do to offend a slippery debtor.—*New York Weekly.*

On the Cross-Examination.

Lawyer (to witness)—You are very minute in your statements, and you are very particular in your details. Now I want to know if you are really so conscientious that you are afraid to state something that is not so?

Indignant witness—No, sir, not in the least; quite the contrary.—*Texas Siftings.*

ROMAN remains have been found at Wiveliscombe, G. B., with tessellated Mosaic pavement. A Buddhist cross, called Suastika, was also found among the remains. This symbol, it is said, has been found in many Roman buildings. It has also been found cut in stone in the north of Scotland, and incised upon bronze implements and weapons of early ages. It consists of two crosses with arms of equal length, and additional pieces extending from the end of each arm at right angles. It is called by some a fire generator, by others the wheel which is a symbol of [illegible]

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and aguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and, at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to affect a thorough cure.

She Had no Poetry in Her Soul.

"I cannot endow thee with worldly riches, darling," he whispered; "but if love as wide as the rolling prairie, as deep as the Atlantic Ocean, can compensate, it is thine!"

And she answered, "I shouldn't know what to do with so much love as that. It would swamp the house, and run over outside, and perhaps some other girl would get to dabbling in it. If you were to compress it all into a plain gold ring I might think about it."

He said she had no poetry in her soul, and now he walks out with her sister.

A MAN named T. A. Ridenou was twice convicted of murder at Winchester, Va., but secured a new trial both times on technical grounds, the reason being in the second case that the clerk in making up the record, had inserted an extra initial in the name of the murdered man. The third trial has just been concluded and resulted in his acquittal. So he owes his life to an initial. The evidence against him was circumstantial.

"RELIGIOUS NEW YORK" profusely and beautifully illustrated, showing the churches of the Jews, Catholic, and Protestants, and fine portraits of some of the heads of the churches of the metropolis and telling how New Yorkers worship, from the Jews to the Christain scientists. This article in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March (now ready) is a very spirited one by the Rev. Carlos Martyn. It is better than a Sunday visit to New York, and will be of great interest to every member of the family. The children will be delighted to learn the new games in "YOUNG JAPAN AT PLAY," (handsomely illustrated) in the March number. It is a wonderful number. Ask your newsdealer for it, or send 20 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th street, New York.

"DIED for want of one foot of rope," is the suggestive verdict of a lynching party out West.—*Boston Star.*

USED one bottle of "Mother's Friend" before my first confinement. *It is a wonderful remedy.* Looked and felt so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without "Mother's Friend" for any consideration.
MRS. JOS. B. ANDERSON, Ochoopee, Ga.
Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

SOME men are like an anchor. They are not useful until they are buried.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and $1. *Trial size free.* At all Druggists'.

THE umbrella is the check-rain of the human animal.—*Boston Transcript.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying ever known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

STRANGE as it may seem, when money is close it is very difficult to get near it.—*Boston Post.*

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula, and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

A BUSINESS outlook—A merchant in his doorway looking for customers.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

"THIS beats me," as the egg remarked when it saw the spoon.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

DYSPEPTICS will never use any other medicine after once giving MAGEE'S EMULSION a fair trial.

Grand Excursion to Colorado.

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What kindly hand on thee was laid—
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"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied,
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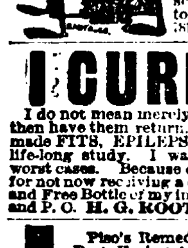


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Swellings in the Neck

frequently become so engorged with scrofulous matter that abscesses are formed. Painful running sores may also appear on the arms, legs, and feet; sometimes continuous and sometimes of an intermittent character. Occasionally the sores appear in the ears and nose, and on or about the eyes, causing deafness and blindness. Pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints, etc., are other symptoms of the disease. It must be treated through the blood if a permanent cure is to be obtained.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

Thoughtful Thoughts for Thoughtful Christian Men and Women.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME LIFE.

The Annual Report of the Salvation Army — What Did Chirt's Prayer Mean?

Methodist Bishops.

There are eighthen Methodist Bishops, whose names and ages are as follows: Bishop Bowman, 71 years old; Foster 69; Merrill, 64; Andrews, 64; Warren, 57; Foss, 54; Hurst, 54; Ninde, 57; Walden, 67; Mallalieu, 60, Fowler, 51; Vincent, 57; Fitzgerald, 50; Joyce, 52; Newman, 62; Godsell, 48; Taylor, 68; Thoburn, 52. Their average age is 58 years. Every one of them is past the ministerial dead-line. What are our Methodist brethren thinking about? The great cry of the churches is for a young man whose experience has not had time to grow, whose character is yet immature, and whose sermons are ripe as green apples in May. What are a man's experience and accumulated knowledge and spiritual power worth when he gets to be half a century old? —*The Mid-Continent.*

How Is It?

The home-life of a Christian has been fitly called the "surest test" of his piety. When abroad, like a soldier on parade, he is conscious that the social eye is upon him, and therefore he keeps himself within the requirements of his religious profession. When within his own home, like a soldier off parade, and in the undress and freedom of the barrack room, he is apt to act out his own self, and to reveal a disposition elsewhere held in restraint. Hence, it becomes every believer to seek a character that will ensure the fireside test, since he that is not Christ-like under his own roof-tree is not really Christ-like at all. How is it, fathers and mothers? Do you set the right example before your children you should? They are watching your inconsistent lives, and will do as you are doing! Be watchful.

Booth's Army.

The annual report of the Salvation Army states that the advances made in every branch of the army work during 1888 were enormously greater than in any previous year, says the London *Times*. The number of corps increased from 2,267 to 2,587, the number of outposts from 553 to 653, and the number of officers from 5,087 to 7,107. As many as 885 cadets passed through the training home. At the shelter for the destitute poor opened in the early part of the year 2,350 beds were provided, while 250,000 meals at a penny each were supplied to adults, and 220,000 at a farthing and a half-penny to children. Similar shelters are about to be opened in other parts of the metropolis. In the United Kingdom the army uses 1,575 buildings, with sitting accommodation for 700,500 persons. The rent-roll of these buildings is upward of £100,000 per annum, and during the present year a large number of other halls will be opened. Upward of 2,000,000 meetings were held and 3,000,000 houses were visited, while 154,200 sought salvation at the penitent form in the United Kingdom alone. In the rescue homes 2,099 fallen women were received, and of these the army claims to have converted over 500. The progress in foreign countries has also been very marked. Gen. Booth, while calling attention to the fact that the army met with more obstruction during the year than in 1887, expresses regret that it should have come from the authorities. The people seldom treated them roughly now, but the law had been set in motion in several places against them. In concluding the report the General makes reference to the work set down for this year, and makes an appeal for £60,000 to enable the organization to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands upon them.

Temptation.

I don't for a moment believe that our Lord ever for a moment prayed that he might be spared from the sacrifice of cross, with all that sacrifice involved, to both spirit, soul, and body; though I can well understand how He might naturally shrink from it. But apart from mere speculation, I think it is clear that He was praying for some other cup to pass from Him—a cup in which there was double portion of bitterness. First, a cup of temptation from Satan, which he was pressing with terrific force to His soul; even that He should forego the cross, and attain kingdom and power and glory in another way, as at first he tempted Him on the mount. This temptation was, no doubt, not only real, but it was terrific. Second, the real cup was that, under the strain now upon Him, spirit, soul, and body, He fell, and for the moment believed Himself dying there in the garden: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." All sorrow is on the downward line to death, and sorrow unchecked and unmitigated, would end in death. Such sorrow was His. He feared that He would die; and to die there, and under those circumstances, would be a frustration of all His purpose of redemption. If the body, the human nature, should fail, the sacrifice would not be offered. It was not that He feared to go to the cross, but lest dying there in the garden under the hand of Satan, who had "the power of death" (Heb. v:14) He might not be permitted [illegible] upon the cross and under the hand

THE BOOKS TO READ.

You will make the best use possible of your time. Emerson says: "read the best book first." Unless you do that you will die never having read them. One can easily use all his time in reading newspapers and die and never have read "The Sermon on the Mount." Of making many books there is no end; there is an end to life. Choose, select, discriminate. Do not read the books of a day or of a year.

Books that live for hundreds of years have not attained so long life because they have been carefully preserved—they have been carefully preserved because they deserved to live. Men have said all along of such and such a book, this is too good to be lost, we must save this. We all know the words of Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, nobody much remembers what Edward Everett said there. I pass by a second-hand store and see outside a job lot of books. You can pay a quarter and take your choice. As a rule these are books that have not passed examination. They are more valuable in a paper mill than in any other place. The ink is an objection to them, however. The annual issue of novels is somewhat wonderful. Some time ought to be given to novels. Let us begin with the good old ones, the ones that have stood the test of time and passed muster as works of genuine interest. The busy people have begun with "She" and "Quick or the Dead." This is certainly not a good beginning nor ending either.

It is a pity to die ignorant of Walter Scott and well acquainted with "The Duchess." It is too easily conceded that because one is traveling that he must while away the time on whatever the train boy has in stock. A railway car is not a good place for reading, but if people will risk their eyes, why not do it on something excellent? Take a good book that you have wanted to read and lacked the time and put in your grip and so redeem the time. The man who reads the best books one hour a day for thirty years will have gone very far. He will pass in company for any reading man. I spent a few days in the woods with a man who impressed me with his wonderful memory of the best things that have been said on earth. One would think to hear him that he had a large library and had attended to what was in it. Nothing of the sort. He had one book, the old "English Reader," which my father read in 80 years ago. There are bits in it of the best words of many lands and all ages. —*Myron W. Reed.*

GLIMPSES OF BELGIUM.

Of the Belgian climate one can only say that it resembles that of England; of the people no foreigner can ever truly say that he knows them. I have been told by persons who have resided here for years, in positions that brought them in constant social contact with the upper classes, that in all that time they had never advanced one step towards a closer acquaintance. It is evident from the manner in which they intrench themselves behind closed shutters and encircle their gardens with high and massive walls that the noblesse and gentry retain all the exclusiveness of their historic ancestry, and as it is their chief hold upon the masses, it is easily understood.

But, after all, the vision of the masses is becoming here as elsewhere acute enough to penetrate all these false barriers, and see in the privileged classes only men and women like themselves and with no higher claims and prerogatives. Socialists and Anarchists are making themselves conspicuous. The smell of dynamite and murmur of threatening voices are in the air. There are open-air meetings which by order of the burgomasters have been broken up by the police, and meetings in halls, whose walls are decorated with the red flag and photograph of the "Martyrs of Chicago," whose secti,as they themselves proudly predict, is to bruise the serpent head of monopoly. The interference of the police has so far resulted in nothing more serious than a gory nose or two and a few arrests. The refusal of the orators of the day to "circulate" at the command of the Chief of Police has led to their being encontinently marched off to the comisariat, followed by an immense concourse cociferating "*A bas Buls!*" (the burgomaster,) "*A basala police! Vive la liberte!*" also singing loudly the "Marsellaise," the "Connagnale," and the latest Anarchistic war song: *La Dynamite Marche vite; Dynamitors;*" which might be freely translated:

"With dynamite, our wrong to right, let us fight." Up to date the arrested leaders have been dismissed with a reprimand (there having been no actual violation of established laws); their reappearance on the street being the signal for an oration, with still more violent shouting of "Down with this, that, or the other," and wilder vocalization of the dynamite ditty.—*Letter from Brussels.*

MASONIC EXPENDITURES.

It seems almost incredible to an outsider what an enthusiastic Mason will spend upon the glorification of his order. Three notable examples of this lavish expenditure can be found in Stephen T. Wright, who is a wealthy real-estate owner; J. Charles Davis, who is Harry Miner's lieutenant in a round dozen amusement enterprises, and Christopher Johnson, who runs two hotels in this city. They have each reached the thirty-third degree pinnacle and devote all their spare time to Masonic affairs. There is authority for the statement that in the last twenty years this enthusiasm has cost Johnson $20,000, Davis $40,000, and Wright about $25,000.—*New York World.*

OUR OWN GENERATION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE TELLS US HOW WE MAY SERVE IT.

The Lord's Greatest Battlefield—Remember the Poor, and Assist in Appeasing the World's Hunger—A Sermon Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject: "Our Own Generation." *Text:* "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone-slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast with us? There are about four generations to the century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there has been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into Heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God, that I had a good father once so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, perhaps a thousand generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of Heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eighty generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and power and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the doctors and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives [illegible] people of the past, [illegible] demanded them [illegible] have now living [illegible] Martin Luther, [illegible] while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax from being round and dull got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends.

I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table, and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

I have read that the battle-field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle-field of Leipsic, 160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzeberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the King rode through and they shouted, "Bread. Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the groaned tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present suffers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes there will be enough for all to wear. God has done His part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you cannot see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter as well as summer shall not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before his cold?"

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph, and telephone, and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, also in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but how they are so numerous we scarcely [illegible] about them. We [illegible] people of the past, [illegible] demanded them [illegible] have now living [illegible] Martin Luther, [illegible] world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood, to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side is Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenance. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous. "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right.

What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We cannot stop. They cannot stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns, it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixty-five wheels turns twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus, acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coronated, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head and all the weariness out of the limbs and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend writing me from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, President of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is. I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his [illegible] went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into Heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich Hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high-risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if after we have served our generation and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is. It is. Why there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom, must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer.

But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long-absent kindred. Why there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words, "Never more to part. Never more to part." Then our glorified friends say: "Come out with us and see Heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the Kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of Heaven, I cry out, "Who is he?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the Kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

GOOD NEWS FROM JAPAN.

Bishop Fowler reports most excellent work done in Japan this past year. Over one thousand additions to the church in the history of the Missions. Rev. Ogata, a native of Japan, but who was educated at Greencastle, Ind., has proved himself a very efficient missionary. During the recent session of the Japan Conference representatives of the old Daimio School in Hirosaki which sustains to Northern Japan about the same relation that Yale College does to the Congregationalists, tendered their school building, grounds, and endowment to the Methodist Mission, on condition that they would put in the school two foreign teachers. The Conference did not hesitate long before accepting this proposition, and now we have another good school in Japan. The Bishop says: 'This is the opportunity of Methodism. Japan to-day is offered to us. Ten years hence it will be too late to take it. We should enter every principal city in Japan with preacher, teacher, and school appliances."

Tale of a Camera.

First Little Girl (looking over an album)—Is that a picture of your papa?

Ain't he sweet? I'd love him. He looks as if he has his pockets full of Christmas presents. Whose picture is this other one?

Second Little Girl—That's papa too.

"What! This? Oh! I don't like this at all. He looks awful cross in this one. He looks as if he'd bite any one's head off. When was these taken?"

"Why, you see, this first one, the nice one, was taken while he was runnin' for office, and this other one was taken after he got elected."

Too Good.

Customer—Say, this rifle you sold me yesterday is no good.

Dealer—What is the matter with it?

Customer—It shoots to accurately.

Dealer—Why, isn't that just what you want?

Customer—I guess not. I'm the proprietor of a shooting gallery, and I give prizes to those who score the highest number of points.—*Yankee Blade,*

THE Legislature of Georgia has taken quite an advanced step toward establishing a common school system The appropriation for the coming year is $190,000, and for the year following, $260,000. This will give them a school year of six months instead of three, and they soon expect to increase it to ten months. A few years ago the appropriation was 45 cents per scholar, while Ohio's was $11 and Massachusett's $16. Let Georgia's example be followed by the other States in the South and we long the Southern prob-

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Feb. 17, may be found in Mark v, 25-34.

INTRODUCTORY.

In Ephesians 1:6 occurs the oft-quoted word, "accepted in the beloved." A study of the words in the original, while not vitiating the familiar King James' translation, makes the ampler and yet more reassuring meaning of the word to be, *graced* or *gifted in the Beloved.* That is, all that we have comes as a plain and positive impartation from Christ. We *attain* this as to nothing; all that we have we *obtain* as a gift through Christ. We have an object lesson on this truth in the lesson before us. How significant, especially, the statement, "Virtue had gone out of him," and the query, "Who touched me?" Christ is at this time on the Capernaum side, where "the people gladly received him," and is now on his way for healing to the house of Jairus.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

A certain woman. That was all she was then; an unknown woman, just as one of the crowd, a sufferer amidst a multitude of sufferers. What made her great was her contact with Jesus. In him was all greatness and goodness. To become one with him is to make the most of life, and to lift ourselves out of the crude mass into personal recognition with God. In a sense we all have filial relations with the great Head of the Universe. In a sense, no less true, we are in our natural alienation wholly absent and apart from him—"without God and without hope in the world," wanderers in the wilderness, lost in the dark. Have you noted that passage in Ephesians (1:5): "The adoption of children by Jesus Christ." Only as we are in Christ are we lifted up to true sonship toward God. Only through Christ do we write our names on heaven's great family registry.

Rather grew worse. Such progress is made with the world's soul physician. It is always from bad to worse, growth downward, moral degeneration. So was it found when Christ came to earth. The philosophers had applied their lotions and the sick man was worse, the so-called religions had applied their medicines. Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, all to no effect save to increase the disease. Even Judaism was growing jejune and effete. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" the world's soul might well cry. "Is there no physician there?" The patient fares no better under latter-day physics, according to the course of the world. Materialism, rationalism, agnosticism, "miserable comforters are ye all," the soul finally declares. The Princess Alice was inclined for a time to be skeptical, but ere her early and lamented decease she said to some one: "Since I talked with a certain humble Christian I have been trusting that Jesus has saved me from my sins." She had fled away from earth's false physicians to the great Physician.

Touched his garment. He is never so far away, or so thronged and pressed, but that you can do that, poor soul. You do not feel near enough to recline, like John, upon his breast. You do not feel bold enough to stride along like impulsive, courageous Peter at his side. But you can humbly stoop and touch his garment. There in your home, there in your resting-place in church or Sunday-school, wherever you are, you can, albeit timidly, but pray God, trustingly, tend to the hem of that blessed garment which, through the influences of his Spirit and the word, floats savingly within the reach of your trembling fingers. You have sung it often with the lip; sing it now from the heart.

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

And remember in faith these other lines, drawn from the gospel record:

"She only touched the hem of his garment
As to his side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered round him,
And straightway she was whole.
O, touch the hem of his garment
And thou, too, shall be free;
His saving power this very hour
Shall give new life to thee."

I shall be whole. It was just a touch, but it was the touch of faith. The "I shall be whole," along with the stretching forth of the hand, gave energy and efficacy. Behind the slight movement of the body was a mighty movement of the soul. You see here the *if* put in the right place. It is not *if thou canst,*" as said the father of the smitten child; not "if thou *wilt,*" the address of the leper: but "*if I touch.*" The peradventure has to do with the human side. As to the divine part in the transaction there is complete certitude. "I shall be whole," she says. O, we spend so much time with the *if*, with the bend of the *f*, as it were. We are a long while reaching the wholeness promised to us by God's word. That is a reasonable word of Wayland Hoyt's, quoting to the inquirer the text, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Don't you suppose," says the preacher, "that if you do your part of it it is perfectly certain that Christ will do his part—receive you—never cast you out?" Presently the inquirer was saying, "*It must be so;*" in answer to the question, "Do you thus come?" "As far as I know myself *I do;*" and a moment later, "Why, is that all? Then—I think—I must be a Christian." Why not you?

She felt in her body. Yes, it is the time to look for feeling. Feeling comes after faith. Are you waiting for emotion before you come to the Savior? You are waiting on the wrong side of the stream for such a messenger; cross over on the other side and you will find him *waiting for you.* All the feeling we may expect away from Christ is a sense of unworth and unrest. We begin to feel and know what a Saviour Jesus is after we come to him. Or rather we have received him who has come to us. "If I could only feel it; I do want to feel safe and sure!" exclaimed the man on his couch of mortal sickness. "Now, listen," said the evangelist, "listen to God's own precious words: 'After ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.' You never feel that you have a book in your hand until you have taken it; but after you have it is for you, and take it up; then till then, do you feel that you have it. just so with this great salvation." Friend, out of Christ, prove the Scripture for yourself and see.

Virtue had gone out of him. Salvation is not merely power, it is love as well. Redeeming grace brings into exercise the mightiest forces of the universe. There is such a thing as stored energy, reserved for use. It is not to such a treasure store we come for redemption. It is rather to that which is pictured for us in the active, forceful dynamo which is continually generating and supplying power as it is demanded. When a soul comes to Christ there is a conscious meeting of man with God, and there is a new and gracious impartation as strong and fresh and powerful as when the blind eyes were opened of old and the deaf ears unstopped. We stand in personal and vital relations with the Son of God, and in every individual case all His wondrous energy goes out toward the repentant sinner. Depths of compassion, a world of love and sympathy, the riches of His grace are drawn upon when one sinner repents. Away with the idea of priestly vicariousness, of delegated absolution! When a soul is regenerated virtue goes out from Christ Himself. "In Him was life," in Him alone.

Who touched me? Christ is speaking, looking about upon a thronging multitude. The same voice speaks to-day. In the great congregation, in the Sunday-school where multitudes are pressing upon him, but so few, alas, are reaching toward him with the hand of faith. Have you felt that stirring of soul within you which tells you that in prayer or in meditation upon the word or under the gospel proclamation you have turned unto him and have laid hold of him? Here now spoken to you this word, "Who touched me?" He wants your witness, your testimony. He seeks yet more. He wishes to send you forth with peace and assurance. For we go from grace to grace, and the real touch of faith leads on to the cleaving of trust and the resting of faith. Very like this question was that of old Peter, its half rebuke hidden in its gracious promise, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

Next Lesson—"The Great Teacher and the Twelve." Mark 6: 1-13.

How to Avoid Adulterations.

Jones—It beats the world how everything is adulterated. I bought some sugar last night, and I find it is [illegible] third sand.

Smith—Well, that may [illegible] thing isn't [illegible]

007

Articles in our store of ich to write about, but, ich will interest you? Did e but know; that, and that nly would be our theme.

The state of the weather ight indicate BLANKETS nd BED COMFORTABLES, we can furnish these. To-morrow your greatest need may be a GINGHAM or SILK UMBRELLA. We have them in great variety, in all qualities. NEW TRIMMINGS, in PERSIAN, BEADED and SILK GIMPS in Black and Colors are opened and ready for your inspection. NEW DRESS GOODS, surely you want a new dress, are arriving every day. The colorings are new, the shadings in the stripes and plaids for combination are exquisite and the prices extremely low, at

ROOT & COMPANY

NEW + BATHS

—AT THE—

Wayne House Barber Shop.

At much expense and with the greatest care I have arranged the following list of baths, which will be served at all times within regular hours at the Wayne Hotel Barber Shop:

Cologne bath	$1 00.
Bay Rum	75.
Alcohol	75.
Amonia	50.
..a salt	35.
Plain	25.

Experienced and willing attendants, the very best appointments, neatest arrangements and first-class facilities are features that I guarantee. To this departure, entirely new to Fort Wayne, I court public attention and public patronage.

SID HUBBARD,

Proprietor of Wayne Hotel Barber Shop.

JOS. M. CLARK. PERRY N. DeHAVEN.

Jos. M. Clark & Co.,

FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailors

34 East Berry Street,

Are offering Rare Bargains in Winter Suitings for the next thirty days. Give them a call and get the latest styles.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

KED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

CANDY CANDY CANDY CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50

For a sample retail box by express, PREPAID, of the BEST CANDY in AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address,

C. F. Gunther,

212 State St.,

Chicago, - - - - Ill.

ton Tea Store.

—FOR—

e Groceries

est Berry Street.

Feb5-1y

ll & Miller,

& Chemists.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

"Natural Gas" next Friday.

Seats can now be secured for "Jim, the Penman."

Mr. J. H. Bass returned from Chicago this morning.

Mr. T. R. Pickard returned from St. Louis this morning.

The Catholic Knights meet at Library hall to-morrow afternoon.

Seats for the Duff Opera company open Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Mr. Geo. W. Stevens and N. F. Anderson, of Toledo, are at the Rich.

Miss Carrie Strass, of Monroeville, is in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Agnes Tierman of Fort Wayne, is the guest of Miss Mollie Closs of Decatur.

Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, the wife of the secretary of the City Y. M. C. A., is quite ill.

Mr. R. L. Mattingly, a prominent attorney of Salina, Ohio, was in the city last evening.

Mr. J. N. Williams has on exhibition at the Shoaff gallery, his fine collection of paintings.

Hon. R. C. Bell, Mr. H. C. Hanna and Mr. W. S. Bash returned last night from Indianapolis.

The two young sons of Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Keller are recovering from an attack of the mumps.

Mrs. H. K. Parry, and her guest, Miss Taft, are spending a few days with friends at Huntington.

The ladies of the Trinity Lutheran church gave a pleasant social last evening at their church parlors.

Rev. R. M. Barns has accepted an invitation to deliver the memorial address Decoration day in an Ohio town.

Chris Entemann's orchestrion was yesterday shipped to Huntington, where it was purchased by Sam Ashley for $1,600.

Marie Carlise, nee Carrie Hill, of this city, has had her husband arrested at New York to compel him to suppor her.

Mr. C. F. Taylor, formerly of the *Daily News*, is now connected with the advertising department of the Los Angeles *Times*.

There was an explosion of crude oil at the Standard oil works, west of the city, yesterday. The side of the engine room was shattered.

Mr. Jonas Hutchens, of Kendallville, Ind., is in the city to spend the sabbath, as the guest of Mr. A. L. Woodworth, foreman at the Pittsburg shops.

Mrs. Nancy Evarts, of 104 Wells street, has returned from Crestline, Ohio, where she attended the funeral of her father, Mr. James M. Reed.

The ladies of the St. Paul M. E. church will hold a social next Monday night at the residence of Upton Null on Simon street. A very successful time is expected.

Dr. J. S. Irwin is again at his desk and consequently at the educational helm. The Sentinel is pleased to announce the doctor's complete recovery and the public will be glad to hear it.

The Haydn quartet have been photographed in a group and their handsome faces are seen in a frame at Siemon Brothers. The quartet have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Island Park assembly.

In consideration of having been their first patron, Messrs. Thieme Bros., the Berry street tailors, have had made and presented to Mr. Vandoren Root, a momento in the shape of a gold piece, appropriately engraved.

Mr. Sam Stewart, of the Union Pacific Tea company, will leave here on March 1st, to accept a position as traveling salesman for Park & Co.'s tea importing house, of New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Stewart expects to make Fort Wayne his headquarters.

Mrs. T. K. Eaton, of Elkhart, formerly of this city, having been called to the bedside of her uncle, T. B. Eaton, of Fremont, made her friend, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, of this city, who is also lying sick at her residence, 59 Oakley street, a flying visit yesterday as she was on her way home.

A gentleman in this city has forwarded to the Sisters of Providence near Terre Haute, the handsome amount of two hundred dollars. The loss sustained in the burning and total destruction of a large building, falls heavily upon the community. Such timely aid from friends is appreciated by the good nuns.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaretta S. Taylor, mother of Judge R. S. Taylor and Messrs. I. N. and Samuel Taylor, will take place from the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, and from the residence of I. N. Taylor, on Fairfield avenue, a half hour earlier. The services will be conducted by Rev. J. G. Leeper, assisted by the Haydn quartet. Judge Taylor arrived home from New York last night.

The Portland *Sun* says: "A large audience greeted Rev. S. A. Northrop, of Fort Wayne, at the Friends church, on last Friday afternoon. After a short address he stated briefly the declaration of faith and covenant of the Missionary Baptist denomination, after which he requested all those who had once been members of Baptist church to rise, and quite a goodly number responded. About fifty [illegible]

Mrs. Isaac Wiel has returned to the city.

Mayor Muhler fined Enoch Joslin for drunkenness this morning.

Engineer Joe Woods has returned to the city from the southwest.

Golden & Monahan have started a branch house at Van Wert, Ohio.

John Shoeff, who was injured in the collision at Roanoke, will recover.

The Fruit House will be open Monday night, February 18, on account of pay day.

Judge Chapin decreed Horace W. Hanna a judgment for $260.85 against Henry Hays.

Fred Keller and Martha Howell, Dean Ellison and Leretta Fry have been licensed to wed.

Mr. J. D. Rerick, editor of the Kendallville *Standard*, made The Sentinel office a call to-day.

Miss Mary Kent, who has been visiting friends in this city for some time, left for Peru to-day.

Mr. A. D. Guild has returned from Rock Run, Ala., where the great Bass furnaces are located.

Joseph Badiac sues John C. Hunter to quiet title to real estate. Vesey and Leonard are attorneys.

Fred Eckart sues Adam Bopp to recover $200 on a mortgage. John F. Rodabaugh is counsel.

The St. Mary's Catholic church choir, of this city, will participate in the forthcoming concert at Avilla.

Justice France fined Frank Lorentz for assaulting Julius Peroz. Lorentz is a bar tender for Alex. Martin.

Councilman and Mrs. J. J. Williams royally entertained a party of friends at their home on Williams street last night.

In the circuit court yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson were fined for assault on Charles Thomas. The parties live in Lake township.

Mr. L. B. Root, the dry goods merchant, has been confined to his room, at the Wayne hotel, for a few days, by a severe rheumatic ailment.

Mrs. Meade C. Williams, of Princeton, Ill., accompanied by her son, Mr. D. R. Williams, is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jesse L. Williams.

Alfred Noll, page in the house of representatives, Indianapolis, came home last evening to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noll.

The divorce suit of Joseph Yager has been certified to the superior court from Wells county on a change of venue Yager formerly worked on the Muncie road.

There was a rear-end collision on the Nickel Plate road, at Payne, to-day. A rear engine, clouded by the fog, ran into a caboose ahead of it and smashed the platform of the car.

The Loyal Temperance Legion will meet to-morrow afternoon at W. C. T. U. headquarters, on Harrison street. One hour of earnest gospel temperance work for young and old. Come.

Engineer D. F. McFee, of engine No. 13, was struck on the head, receiving quite a cut, by a gate rod which, through the carelessness of the gate keeper at Continental, was left in the center of the track yesterday.

The millers of Northern Indiana met at the Business Men's exchange yesterday afternoon and continued their old organization in force. Their object is to prevent competition that lends to cut prices, in fact they have a sort of trust that enhances their profits. The directors of the association are: F. B. C. Hauks, Goshen; C. W. Tuttle, Columbia City; I. N. Arnold, Huntington; D. H. Sheppard, Waterloo; J. B. Monning, Fort Wayne, C. E. Orff, Fort Wayne; T. W. Logan, Lafontain. The directors then elected the following executive officers: President, T. A. C. Hauks, Goshen; vice president, I. N. Arnold, Huntington; secretary, J. B. Monning, Fort Wayne; treasurer, C. W. Tuttle, Columbia City. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at Warsaw, May 1.

MR. KAOUGH.

To Hold a Reception on Ucle Sam's Domain.

Postmaster Kaough, realizing the desire of the people to inspect and see the interior of the handsome new post office, asks The Sentinel to announce that he will open the office to the public from 7:30 to 9 o'clock to-night.

Everybody is invited and everybody will be welcomed in elgant democratic style.

ASLEEP IN DEATH.

They Rest, But the Tears of Mourning Ones Will Keep Their Memory Fresh.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers for the week ending February 16:

Mattie E. Payne, 28 years.

Child of Phillip France, 1 day, exhaustion.

Child of Pat Carney, 7 days, lung fever.

Margaret Taylor, 71 years, tumor.

Ora B. Dukeman, 6 years, spinal meningitis.

Adelheid Fabian, 15 days, spasms.

A Young Lady Hurt.

This morning, Dr. Stemen was called to the residence of Engineer A. J. Ford, on Wallace street, by the fact that his daughter, grown to womanhood, had fractured one of her lower limbs.

S. S. Montano, County Auditor of Los Angeles, Cal., joined the Salvation Army, and shook [illegible]

AT THEIR POST OF DUTY.

Stand Our City Pastors on the Sabbath Day Pleading for Purer Lives and Better Hearts.

Rev. Talmage's sermon will be found in to-day's paper. Read it.

There will be revival services at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow evening.

Read our religious column on the inside of this paper. It may do you good.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow, at 2 p. m. All kindly invited to attend. Bring Bibles or Testaments.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Special services at the City Y. M. C. A., Sunday, February 17. Come and bring your friends and enjoy a season of prayer and song. For men only.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets.—Services at 10:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

The revival still continues at the Berry Street church. Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the pastor, will preach in the morning, and Rev. J. H. Slade in the evening. All invited.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30, to-morrow, by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation entended to the public.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. C. Cook, of Trinity, and 7:30 p. m., by Dr. Stemen. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor.

Pastor Northrop and his congregation heartily welcome the multitude to all services at the Baptist church to-morrow. Come early and secure a good seat as standing room is at a premium.

Grace Reformed church, A. K. Zartman, pastor. Morning service at 10:30, and evening service, 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Grace church has a cordial welcome for all. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Services in the Third Presbyterian church, next Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. J. M. Boggs, Morning theme: "The Ideal of Life." Evening theme: "Different Views of Christ." Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. Morning service and sermon, at 10:45. Evening service and sermon, at 7:30 p. m. Strangers cordially welcomed.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barns at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Morning discourse "Immortality of the Soul."

Regular meeting for men only at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A., 245 Calhoun street, to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. Dr. C. B. Stemen, surgeon of of the Pennsylvania and Wabash roads, will lead the meeting. All men cordially invited.

Regular Sabbath services in the Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street, to-morrow at 10:30, by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper. Subject, "Fruit Bearing." Sabbath school will follow the morning service. Song service led by the chorus choir of twenty voices. All welcome. No evening service.

Pastor Sims will hold a series of meetings at the Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets, beginning to-morrow night and continuing nightly during the week. Subjects simplified by blackboard diagrams. Regular service in the morning. Subject in the morning, "The Six Worlds." Song service at 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

Don't despond. If there anything that is calculated to test the composition of a person it is an insiduous cough, the forerunner of consumption, the most fatal of human afflictions, I had a bad cough, took Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and was relieved.

Capt. WM. HARCOURT, Baltimore, Md., Postoffice.

Those wishing to have their fortunes told should call on Mrs. Silvers, 190 Montgomery street. Ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 50c. Pay in advance. No crowds admitted.

For five days only–Overcoats at actual cost. Sam, Pete & Max.

15-5t

Flour Down 85c Barrel.

Best Quality, [illegible]

$8.00 barrel. [illegible]

Churubusco [illegible]

THE ROUND OF THE WHEEL.

Saturday's Budget of News From the Busy Centers—Conductor Dillon's Narrow Escape.

The Pittsburg pay car arrived this morning.

The new north side depot is a thing of the future.

There is but little news concerning the new Mahoning road.

Many of the men in the shops were at the big Fox fire last night.

Chas. Buck, section foreman of the Wabash road, is on the sick list.

The employes of the Pennsylvania company received their month's pay today.

John Sible, firemen of the Nickel Plate, was at Churubusco last week, the guests of his parents.

C. O. Jenkins, traveling passenger agent of the New York Central road was in the city this morning.

L. F. Loree, engineer of maintainance of way of the Cleveland division of the Pittsburg road, is in the city.

Superintendant T. R. Pickard, of the Bass works, returned this morning from St. Louis, where he has been since last Monday.

While Indiana roads are almost without exception showing an increase in earnings over the corresponding period last year, in but few cases are they large.

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, denies the rumor that he will resign. There is little question as to his being his own successor at the next annual meeting.

Superintendent Finnis Cartright, of the Old's wagon works, leaves to-day for South Bend, Ind., where his family still reside. Mrs. Cartright and the children will remove here early in the spring.

J. J. Stier, foreman of the Bass works, is being congratulated to-day over the arrival at his home of a bright-eyed baby girl. The popular foreman receives the many compliments in a pleasant way.

Robert Cran, foreman of the Bass foundry car wheel rooms, observed the anniversary of his birth on St. Valentine day. Mr. Cran has been with the Bass works for a number of years, and is one of its most capable and trusted employes.

Henry Thieke, of the Pittsburg machine shops, will be married next Tuesday morning at the St. Mary's Catholic church to Miss Thacklow Cossengan. The happy couple will dispense with the usual wedding tour, and will settle down to housekeeping in pleasant quarters at the corner of Murray and Lafayette streets.

J. J. Turner, superintendent of the Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis division of the Pennsylvania lines, has statistics he has kept personally which shows that more persons have been injured and killed at railroad crossings in towns and cities and in yards by what are called slow trains than by fast trains. He argues that people will look out more cacefully for the fast trains, knowing the danger of crossing tracks when such a train is due.

The Paulding, Ohio, *Democrat* has this item: "Conductor Dillon, of the Nickel Plate, was in town this week, as witness before the grand jury. He is the man whom the prisoner now in jail, calling himself Wm Clark, attempted to stab at Worstville early in December. Clark was trying to steal a ride on the trucks underneath Mr. Dillon's train. If allowed to remain there he would have been ground up at the first cattle guard. He was ordered to come out, and refusing to do so, Conductor Dillon pulled him out. Angered at this Clark drew a knife and made three desperate thrusts at the conductor, Mr. D's watch only saving him from a horrible death. The point of the knife struck the watch and glanced off. It was a narrow escape for Mr. Dillon."

A COMPLEXITY SIMPLIFIED.

"Of what denomination are de chile?" asked an old colored preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism.

"Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination."

"I axed you ob what denomination the chile war?" repeated the minister a little severely.

The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment, then the father stammered out:

"I—I—doesn't know what yo' mean by 'denomination,' sah."

"Hough, yo' don't," replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' ign'ance so yo' kin understand it: Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"—*Youth's Companion.*

"For I am declined into the vale of tears," she said a little sadly, "but indeed I don't much mind it since I can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents.

The firm of F. D. Paulus & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Wm. E. Angwine retiring. The business will be continued by F. D. Paulus, at No. 53 East Main street.

15-2t F. D. Paulus & Co.

For five days only—Underwear and Hosiery at cost. Sam, Pete & Max.

15-5t

A Sensation.

A new book, by Alphonse Daudet, "One of the Forty" of which 350,000 copies of the original in French were [illegible]

BISHOP VINCENT.

His Coming to Fort Wayne Uncertain as Yet.

It was stated that Bishop Vincent would come here to-day and preach to-morrow, so that Rev. Dr. Barns, of the Wayne Street M. E. church, and Rev. Mr. Woolpert, of Berry Street, wrote him. These letters explain his position:

February 7, 1889.

To Rev. D. C. Woolpert.

My Dear Brother:—I have not yet agreed positively to lecture at Fort Wayne. There is an application, I believe in the office of the Lyceum Bureau but my time is so much taken up that I am uncertain what I shall do. I have put your letter on file and if I can comply, as you request, I shall certainly take great pleasure in doing so.

Faithfully yours,
John H. Vincent.

February 14, 1889.

To Rev. R. M. Barns.

My Dear Brother:—I must have gotten things mixed in the Fort Wayne matter, as I do not remember to have corresponded with more than one person. I get hundreds of applications for Sundays, for lectures, for conventions, for district conferences, and can not, of course, carry anything in my mind pertaining to them, but depend upon the letters themselves when I happen to strike them in the conduct of my correspondence.

Now I certainly never promised a specific Sabbath to the Berry Street or any other church in Fort Wayne. The bureau has said that Fort Wayne wants me if I can find the time. I have not yet found it. President Rogers writes me, saying that I had agreed to preach Sunday morning, the 24th, for Rev. D. C. Woolpert. The fact is I lecture in Milwaukee Saturday night, and preach in Milwaukee on Sunday. It is a very mixed case. Truly yours,

John H. Vincent.

RACE HORSES.

The English Thoroughbred and the American Trotter.

Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yale, read a paper before the National Academy of Science at New Haven recently in which he referred to trotting horses as follows: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and it has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1760. This breed has been finished and completed in two senses; first, as to its grade, heredity, blood, and character; and, secondly, as to its speed, in which the limits has been undoubtedly reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not likely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we now have. The English thoroughbred is a race-horse, and has but one point, speed, which is bred in him. All other points are secondary. The main point is to win in the race, and the value of a thoroughbred depends entirely on his performances. Unlike the deciding of the value of cows, etc., as to their breed is the value of the thoroughbred determined. No matter what his color if he only wins. That is all that is asked. The winning horse is the admired one.

The owners of the thoroughbred wish him to win by the smallest possible margin. They are as afraid of having them show their full speed as political parties are of the record of their candidates. Horse-racing is old, but the breeding is not. This breed may be said to have been begun in the reign of James I. This matter of breeding covers a vast amount of literature. Horse-racing came in as the principal sport of the gentry of Great Britain, and the rulers encouraged it, as it was supposed to furnish more material for warfare. In 1791 the first race calendar was published. How the thoroughbred is bred, where skill and art are required, is very simple in science. For 120 years a list of the winning sires has been published. The value of the sire depends upon the value of his offspring.

In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The fastest record is 2.08¾. Less than a dozen horses have ever trotted in less than 2:14. The best record in running was made in St. Louis, the time being 1.39¼. The speaker showed a table on which were the number of horses in the last few years which had made a record within five seconds of this time. The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1.40, which was done this year. A very large number of horses have made their record but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they get no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I said that speed had reached its maximum, I didn't think but what better time would be made. I think about 1.39 will be the speed of runners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to making better time. I believe the thoroughbred has finished his evolution. In order for a thoroughbred to make his best time all conditions must be favorable, he must have a good rider and a fine track.

Table linens, napkins, towels, best and cheapest. Louis Wolf & Co.

BIT BY A HORSE.

Mrs. Henry Breimeyer is severely Bitten by a Horse.

Mrs. Henry Breimeyer, living at 219 West Jefferson street, went to the stable in the lot at their home, Thursday evening to cover their horse with a horse blanket. While she was in the act of doing so the animal turned and bit her in the wrist, almost severing the hand from the arm.

The ugly wound bled profusely, and a physician was immediately summoned to dress her injuries.

The Weather.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Indiana—Rain, clearing Sunday, colder; northwesterly winds.

For five days only—Fur caps and plush caps at cost.

15-5t Sam, Pete & Max.

The regular monthly meeting of the City Y. M. C. A. will be held in the parlors of the association next Monday evening at 7:30 sharp. A full attendance is requested. C. B. Brown, Recording Secretary.

WAGNER'S
Drug Store

H. G. Somers, Proprietor.

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Glass, Toilet Articles, Wines and Liquors, Etc.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGS.

35 Calhoun Street.

15-1mo.

COME AGAIN!

—OF COURSE—

Everybody Will Attend

THE FIFTH ANNUAL

C·O·N·C·E·R·T

—OF THE—

Fort Wayne City Band

—ON—

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 20th.

FRED AUSTIN, Cornetist.
WM. MOBIUS, Violinist.
EUPHONIA DOUBLE QUARTET.
REINEKE'S ORCHESTRA.

The Musical Event of the Year.

Box office opens Monday at 9 a. m.

Fresh Oysters, Fish, Poultry

And all kinds of Game in Season at

NISWONDER & FOX,

17½ West Berry Street. feb6-3mo.

Fine Meats

The Establishment of

J. - N. - PFEIFFER,

44 West Berry Street,

Is one the Best

MEAT - MARKETS

IN THE CITY.

SPECIAL PRICES are given on Boilings and Roasts, choice Rolled Corn Beef, Home-made Sausage and Home-made Lard. Everything sold at reasonable prices.

D. J. RICHARD

Buys and Sells All Kinds of

Farm Produce on Commission!

—AT THE—

AGRICULTURIST'S EXCHANGE!

13 West Berry Street.

Correspondence of Retail Dealers Solicited.

Feb5-1m

ATLANTIC
MEAT MARKET.

A. GEBERT & CO.,

Packers of the

Atlantic Brand Sugar Cured Hams,

Bacon, Shoulders and all articles of

PACKING HOUSE PRODUCTS

Manufacturers of absolutely

PURE - LARD,

Put up in all styles to suit the trade.

Dressed - Poultry!

and Fresh Pork Sausages always on hand.

No. 28 East Columbia street.

11-1mo

BUY

Challenge Brand
SUGAR - CURED - HAMS!
ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON!

AND EXTRA NO. 1

FAT SHORE MACKEREL.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEORGE

DE WALD

AND

COMPANY.

We Are Now

SHOWING NEW THINGS

—IN—

DRESS GOODS

Beautiful Goods and Handsome Effects. Choice things in Satteens and Ginghams. New Embroideries and White Goods.

GEORGE DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BROOKS, commanding the steamer Arizona, has completed 600 round trips of the Atlantic. Captain Brooks, who is a hale and hearty, jovial mariner, is 57 years of age. He began his sea-faring life as a cabin-boy in a small sailing vessel when only 15 years old. His life since then has been full of stirring incidents.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CLOSING PRICES—1:15 P. M.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—Wheat: February, $1.07; March, —1; May, $1.1@1½; June, $1.05½. Oats: February, 24⅝; March, ——; May, 27¼; June, 27⅞ Corn: February, 34¼; March, 34¼; May, 35¼; June, 35¼@½. Pork: February, $11.00; March, $11.00; May, $11.17½@.20; June, $11.27½. Lard: February, $6.65; March, $6.65; May, $6.65; June, $6.70. Short ribs: February, $5.02½; March, $5.02½, May, $6.07½; June, $6.05.

GREAT - ANNUAL

REMNANT SALE!

Monday, Feb. 18.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.

Thursday, Feb. 21.

Friday, Feb. 22.

To the Ladies of Fort Wayne and Vicinity:

Our annual Remnant Sales have attained wide-spread reputation. They have become "household words." The ladies can only appreciate the very tempting bargains we offer upon these days. Every economical mother in this city will visit our establishment during the progress of our Remnant sale. All our departments contain short lengths of goods, which will be sacrificed far below cost.

This sale is especially convenient to the ladies preparing for spring sewing. Our White Goods and Embroidery Remnants, Muslins and Cambric Remnants, Laces, Ribbons, etc., will find hundreds of patrons.

Silk and Dress Goods

REMNANTS

In lengths varying from 1 to 12 yards at

HALF - PRICE!

Short lengths of Plushes, Velvets, Sateens, Ginghams, Tickings, Linens, Flannels, Sheetings, Towelings, Shirtings, Linings, white Goods, Embroideries, Ribbons, Laces, etc., etc.
Remnant Calicos, 4 cts. per yard.
Remnant Indigo Blue, 6 cts. per yard.
Remnant Bleached Muslin, 1 yard wide, 5 cts. per yard.
Remnant Unbleached Muslin, 1 yard wide, 4 cts. per yard.
Remnant Gingham, 4 and 5 cts. per yard.
Remnant Toweling, 4 cts. per yard.

Sale Opens Promptly

MONDAY - NEXT,

9 O'clock, A. M.

Our Patrons will call as early as possible to secure the Best Selections.

M. Frank & Co.,

BEE HIVE

DRY GOODS HOUSE!

62 and 64 Calhoun Street, Corner Berry Street.

☞N. B.—We announce that we have just received Butter[illegible] Pattern and Publication. This i[illegible] contains the latest [illegible]

THE FIRE FIEND.

It Sweeps the Handsome Fox Block From the Face of the Earth and Wrecks Skelton, Watt & Wilt's Wholesale Grocery.

Fort Wayne was visited by another disastrous fire, last night, possibly one of the severest in its history.

Shortly after midnight Officer Gusching detected a blaze in the great manufactory of Louis Fox & Bros, at the corner of Calhoun and Jefferson streets. He sent in an alarm and turned again to the scene of the fire.

Like pent-up lightning, the flames shot through the building and lit it as if by magic. They were fed from a point over the boiler, near the wall of Skelton, Watt & Wilt's grocery, and this possibly locates the origin at the fire box.

When the department arrived, and they came flying, the block was doomed. The fire was on every floor and found easy food, as the nature of the firm's business would indicate.

They manufacture candies and sweet meats, and make all the varieties of crackers, deal in tropical fruits, and handle everything in that line, for they had one of the finest establishments of the sort in the country.

The flames raged, rolled and whirled about the building, windows burst out into fragments and the roof went up like shot, driven high into the air by the force of the fire below it.

It was a veritable fire pot for a moment or two. Then the front wall crumbled in, the south side followed and the fire fiend had full sway. It sent its fangs out in every conceivable form. They would almost reach the St. Augustine academy on the south side and then sweep towards the store rooms on Calhoun street.

The water thrown into the fire and its immediate vicinity turned into steam as it encountered the flames. "I stood some distance away," said Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, "and could see the water converted into steam as its sprays touched even the walls of the Sister's school."

It was the hottest fire on record. The window glass at the Sisters' school crumbled into atoms, the plate glass front of Fred Hollenbeck's saloon, across the street, fell into a thousand bits and smaller lights went its way. One could not pass the fire on Calhoun or Jefferson streets, without being scorched.

The firemen played at long range and watched the surroundings. They considered the Fox block doomed from the first and aimed to save adjacent property.

The wholesale grocery of Skelton, Watt & Wilt was sorely menaced and the firemen were handicapped in reaching it. They had but one ladder long enough to touch the third floor and here were two magnificent four story blocks on fire.

What an outrageous neglect, and one that falls on the city, for the chief has repeatedly asked for better ladder facilities.

But it is too late, the east half of the dividing wall between the buildings burst and fell with thunderous noise and opened passage for the flames into the wholesale grocery.

The firemen fought the fire at every inch and succeeded in saving the block from utter destruction, but what the fire did not devour water damaged, so that in reality the work of the fiend is complete.

The fire in the Fox block found food enough to feed it until daylight put its flames to shame. The firemen could not smother it.

The wholesale grocery smouldered along, too, but there is something left to recognize it by.

Not so with the Fox manufactory. It is a complete wreck, entirely obliterated, save a portion of the rear wall and here and there a corner to mark the confines of what was yesterday one of the handsomest four-story business blocks in the city.

The fire-proof vault stands, and it may be that the books and accounts of the firm are safe, but it is doubtful, so fiercely hot was the fire.

Some conceive that the safe is surely a molten mass, as is certainly the splendid machinery with which Mr. Fox equipped his building.

A Talk With Mr. Louis Fox.

The handsome four-story business block of Mr. Louis Fox & Bro. was erected in 1887, at a total cost of $17,000. It was a monument to Mr. Louis Fox's great business qualities, and so nicely did he prosper that a year ago he admitted his brother, Mr. Gust Fox into full partnership. They employed sixty people in their establishment and six salesmen on the road. This house occupied the first rank in the west and the financial standing of the firm was rated at the top.

"We had almost finished our annual invoice," said Mr. Fox, "and it figured up to $38,000 as far as we got. The total invoice would foot up $40,000, and then you must understand that we rate [illegible] our machinery [illegible] anything [illegible] at all, [illegible] $30,000 on the stock and building, but I am not certain about it. I knew to the dollar yesterday, the amount of our insurance, but the moment the central office notified me of the fire last night, the whole thing was swept from my mind like a flash. It will take a day or so to recover."

It was a severe blow to Mr. Fox, but he is not discouraged, for last night while his block was blazing he leased from Mr. S. C. Lumbard the store room on East Columbia street, recently vacated by G. W. Seavey & Co., and this morning had an army of men preparing it for business.

"From all over the country, when accounts of the fire were read in the telegraph columns of metropolitan papers, I received offers of assistance," said Mr. Fox, "and in ten days I will be able to supply the trade as usual. Through other agencies I can fill all orders from this moment on."

"Will you rebuild?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir. Last night I instructed Architect Kendrick to prepare plans for a new four-story business block, and we will let the contract for it as soon as he is ready.

"I can not say, however, where I will build. If I get my price for the site of the burned building, 50x120 feet, on Calhoun street, I will sell it and build on the property 52½x150, just in the rear of it on East Jefferson street. I recently purchased this property from J. B. White, and it is as desirable for a wholesale house as the Calhoun street front, which, of course, is a retail center."

Skelton, Watt & Wilt.

This company of wholesale grocers have taken first rank in the trade inside of two years and were doing a handsome business. They leased their business block from Hon. Wm. Fleming. The members of the firm could not estimate their loss this morning, but their insurance is $18,200. Their store was not completely gutted, but at this writing they cannot tell what damage the water did to their varied stock.

This firm held a two years' lease on their old building, the Breen block, at the corner of Calhoun and Lewis streets, and will occupy it at once, so that they will be ready for business in a week.

It is stated that the insurance of this firm reached 80 per cent. of their annual invoice, making their loss about $25,000.

Hon. Wm. Fleming.

His business block was erected two years ago, at a cost of $10,000, especially for Skelton, Watt & Wilt. The walls of his block may be utilized, and if so, his insurance will cover the loss. Mr. Fleming came down to-day, for the first time since his illness and said at the office of the First National bank that he would rebuild at once.

The Insurance and Loss.

The insurance, $48,200 in all, is divided between the local agencies of S. C. Lumbard, Glutting & Bauer, D. C. Fisher, J. E. Graham, Leonard Bros., D. L. Harding, Chester Scarlet, S. C. Schroeder, Kuhne's, Casper Neireiter and Edward Sidel. As the policies are not heavy, none of them over $3,000, the names of the companies are not of local interest.

The loss on the burned and adjoining buildings is estimated altogether at $85,000.

The damage to the St. Augustine academy will amount to $200 or $300, and on the other buildings on Calhoun street $1,000 more or if Nathan & Co. are damaged by the flooded cellar.

The Management of the Fire.

It is freely charged that the management of the fire was bad. The streams from the water mains could scarcely reach the third story of the buildings, but in the face of this deficiency it was after 2 o'clock when the engines were connected with the line of hose.

The lack of ladders and facilities to reach the fourth floor of buildings was most deplorable. It is a miracle that everything for blocks around did not burn down.

These criticisms are made by hundreds of citizens and THE SENTINEL can give their names to the city authorities.

The Sparks.

The fire originated in the boiler room.

Thousands of people viewed the ruins to-day.

A number of dwellings all around the scene of the fire were damaged by the flying sparks of fire.

Rev. Dr. Moffat and Rev. D. C. Woolpert were among the first spectators to arrive at the scene of the fire.

Messrs. Louis and Gust Fox were at the fire and calmly watched their handsome property go up in smoke.

Steve Bond cut his hand badly in breaking in a window at Skelton, Watt & Wilt's grocery to save some papers.

Clerk McDonald says that the water pressure on the mains during the fire [illegible] one hundred [illegible] Chief Hilbrecht, "and I tell you we needed it. An act like this firemen never forget."

Street Commissioner O'Brien has blockaded East Jefferson street and the east side of Calhoun street for fear of accidents.

Pat Bulger and other brave men climbed onto the roof of St. Augustine's academy and smothered the fires that originated from sparks.

Julius Nathan & Co., assembled a large force of men and began carrying their books and a portion of the goods to the wholesale grocery house of G. E. Bursley & Co.

Mr. W. H. Watt, Mr. Ben Skelton and Mr. Frank Wilt looked on the fire and must have been thrilled with fear as the flames raged and menaced their wholesale grocery.

Henry Rosenberg, one of the firemen, was overcome by the heat and fell exhausted. He was taken to St. Augustine's academy, where the good sisters cared for him tenderly.

The building occupied by G. Niemann, just across Calhoun street, was threatened by the flames every moment, but fortunately escaped. The windows in the store room were badly shattered.

Many people were passing the Fox manufactory when the fire broke out. Among them was Frank Pierce, bar-tender at the Wayne house. He was on his way home when he met Policeman Gusching, running to the fire box. "I asked him," said Frank, "what was the matter." He said: "There is a fire over at Fox's." I looked over there and saw nothing but a light from one of the side windows, and started to go on home. I had walked, probably, a quarter of a square, when I heard a fall of glass, and turning around I saw the whole corner apparently a mass of flames. I never saw a building so completely and thoroughly gutted in so short a time in my life." Lieutenant of Police Wilkinson passed the building probably not over a minute before Officer Gusching turned in the alarm, and noticed nothing unusual. The fire broke out like a flash.

POSTAL CLERKS!

President-elect Harrison is Interviewed on the Subject by Ex-Speaker W. G. Sayre.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 16—A local paper publishes the substance of an interview which the Hon. W. G. Sayre, ex-speaker of the Indiana general assembly, had a few days ago with President-elect Harrison, at Indianapolis, on the subject of fourth-class postoffices and the application of the civil service law to outside republican postal clerks, who desire to be re-instated.

Mr. Sayre found that General Harrison is well posted on the plan to have the present incumbents of the fourth-class postoffices resign before the 4th of March, in order that weak-kneed republicans may succeed them.

Gen. Harrison declared that such a proceeding would not be countenanced under any circumstances, and intimated strongly that the republicans, who occupied such appointments would be the first to walk the plank.

Gen. Harrison also cordially coincided with Mr. Sayer's views of the extension of the civil service law to the railway mail service, which the latter characterized as outrageous, and urged that it should be suspended so as to permit the reinstatement of republican mail clerks on their records without examination. The president elect stated that this was a line of policy which he had mapped out.

WIDE AWAKE MATTERS.

The Grand Opening of the Spring Styles of Dunlap Hats.

The Dunlap hat is enjoying a great boom just now, for the firms handling them are having grand openings all over the country. The hat has no equal in the market and has climbed to popular favor on its own merits. Everybody seems to want a Dunlap hat, and hence the announcement that Messrs. Golden & Monahan are now holding a grand spring opening has resulted in crowding their magnificent store with visitors, each eager to see the different styles of the Dunlap hat.

In quality and finish it has no superior and will make friends wherever it is seen. It is the most fashionable hat ever worn. The popular firm have all the different styles and their corp of efficient clerks will take pleasure in showing visitors through the mammoth establishment, whether they wish to look at the Dunlap hat or not, for the firm, as is well known, are the leaders in all gents furnishing goods.

MONTREAL IN FLAMES!

A Terrible Fire Raging at Montreal, Canada.—Loss Already $1,000,000.

MONTREAL, Feb. 16.—2 p. m.—A terrible fire is raging on Mull street, near Canal. Ogilvies elevator, Beck, Binning & Co.'s rolling mills are destroyed. The [illegible]. The loss is al[illegible] of dollars.

[illegible]nen, towels and [illegible]reds, just re[illegible] low prices.

SENATOR BARRETT.

He Returns to the City to Meet His Friends and Answer His Enemies—A Chat With Him.

Hon. J. M. Barrett arrived home from Indianapolis last night, in accordance with his agreement, and to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, will meet the representatives and members of the various building and loan associations at his office in the Sidel block.

THE SENTINEL representative found Mr. Barrett at his office and as the topic is uppermost, asked what object he had in introducing his tax reform measures.

He replied:

"I found upon an examination of the existing laws that they were so drafted that any number of men, not less than ten, could organize a corporation under the name of a building loan association with a capital of $1,000,000; then loan out every dollar to other persons upon first mortgage security at eight per cent. interest and not pay a cent of taxes upon their investment of a million dollars. I was informed that all through the state a large number of well to do men were putting their money into these institutions for the purpose of realizing handsome profits and avoiding the payment of taxes. This condition of affairs did not seem to me to be right or just. I believed that money loaned upon interest is the class of property best able to pay taxes because it yields an income without any labor on the part of the lender, and I have no patience with the assertion that men invest their money in any corporation to be loaned to their poor neighbors upon interest as a matter of charity. I take it that they are as selfish as other money lenders and lend for the profit there is in it.

"Under our present laws there is an unjust system of double taxation. The poor man who is compelled to mortgage his home is taxed for the full value of his property without any deduction on account of the mortgage, while his actual interest in the property may not exceed one-half its value. He is then compelled to pay taxes on double the amount of property which he actually owns. In every case of double taxation under existing laws, the poor man who is compelled to borrow pays the double tax. Some of the money lenders say that this is right, and that they ought not to pay any taxes on their money because the poor borrower pays more than he should. The same argument would release every money lender from taxation. I do not agree with that kind of a friend of the poor man.

"To prevent this unjust discrimination against the man whose necessities compel him to borrow, I introduced two bills in the legislature concerning taxation. One concerning the taxation of building and loan associations, which I find has been grossly misrepresented by a class of men who lend and do not borrow. Wherever you find a man abusing the bill or its author, if you'll scratch him hard enough you will find a man who lends his money and pays no taxes. This man will at once cry "double taxation!" But ask him who pays the double taxes at present? He is compelled to admit that he pays no taxes at all, not even a single tax on his money loaned out to others. So his cry of "double taxation" is an argument against the existing laws, and not against my bill, which permits every shareholder to deduct what he has borrowed from what he has paid in, and the excess only is to be taxed. This will reach the men who lend but never borrow, and will not effect the others.

"But the critics of my bill, and especially the anonymous scribblers who attack me in my absence do not mention the other bill which I had the honor to introduce, which permits every man to deduct the amount of his mortgage from the actual value of his property, so that the mortgagee shall pay taxes on the mortgage and the owner of the property to the extent of his actual interest thereon.

"This bill also provides that when the mortgage is owned by an association, which pays taxes on its capital by itself or members that it shall not pay on both. The two bills were intended to avoid every species of double taxation, and yet I find that a few personal and political enemies have been busily engaged during my absence trying to excite the prejudices of the very men whom I have been earnestly seeking to protect against double taxation.

"This latter bill is so drawn as to compel all classes of money lenders to make true returns of their notes and mortgages, so that the state, counties and cities shall get their revenues. Every dollar of this class of property that escapes taxation necessitates an additional levy upon the house of the poor man which cannot escape the eye of the assessor."

"I see, Mr. Barett, that it is announced that you are to have a meeting with the representatives of the associations."

"Yes. I agreed to meet them to-morrow at 1:30 at my office, and I shall be glad to see there any person interested in this matter, and especially the borrowing class. I came home for the express purpose of investigating this matter, and learning the truth about it. I invite any candid and fair discussion of the subject, and when I am convinced that I am wrong, no one will confess the error more quickly than myself."

"Do you intend to reply to the anonymous communications attacking your motives and character that have appeared in some of the newspapers of the city?"

"I certainly do not. I have made it a rule never to enter into a controversy with a man who is afraid of his own name. The names of these anonymous writers would disclose to the community their own selfish motives and character, and for that reason they conceal them. Their readers understand that fact as well as they do. I also appreciated the further fact that when I introduced other bills to crush out the trusts and to protect the employes of the railroads against the rapacity of the companies and against the Pinkerton 'blood tubs,' that I would excite the enmity of some of the railroad superintendents, who would seek to injure me, calling in question my motives in reference to other matters."

SWEET CHARITY.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger Reviews the Affairs of the Orphan Asylums.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, bishop of the diocese of Fort Wayne, has made his annual report for 1888, giving the financial statement of the two orphan asylums of the diocese.

The report shows that there are in attendance at the St. Joseph asylum for boys, at Lafayette, 134 orphans, the average attendance being 118. Rev. J. H. Guendling is director of the institution. One Brother of the Holy Cross teaches the larger boys and ten sisters teach the smaller children and superintend the domestic department.

The total receipts of the asylum for the year were $5,949.56, and the expenditures $5,949.58, with $100 still due the director.

The St. Vincent asylum at Fort Wayne, with Rev. B. Theodore Borg, chaplain, Sister Eudoxia, superior, and eight other sisters handmaids of Christ, commenced the year with fifty-six in attendance, sixty-one pupils have been added during the year and the total number in attendance was 117. Twenty-two have died and twelve have been placed out during the year leaving the present number eighty-three. All that died, with the exception of one, were foundlings. The total receipts of the institution were $4,618.83, and the expenditures $4,655.34. The furnishings of the new asylum, the arrangements of the garden and orchard, will explain many of the expenses.

The bishop's report shows that the Christmas collections amounted to $5,327.84; dispensation fines, $220, and special donations, $105.25, making a total of $5,653.09. The expenditures were: Paid St. Joseph asylum, $3,085.16; paid St. Vincent's, $3,981.81; paid deficit of Rensselaer, $500. The deficit paid by the bishop over all receipts for the support of the orphans was $1,913.88.

The total cost of the St. Vincent orphan asylum building was $49,289.35. From the Fort Wayne fair $13,300 was received; special collections, $13,205.17; diocesan collections last August, $2,130.81; from sale of lands, etc., Rensselaer, $11,800; making the total receipts $40,495.88, leaving still a deficit due the building fund of $8,793.39.

The orphan asylums are now finished and in a splendid condition, but are not yet paid for, and the bishop closes his report by saying: "We have no doubt many of our wealthy people could be induced by special donations or bequests to do something for our orphans."

BLOODY TRAGEDY.

A Young Brute Kills Three Women and Then Commits Suicide.

ALBERT LEE, Minn., Feb. 16.—News has just been received here of a horrible tragedy at London, fourteen miles from this city, in which three persons were killed.

Joseph Chemelke, nineteen years old, was the murderer of three women. His victims were Mrs. Philip Chemelke, his sister-in-law, her sister, Mary, and their mother.

Joe had been on bad terms with his brother's family for some time. He got drunk last night and laid in wait for them. When the two girls came out of their mother's house he shot them. He then went into the house and killed the old lady. He then fled and his body was found some time afterwards. He had shot himself in the head.

The dance at the Arion hall next Tuesday evening will be a grand success. It will be given by the Q. and O. club.

Spring styles in carpets, curtains, rugs, low prices. Louis Wolf & Co.

Potatoes and Onions Down.

Choice large Burbank Potatoes, 50c bushel.

Large Yellow Denver Onions 40c bushel.

FRUIT HOUSE.

A HORRIBLE CRIME!

Masked Men Enter a Home and Butcher a Mother and Child and Two Servants With Axes.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Feb. 16.—News has been received here of one of the most horrible crimes that was ever committed in North Carolina. Ella Chauvers, colored, reports that on last Wednesday night masked men entered the house of Jacob Faucett, who lived in a cottage near Mount Olive, Bert county, and with an ax, killed Mrs. Faucett and her child, while they lay abed.

The murderers then went to a cabin in which three negro women servants were sleeping and killed two of them in a like manner. The third, Ella Chauncers, was sleeping in an adjoining room and being awakened escaped. The men started in pursuit of her but she evaded them. She was unable to tell who the men were. She watched from a distance and saw them kindle a fire on the floor of both houses. Thursday the bones of the four murdered persons were picked from among the ashes. They are: Mrs. Anna Faucett and her child, Ada Wren, and Anna Gordon, the colored woman. The most intense excitement prevails, but no arrests have been made. The Chauvers woman says that Faucett has had trouble with his neighbors, who were quarrelsome at all times, and had threatened his life. Faucett was not at home on the night of the murder.

REVOLUTIONARY!

The Republican Members to Withdraw From the Indiana Legislature and Thus Stop Business.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—It is reported that the republican members of the legislature will withdraw from their respective chambers for the rest of the session next Saturday, breaking the quorum and preventing political bills from becoming laws. None of these measures have passed both houses.

The governor can hold bills three days and veto, and if the plan is carried out may become effective. It is certainly under contemplation and only a caucus can change the program.

MUST FIGHT AGAIN.

The Pugilists, McAuliffe and Myers Will Meet Again.

CHICAGO, Feb. 16.—McAuliffe must fight Myers again or forfeit his share of the $5,000 stake money. Myers and his backer, Alf Kennedy, came up from Streator last night, and entered formal protest against taking down the money at stake in the recent world's championship light weight prize fight at North Judson.

Such a proceeding within seventy-two hours after the fight was Myers' privilege under the articles of agreement, and the money, therefore, remains in the hands of the stake-holder, Harry Halland.

DEATH BY SMOKE.

Three Children Are Smothered in a Burning House.

PORT HURON, Mich., Feb. 16.—Mrs. Barney Bieler, living on the Water street plat, locked her three children, aged two, four and six years, in the house, yesterday, while they went down town. The children set fire to the house and when rescued by neighbors were unconscious. The two youngest children died last night and the other is not expected to recover.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—The house to-day adopted a resolution calling on the secretary of the interior for a list of special pension examiners and as to the number of clerks appointed since March, 1885.

The house then took up the postoffice appropriation bill.

The democrats in the house were circulating a petition for a caucus on the tariff bill to be held Monday.

SENATE.

After some minor bills were passed the Texas election matter was taken up and Mr. Cooke continued his remarks.

Canadian Parliament.

OTTAWA, Ont., Feb. 16.—The Canadian parliament has settled down to hard work and night sittings are now in order.

H. W. Matson, the architect, has been employed by the trustees and building committee of the Ahavas Sholom congregation, at Ligonier, to prepare plans for a new church to be erected at that place the coming season.

New dress goods, silks, laces and embroideries. Louis Wolf & Co.

Georgia Bank Cod Fish.

Two barrels White Boneless Cod Fish 8c pound.

Georgia Bank Cod Fish, 6c pound.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Ginghams, calico, checks, all new and cheap, at Louis Wolf & Co.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

THE STAGE.

Current Gossip About Prominent Players and Professioanls.

WITH A LITTLE HUMOR ADDED.

Various Fancies of the Footlight Realm—Movements of Noted Stars on Both Sides of the Ocean.

JOSEF HOFMANN is now studying music with Urban, of Berlin.

MME. SEMBRICH is ill and has had to give up all her engagements for two months.

THE Florences' engagement in Kansas City was the most successful of their long career.

MARCUS MAYER has gone to Milan to talk over another American tour with Sarah Bernhardt.

FRAULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE is to become a member of the Emma Juch Concert Company.

DORA WILEY will return from Australia to support Richard Golden in his new play, "Jed Prouty."

A DRAMATIZATION of a book of Mark Twain will "intrude upon the stage in the spring or next fall."

THE directorate of the Vienna theaters has resolved upon a most important step. It has suppressed the claque.

MRS. MARY H. FISKE, the brilliant, versatile "Giddy Gusher" of the New York *Mirror*, and wife of Stephen Fiske, is dead.

"THE Two Sisters," Denman Thompson's new play, is a "city sketch," and said to be as drawing as "The Old Homestead."

"THE Shenandoah" opens its season next year in New York City for twelve weeks, after which it will be taken direct to Chicago.

LOUISE DILLON is going to leave the New York Lyceum company at the end of the present season. It is said she is going to be married.

PATTI ROSA missed her grip getting the Strand Theater and will appear at the Crystal Palace, and will make another tour of the provinces before returning to America.

A CONCERT with soprano solos and cornet performances in New York was recently listened to, transmitted by telephone, by a considerable audience in a hall in Philadelphia.

NORDICA, Ella Russell, and Scalchi have already signed contracts for opera at Covent Garden this season. Hastreiter is also negotiating terms with a view to a revival of Gluck's "Orpheus."

LIZZIE EVANS goes to Europe this spring and will "do" London and Paris. She has received offers to play in London, but will probably decline, as her visit is more for pleasure than business.

TEDDY SOLOMON had to apologize to Arthur Sullivan for making a jig-dance out of a part of his new opera, and withdrew the piece from the stage, but his new music for "Pickwick" is considered a clever and creditable work.

LAURA DAINTY, the former star of "A Mountain Pink" company and a soubrette whose intelligent and earnest work long ago won for her sincere and wide praise, has gone to New York to take up a permanent residence.

GENEVIEVE DOLARO, daughter of Mme. Selina Dolaro, has sailed for Paris to finish her education, intending to make the stage her vocation. Miss Dolaro, who is a handsome brunette yet in her teens, was a member of Mrs. Langtry's company.

DION BOUCICAULT asserts that newspapers have had a depressing effect upon the modern drama. And now it would be interesting to know what the papers think has been the influence of modern dramatists on drama, and, likewise, on the newspapers.

THE new play, "The Fairy's Well," by Con Murphy, is said to be one of exceptional power and exceeding any of his former works as a literary production. It deals with an epoch in Irish history quite unknown to most playgoers, that of the "old school" in Ireland.

HELEN DAUVRAY, back in New York from Paris, makes known that she will return to the stage before this season is over, appearing in "One of Our Girls," "A Scrap of Paper," and perhaps "The Love Chase." She will play in New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia.

ATTENTION has been directed to the absurdity of Mr. Irving's claim to originality in the matter of casting women for the witches in "Macbeth." The Manchester *Guardian* says that the original patentees of the first Theater Royal in Spring Gardens, Manchester (Messrs. Younger and Mattocks), were fully 113 years ahead of Mr. Irving in this respect.

LOUIS JAMES and Marie Wainwright have decided to act separately, as they believe they will realize more money in acting that way than by acting jointly. Miss Wainwright will first appear in Chicago in a production of "Twelfth Night," and later in New York City. Mr. James will not continue his season until October in order to help Miss Wainwright in the launching of her new enterprise. He will produce a new play.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has signed a contract with Mme. Modjeska for next season. She will be the leading support to Edwin Booth and will be featured. Mr. Barrett's plans are entirely completed for next season. In September Booth and Barrett open together in Louisville, after which Booth and Modjeska start out under Mr. Barrett's management. Later the tragedians will come together and finish the season.

WITH the solitary exception of "Faust" the opera of "Il Trovatore" has had more representation than any in the world. It has been sung in all lands and in all tongues. The authorities have held their hands to their ears in horror and excommunicated the vile thing as the abomination of desolation. But the great world loves it and will have it.

STUART ROBSON will begin his tour as an individual star under the management of William R. Hayden about Oct. 1 in Steele Mackaye's written-to-order romantic play. The scene is laid in Spain in the seventh century and Mr. Robson's character is a quaintly humorous one, drawn upon Shakspearean lines. The new play and "The Henrietta" will comprise Mr. Robson's repertoire, and the tour will extend to the Pacific coast. Frank Mordaunt or M. Kennedy will probably be seen in Mr. Crain's role in "The Henrietta."

THE study of the violin by girls is fast becoming a fashion in this country and the practice should be strongly encouraged. In Europe it is an old story, but of late years much more than formerly serious attention is paid to those students who show a predilection for the instrument. At the competitive examination in the Paris conservatory this year, there were twelve young girls who presented themselves, violin in hand, confident of their ability to pass as creditably as their associates of the other sex. Eight of those girls received prizes, and the highest honor was unanimously awarded to a girl of 15, Mlle. Dantin.

THEATRICAL Manager (breathlessly)—Are you busy? Dramatist—Not very. "Well, everybody is talking about a book called 'Robert Elsmere' and I want a dramatization of it right away. Can you do it?" "Dramatize 'Robert Elsmere?" "Yes, that's it. Work in a few elopements and murders and that sort of thing, you know, and a prairie fire and a cyclone—got the machinery all ready—and put in a low comedy part for Jinks; he's the best stage Irishman in the country, you know, and last week I got two of the funniest trick mules you ever saw. Big bargain, too. Work them in somehow. Well, ta ta! I'm in a hurry. See you later."

MRS. BURNETT is making swift progress on her new play for Mr. Frohman, which will be produced at the Lyceum Theater before the regular end of the regular season. She is a rapid worker. She thinks out her plots, her situations, her incidents, and her dialogues so thoroughly in advance that when she begins to set pen to paper she covers page after page with wonderful speed and precision. Few alterations or corrections appear in her manuscript. So distinctly and with so much firmness are her conceptions molded and elaborated in her mind before the labor of expression is entered upon that the artistic achievement requires few finishing touches.

A MRS. ANNA WADE, of New York, who trains children fr the stage, says: "I have had society girls make application to me day after day. They attend the theater regularly until suddenly the intoxicating influence of a favorite actress throws them into an absorbing passion to go before the footlights, and in their eager youth they stop at nothing to gratify their animated desire. Most of them have made hits in recitations at their private, fashionable schools, and others have studied elocution and the oil of flattery has been poured upon their young heads. Perhaps you will hardly believe it when I tell you that I have had ladies who are grandmothers apply to me to get them a position on the stage. I saw in a spectacular performance in a Broadway theater recently a grandmother, mother, and grandchild all in the first row of dancers."

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S new play which he will produce this season was written by William Young, the author of "Pendragon," and is entitled "Sanelon." The story is historical, and the scene is laid in the island of Corsica in the early part of the ninth century. Galerlon, the part to be played by Mr. Barrett, is the son of a man of the same name, who betrayed Roland at the battle of Roncesvalles. In consequence of the disgrace attached to his father's memory the son has abandoned his home in France and entered the service of Hugo, the Count of Corsica. The drama deals with the loves of Sanelon and Bianca, the daughter of Hugo, and the stirring events of the wars between the Saracens and the Corsicans. In addition to the unlimited opportunities of scenic splendor the play possesses the unusual merit of having several characters whose acting parts are almost as great as that of the hero, and Mr. Barrett is now engaged in selecting a company from the best talent of this country to interpret what he confidently believes to be one of the best tragic plays this country has produced.

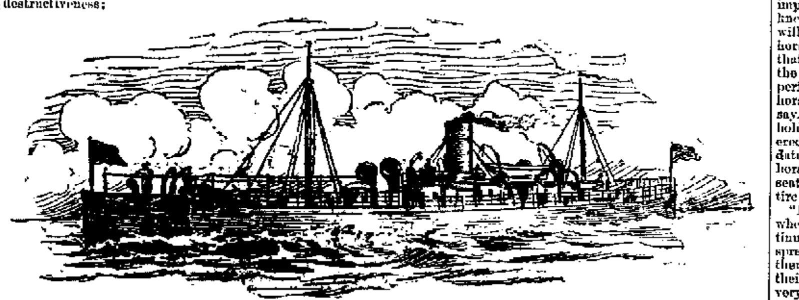
TRAVELER dismounts at a tavern. "Hallo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord—No, sir, every room in the house is engaged. Traveler—Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room? Landlord—No, sir, there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house. Traveler—Then, look here. Just shove a pole out of your second floor window and I'll roost on that.

DR. HAMMOND repeats that a man may live to be a hundred if he takes care of himself. But taking care means to sacrifice everything that is worth living for.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

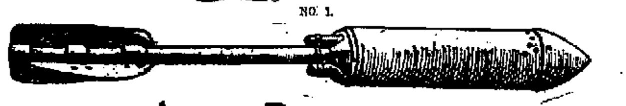
OUR KING OF WAR SHIPS.

With a Speed of Nearly Twenty-five Miles and Guns that Throw 600 Pounds of Dynamite. She's a Terror.

In the following cuts the main and characteristic features of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius are made apparent, without exactly attempting to illustrate the complete mechanism of the guns or details of ship construction in cross sections of the hull. At a glance these illustrations will make clear the vessel's lines and the secret of her awful destructiveness;



NO. 1.





NO. 2.

Cut No. 1 shows the Vesuvius in motion, the fastest vessel afloat. She is a steel ship of 725 tons displacement, 252 feet long, 26¼ feet wide, steered by steam, and drawing a maximum of 9 feet, though her main draught is 8¼. Her engines are of the four cylinder, triple expansion type. The Vesuvius on her final trip at Philadelphia steamed at the rate of 21.64 knots per hour, whereas the contract called for but 20 knots. This speed lacks but 6-10ths of being 25 statute miles per hour. On this occasion the vessel's total horsepower was calculated to be 4,445. The contract demanded but 3,200.

Cut No. 2 shows the position of the dynamite guns in the ship, as well as the arrangement of the pneumatic system wherein is generated the propulsive force applied to these extraordinary guns. As shown in cut No. 1, the ship has three fixed guns projecting above her deck near the bow at an angle of about 18 degrees. These guns are 54 feet long, 15 inches in diameter, of thin cast iron, and are not rifled. The air for discharging the projectiles is compressed by two compressors into reservoirs consisting of a number of tubes. These are made of wrought iron, sixteen inches in diameter, and thirteen-sixteenth inches thick. The firing reservoirs contain 210 cubic feet of compressed air, the storage reservoirs contain 420. It is proposed to store the air at 2,000 pounds pressure per square inch, the compressor being able to deliver 140 cubic feet of air at that pressure every hour. The firing reservoir is to be maintained at a pressure of 1,000 pounds. Each shot at one mile range reduces its pressure 150 pounds. The deficit is immediately supplied from the storage reservoir. Under the rear of each gun are placed two "revolvers" in line with each other. Each contains five chambers, for holding as many torpedoes. To load a gun, its breech is dropped, swinging downward on a pivot at its extreme rearward end. The opening points forward and comes directly opposite and in line with the lowest chamber of the after revolver. By a hydraulic ram the shell is pushed into the breech, which is at once swung upward, again completing the continuity of the barrel. The revolver is then turned one division, so as to be ready for supplying a second shell. When the after revolver is empty it is filled from the forward one in the same way. All these maneuvers are executed by hydraulic power. Each gun will have about ten projectiles.

In the light armor-covered tower is the real artillerist of the ship, since from that point will the desirable range be obtained and the ship maneuvered, as a field artillerist moves his gun carriage to determine his fire.

The figure above No. 2 shows the formidable projectile of this sea terror Vesuvius. The full-sized shell for the Vesuvius' guns is 14¼ inches in diameter, and its body is about 7 feet long. Back of the body is a tail fitted with spiral vanes, which secures its alignment and rotation. The body is made of thin-drawn brass tubing, and will hold 600 pounds of high explosive dynamite or gelatine, the whole weighing about 1,500 pounds when charged. What this type of gun can do at a distance of about a mile we already know. What the Vesuvius can do in open water with all steam on we already know. What the Vesuvius and her guns can do when brought into action against an enemy is a problem that the future may solve with astonishing results.

The Vesuvius.

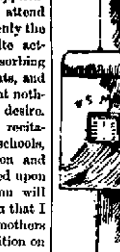
Hey, Britannia, take a class
Squint at sour Vesuvius!
Ruther guess yewr navy's junk,
Sho! It might es well be sunk,
Fust es last; fer—yes, siree—
We've tuck a notion tew th' sea!
Ef yewens over tackle her
Yew'll diskiver what's she's fer—
An' 'tain't for hevin' it yewr way
Yew can bet, Britannia!
S'pose ye hev shoved round th' seas,
B'always copyin' sour ideas?
Yew'll hev t' copy us agin,
Britannia, ah' then not win!
Es fer yew rulin' uv th' main,
'Tain't at present quite a' plain!
Gosh! but wouldn't ye strike a muss
Fightin' sour Vesuvius!
Dangd ef I wouldn't like t' seb
Sech a scrimmage es they'd be—
All yewr old pot-metal ships
Lost like crackers often whips!
It's time Europeans should know
We're fixed for eany furrin foe.
And thet it ain't all in sour fleets—
Tho' es t' thet it's sour ship beats.
We kep' th' flag afloat on Erie,
With craft thet wa'n't fit for a ferry—
The likeliest not worth a cuss!
An' speakin' o' th' Vesuvius,
It's jes' es safe t' bet on her
Es 'twuz on th' little Monitor,
"Old Ironsides," or that old scow
That Perry won with—Lord knows how—
And not because she's staunch an' quick,
But bein' sure she's bound t' lick.

PHILIP BACON.

TONS OF MAIL MATTER.

THE INSIDE WORKINGS OF A GREAT POSTOFFICE.

A Peep Inside the Chicago Office—How the Enormous Masses of Letters and Papers Are Handled and Distributed—Some Odd Packages Received.



THE inside workings of the Chicago Postoffice, are as unknown to the average citizen as are the secrets of a yeast powder or oleomargarine factory.

The Postoffice building occupies a space of one block square, and underneath it is a commodious basement, where an army of clerks struggles with the enormous quantity of mail which hourly pours into the office. These men work from noon until midnight, surrounded by four stone walls as solid and grimy as any prison's. The only time they see daylight is while on their way to work. In this basement, under the glare of innumerable incandescent electric lamps, the bulk of the mail is handled. The manner in which it is worked is as follows:

In the western side of the building are two large chutes or slides. These are for the reception of the mail. The one to the north is for second class matter, which consists of newspapers and regular publications. The other is for third and fourth class matter, such as books, papers, bundles or packages of merchandise bearing stamps. The mail begins to arrive in the morning and gradually increases until between the hours of 6 and 8 o'clock any day may be seen a string of wagons often reaching from the chutes clear around to Clark street or further, waiting for their turn to dump their loads of mail. To give the reader some idea of the vast amount of mail matter which is thus received into the office, the following figures, taken from the weighmaster's books, are given, showing one week's receipts:

	Second-class matter.	Third and fourth class.
Sunday		1,345
Monday	59,725	42,225
Tuesday	60,369	37,365
Wednesday	82,714	39,005
Thursday	64,155	32,415
Friday	52,020	36,990
Saturday	63,704	33,585
Total	383,655	222,930

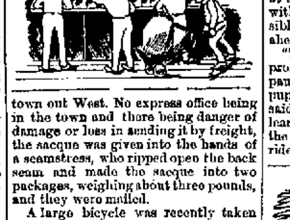
Unworked railroad mail, 71,310. Grand total, 680,895 pounds, or about 340½ tons.

This enormous quantity of mail is handled by only sixty-nine men. All the stamps on the third and fourth class matter are canceled by only ten men.

When a load is dumped into the second class chute it glides down on boards worn as smooth as glass from constant use, and, landing on large scales 10x14 feet in circumference, the weight is recorded. It is then loaded into trucks by men in waiting, who cart it into the center of the basement, where each bag is immediately inspected to see if the addresses run to any particular State or locality. If the addresses run to one State only, as Iowa, for instance, it is taken to the clerk who distributes mail for that State. Should the mail be mixed—East, West, North and South—it is taken to the clerk whose duty it is to separate it.

The third and fourth class mail, or that which bears stamps, is received in the southern chute and is stacked up in the stamping-room. This room is partitioned off from the rest of the basement by a heavy wire grating. A force of about ten men work in this room. As the stamps are canceled the mail is dropped into bags, which, when filled, are taken out into the distributing department. One can hardly conceive the great diversity of the mail of this character. Everything imaginable, from a piece of an old door-key to a bass-drum, is handled in this department. Old door hinges, pieces of stoves, grates, single screws, stove-lifters, banjos, overcoats, old socks, parts of sewing machines, old pieces of iron bolts, newspaper cuts, picture frames and feather pillows are a few of the articles which are daily handled. One firm alone sends every day a two-horse wagon-load of catalogues and general merchandise. This merchandise is usually sent to towns which do not possess an express office and which may be easily reached by post. No piece (unless it be a single book) weighs less than four pounds) which is the limit to this class of matter. Some queer expediencies are resorted to in sending articles of overweight, as, for illustration:

A woman purchased a sealskin sacque and directed it sent to a small



town out West. No express office being in the town and there being danger of damage or loss in sending it by freight, the sacque was given into the hands of a seamstress, who ripped open the back seam and made the sacque into two packages, weighing about three pounds, and they were mailed.

A large bicycle was recently taken apart and sent piecemeal through the mail with the two heaviest bars, or "backbone," which weighed a trifle more than four pounds.

Some persons use little discretion in mailing frail articles. Almost daily a bonnet, or a birthday card, or some wedding cake inclosed in a light pasteboard box passes through the office. What wonder is it that when it arrives at its destination it is found scattered promiscuously through the bag when it is known that in transit a ton of heavy merchandise and papers have been resting on it?

The Purpose of All Industry.

It is a curious thought that all the huge value of traffic, production, distribution, and conversion has for its end and objective point the supply of each inhabitant w[illegible] few [illegible] of boards over his[illegible] bricks or timber[illegible] of wool, sixteen [illegible] verted into cloth[illegible] and two or thr[illegible] meat each yea[illegible] glass of beer, about five pounds of solid or liquid food per day; these constituting the necessaries of life. Some one has said that life would not be worth living except for its luxuries, and that time would not be worth having except for the hours that could be saved for leisure. How much of luxury and how much of leisure can the average man get out of what fifty to fifty-five cents a day will buy for his shelter, food and clothing?—*Forum.*

HOW TO SIT A HORSE.

An Old Cavalryman's Pointers to an Inexperienced Rider.



SAID an old cavalryman, who was giving a greenhorn some points on equestrianism: "The best riders in the world are Mexicans. Buffalo Bill's cowboys are splendid riders, but the Mexicans are better still. And their superiority is in part due to the kind of saddle they use. That low English saddle you've got there," he continued, "I couldn't ride in. It isn't fit for a man to ride in. Now, the greaty beauty of the Mexican saddle is that a man sitting in it has his legs almost straight down beside the horse, like a clothes-pin. A Mexican on horseback keeps his heels and shoulders nearly in line, his feet planted firmly in his stirrups underneath him, and pointing straight ahead, parallel with the horse. Our McClellan saddle would be as good as the Mexican saddle if it only had the stirrups placed a couple of inches further back. As it is, a man riding in a McClellan saddle has to bend his leg at the knee in the English style. Now, with the knee bent it is almost impossible to keep your feet pointed straight ahead.

"The position of the feet," the impromptu riding-master continued, after pausing a moment to allow his casual pupil to absorb what he had already said, "is a very important thing in learning to ride properly; in fact, it is the thing. And yet nine-tenths of the riders you see about the streets and



THE ENGLISH STYLE.

[illegible]

"How is it the way the toes point has so much to do with good riding?"

"To sit firmly on a horse and at the same time to have the body erect and free to give with the horse's motion," the cavalryman said, "you must grip the animal's sides with your knees. Not with the calves of the legs, mind. Now, if you don't keep your toes pointing straight ahead, or nearly so, it is impossible to get this grip with the knees. Turn your toes out and you will find at once that you grip the horse with the calves of your legs, and that your body is thrown forward from the hips, instead of being erect. Experiment a little when you get on your horse, and you'll see it works just as I say. But if you keep your feet straight, hold tight with your knees and sit erect, you will find you can accommodate yourself to the motions of the horse more readily and gracefully, your seat will be firmer, and riding will not tire you near so quickly.

"If you will notice old cavalrymen when they walk," the gentleman continued, "you will see that instead of spreading their feet apart they keep them parallel. This is the result of their riding, and it often makes them very ungraceful on their feet. The best and most graceful rider I knew was General Ashby, who was killed during the late war. I never saw any man who looked so handsome on horseback. Off the horse, however, he walked like a duck and was so clumsy that he couldn't get into a parlor without falling over all the furniture in sight.

"A Mexican astride his high-curved saddle with his legs hanging straight down, rides as easily as if he were sitting in a rocking chair, and at the same time it is almost impossible to unseat him. He is clothes-pinned on the horse and the latter can't get from under him. But a man riding on a flat English saddle with short stirrups, his legs bent at the knee, and his toes turned out, has no chance when his



THE MEXICAN STYLE.

horse jumps suddenly. He is in a cramped position, and is almost sure to be thrown forward on the horse's neck or over his head."

Some Points of Etiquette.

On a first visit you leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards.

A daughter's name is written underneath her mother's on the same card.

For calling or leaving cards the hours are from 3 to 5.

On no account must cards be left in the morning—that is, before 2:30.

Persons in the country can now send their cards by post if living at a distance and unable to make the call proper. A polite note should accompany them.

Bachelors should leave their cards in person, though on very exceptional occasions they may be left by mother, sister, or friend.

Every woman should keep a visiting-book.

A lady's visiting card should be about three inches in length and two in depth, without glaze, and not too thick; small clear copperplate is the best for the names.

Coronets, monograms, crests, and initials are never printed on visiting cards.

The prefix "Mr." must never be omitted from a man's name.

A married lady only uses her Christian name, but if her husband has a father or brother living she should always use her husband's Christian name.

When brother and sister reside together, the card bears their joint names. It is usually a lady's visiting card with her name printed beneath her brother's. The same when a girl has no mother living, only a father.

Wedding cards must never be sent; they are out of fashion. So are memorial and christ ning cards.

If a lady has a friend or acquaintance who is ill, she leaves a card as soon as she can, with the words "to inquire" written underneath her name. These cards cannot be sent by post under any circumstances.

Cards or calls can be returned any time within a month.

After every entertainment to which a lady or gentleman has been invited, visiting cards must be left, whether those who have received invitations were present or not, and whether they accepted or declined.

Morning calls are the only social occasions when ladies receive their friends and acquaintances when no refreshments are offered to them with the exception of tea, cake, and bread and butter

Invitations should be answered the same day if possible.

College Libraries.

New York *Mail and Express:* The number of volumes in a library is not always a criterion of its value to the student, but it is interesting to know the extent to which the colleges of the United States have accumulated libraries and their comparative sizes. We append a list showing the number of bound volumes in the libraries of the principal colleges of the United States:

University of Va.	40,900	Harvard	265,000
Vanderbilt	15,000	Yale	200,000
Lehigh	67,000	Swarthmore	21,000
Hamilton	75,000	Bowdoin	48,000
Univ. S. Carolina	30,000	Dickinson	23,000
Boston University	5,000	Syracuse	75,000
Brown	66,000	Madison	19,000
Colby	21,7[illegible]	Cornell	150,000
Univ. of Vermont	36,000	Union	30,000
Univ. of California	3,000	Columbia	90,000
College City N. Y.	2[illegible],000	Dartmouth	66,600
Ohio University	8,000	Tufts	25,000
Will[illegible]	2[illegible],500	Pennsylvania	21,000
Rutgers	30,000	Allegheny	1[illegible],500
Maryville	1[illegible],000	Lafayette	12,000
Roanoke	1[illegible],000	Sewanee	30,000
Wooster	12,000	Wesleyan	35,000
Univ. N. Carolina	5,000	Oberlin	18,000
Bates	11,125	Hobart	21,750
Bucknell	10,000	Mount Union	5,000
Univ. of Toronto	30,000	Vassar	16,000
Univ. Nashville	15,000	Wellesley	40,000
Princeton	6[illegible],000	Rochester	23,000
Ad. Best	22,830	Univ. of Tenn.	6,000

Not All a Dream.

[illegible] we've

BILL NYE IN DIXIE.

An Interview with Gov. Gordon—How the Georgia Cow Takes Her Morning Repast—An Unreconstructed Barber.



I BELIEVE that in the South there was never a more general desire to do as she has been in the habit of doing than to-day, writes Bill Nye from Atlanta, Ga. Everywhere we see manifested an earnest spirit, a tireless energy directed toward the best interests of those who manifest it, regardless of party. A conciliatory policy in the South would never have a wider field to work in than it would to-day. Industries here are looking for a fostering hand. A fostering hand could get steady work here all the fall. New enterprises needing nothing but capital and industry to make them self-supporting could be started up all over the South. With a fine climate, good air, warm sun, wet rains, and a bright red soil, the South is on the eve of an era of prosperity which bids fair to dawn at any moment. I do not know exactly what I have said, but I will not take it back now.

Governor Gordon told us about his ranch. He is an enthusiastic farmer and asked us to visit his farm, but we cannot drop our lecturing to go gadding about with every Governor we run across. So we told him that with us life was real, life was earnest, and we could not drop our work to visit the Executive farm of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Governor Gordon is maintaining a large herd of cows by pasturing them on the rich, succulent foliage of the fishpole. The skittish reader may charge me with lying in order to astonish him, but such is not the case.

The ordinary cane pole, which is so largely used for fishing purposes by the plain two-for-a-quarter sportsman, who generally gets all the fish, here grows in wild barbaric splendor and profusion without replanting. Governor Gordon has a fishpole orchard covering a large area, over which he pastures his cattle. These canes grow to a great height, unless fed down, and it is no uncommon sight to see an aere cow going about with a stepladder and a pair of long-handled pruning-shears gathering her breakfast still wet with dew.

The fishing pole grows to a height of twenty or thirty feet and the leaves are nutritious to a tall cow. Gov. Gordon



ENJOYING THE MORNING REPAST.

says that he is going to graft the click reel on his fish-pole next year and thus start a new industry. If the small trout reel can be successfully grafted upon this pole it is only a matter of time, I am sure, when the new bass reel can be introduced and attain its full size. Gov. Gordon is said to be a successful ornamental farmer and his salary as Governor enables him to make his farm self-supporting. He enjoys meeting the yeomen of Georgia and telling them about his hopes and aspirations. In this way he makes many friends among the voting classes.

Gov. Gordon fought in the war which I alluded to in the beginning of this letter, but he is willing to let bygones be bygones. He has no animosity now against his old enemies, but wishes them well. Please state through the columns of the press, so that it will be generally known, that the Governor is willing to let bygones be bygones. Any armed enemy of Gov. Gordon at the North who will come in and lay down his arms will not be molested.

But, seriously, there is too much distinct desire South to be regarded as a people instead of a locality. It is all sentiment, and it is a mighty expensive sentiment. The Yankee is charged with being lost to all sentiment but the wild, consuming yearn for more means, and he does undoubtedly sacrifice lots of comfort in order to fight against the imaginary wolf on his front stoop; but, after all, there ought to be a golden mean between his restless, apprehensive career and that of his happy-go-lucky brother over the line. An old



THE BARBER DOING HIS DEADLY WORK.

and still unrepentant rebel over in Alabama, the other day, with a haughty and rather poorly ventilated air, had been telling me, with many a blood-curdling oath and hair-lifting anathema, of his still hot and undying hatred of his old enemies. He was a barber, and while he shaved me and wiped the blood on an old newspaper he rehearsed his piece to me and twisted the tail of his animosity.

Finally he stepped back, and, waving his razor high in the air, he said: "I reckon you'd hang me if I ever went up to New York and talked that way?"

I assured him, on behalf of the people of New York, that he misjudged us altogether.

"Come up there any time and say what you like," said I, "and you will be perfectly safe. You can go to New York to-morrow, if you want to, and if you will agree not to open a barber-shop there you will be free to commit any other indignity, or dwell on [illegible] loud-smelling past all you [illegible]

[illegible] time—The [illegible]

'LIJAH BROWN.

BY LOUISE GREY HITT.

"It's good to be sing indoors to-night,"
Said Farmer Brown to his wife.
"The wind is blowin' a regular gale;
I never see it worse in my life.

"Them 'ere clouds is full of mountin', Nancy,
Or else I miss my guess;
It 'pears to me I heard a howlin' up there;
Leastwise it's nothin' loss.

"I'll just run down to the cattle-shed
And give 'em more fodder and straw;
I'm 'fraid them steers o' mine 'll renose,
For I tell you it's cuttin' raw."

A few miles out on that country road
A woman, forlorn and frail,
Was driving along with mountain step,
Heeding not the wind's bitter wail.

As she stops at a farm-house door, she asks,
"Please tell me, sir, if you can,
If 'Lijah Brown lives near these parts—
Tell me, do you know such a man?"

"I knows him, indeed; he's a neighbour o' mine,
Just two mile and a half furder down;
I reckon he's known all over the State;
Every one knows 'Lijah Brown.

"That great big house and barn is his'n;
Why, yes, every one knows Brown.
You know he owns nigh every farm
For miles around you town.

"But, law! you can't get there to-night, woman,
It's too dark and it's stormy and late;
Make yerself comfertable here till morn.
And by that time the storm 'll abate."

"Come, sit 'yo down, and rest and warm,
And have a bit to eat and drink.
I'm sure you look nigh tuckered out,
And feel so, too, I think."

"No, I'll trudge along—it's hard to wait,
When I know at last I've no near—
I've been waitin' too long for 'Lijah now,
It's up'ards of twenty year."

Out on that desolate road again.
She staggered along in the storm,
Breathing a prayer to God the while,
To save her bent old form,

Till 'Lijah could see her yet alive,
As she prayed, she cried for joy;
At last, after twenty year had passed,
She had found her long-lost boy.

"God pity all who are out to-night,"
Said Farmer Brown to his wife;
"That gust o' wind fairly shook the house—
To be out is worth one's life.

"Hark! did you hear that crashin' noise?
It's the old oak tree blown down;
I planted it there for a monument
To the mother of 'Lijah Brown.

"When I left her and set out for the West
Says I, 'Mother, my fortune I'll make,
And then I'll come back and pay off the debts
From our old home—all for your sake.'

"But luck went agin me the first few years;
I had nothin' good to write;
Still I writ and I writ, but never a word
From her since I left her that night.

"There's a sound as of some one knockin'
Nancy;
Some traveler may be tossed to our door."
He opens it wide, and there, crouching, lies
A woman, weak and sore.

Gently he brings her in by the fire,
And looks at her pale, withered face
Again and again; though wasted and wan,
There remains a familiar trace.

Tenderly he waits to know if there's life.
"O, God!" in his anguish, he cries,
And then a tired strong frame of farmer Brown
Trembles as he wipes his eyes.

As he tenderly watches that withered form,
He prays by her side till dawn.
Then slowly she opens her weary eyes,
And whispers, "'Lijah! my boy!"—and is gone.
Chicago, Ill.

GRASPING AT SHADOWS.

BY GENEVA MARCH.

"He's come, Mr. Gerald."

"Come—come at last? Are you sure of it, John?"

"Sure as taxes," said John Baldwin, with a confident nod of his head. "He's taken that old stone house—the 'haunted house,' the neighbors call it—and he's moved into it, bag and baggage, which ain't much, to the way."

"Any servants with him, John?"

"Only one—a crooked old woman, as throwed a porringer of hot water over me when I went around to ax if I could do of any use. If they only had a black cat, I'd have the whole kit and boodle of 'em up for witchcraft. I never did come across such a rum lot in my life."

"Did you see the old man yourself, John?"

"See him, Mr. Gerald? I seen a bundle of old bones tied in the middle, with a palm-leaf pattern dressin'-gownd on, and a flannel nightcap on his head, and I supposed likely there couldn't be two sich outlandish old customers goin'. He were a runnin' in and out from the furniture cart like a crazy spider."

"That will do, John; here's a dollar for you."

"Thankee, sir. Much obleeged to you, sir."

And the stable boy who belonged to the inn shambled away, grinning and pulling at the front of his cap, while Gerald Miner leaned, whistling, against the pillar of the front piazza.

So old Hiram Dale had arrived at last—the rich and eccentric relative on the reversion of whose fortune, real or supposed, he had all his life been building aerial castles. At last! And Gerald resolved to call the very next day and pay his respects, although the old woman with the hot water did not add to the delight of the contemplated visit.

"If I hadn't heard from his lawyer that he had taken a lease of the 'haunted house,' mused Mr. Miner, "I certainly never should have buried myself in this out-of-the-way place, awaiting his advent; and if I hadn't thought I could work into his good graces, I never should have taken the trouble to hunt him up. Heigho! Sometimes I think it would be easier to work for money than to inherit it."

And so the next day Mr. Miner called.



HIRAM DALE RECEIVED HIM VERY COOLLY.

"Certainly not, if my presence can be any satisfaction to you," responded the delighted fortune-seeker.

"But that girl that you're engaged to?" grumbled Mr. Dale. "She won't like it."

"Do you think that I could persist—anything contrary to your wishes?" reproachfully asked Gerald. "The engagement is broken."

"Good!" croaked the old man; "engagements are a humbug in any event; but engagements to girls that haven't anything are still worse. Cousin Miner, you've more sense than I gave you credit for."

Day by day, Hiram Dale grew worse. On the fourth day he sent for a lawyer, and made his will. On the fifth day he became speechless. On the sixth day he died.

"My fortune is made now," thought Gerald, who had listened at the door during the interview with the lawyer, and heard directions given, connecting his name with the padlocked iron box, the key of which they hung around the dead man's neck, and he felt that Margaret had been well sacrificed.

* * * * * * *

"You wasn't at the funeral, eh?" said Mrs. Dunn to Widow Harmon, while Margaret's needle flew faster than ever through the cambric she was hemming.

"Well, no; I ain't partial to funerals in general, and I don't see no special call to put myself out to see an old miser buried that I never see nor spoke to while he was alive."

"A man can't be a miser without he's got money, can he?" said Mrs. Dunn.

"I don't rightly know about that," said the widow, "but you don't mean to say that old Dale hadn't anything after all, do'yon?"

"Well, young man, and what do you want?" he asked impatiently, when the old woman, who evidently considered Gerald was no subject for the hot water treatment, showed him in.

"To inquire after your health, Cousin Hiram," said the young man, smoothly.

"Humph! My health is well enough. Better than you wish it, I dare say!"

"My dear sir——"

"But it will make no difference to you," acidly went on the old man, still nervously fingering the rings of the box. "I don't deny that I have a treasure to leave behind" (Gerald's eyes glistened), "but it will be given to those who consult my wishes more than you have done."

"But, my dear cousin——"

"Words are all very well," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders, "but deeds speak the louder. You knew very well my aversion to matrimony, and yet you go and engage yourself to get married to a girl who hasn't a penny. Eh! Don't you?" in a rising inflection like a bark. "And then, after coolly disregarding all my wishes, you expect me to leave you this—this" tapping as he spoke on the lid of the box.

"But, Cousin Hiram, if you wish I will certainly adapt myself to your opinions. I did not know that——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" yelled the old man. "What you know or did not know is perfectly immaterial to me. Leave me to my books and my writing, that's all I ask of any man living."

So Mr. Miner went moodily away.

"I must break my engagement," said he to himself. "That's the first step; what the second will be depends entirely on fate and fortune."

Margaret Harmon was sitting in the farm-house kitchen, peeling potatoes—no very romantic occupation, but still one which has to be fulfilled in spite of all the guitars and fancy work in creation. She was a black-eyed, damask-cheeked girl, with velvety eyebrows and a round dot of a mouth; and in those dark eyes glittered a light, half resentful, half cynical, as she looked straight at Gerald Miner.

"I understand," said she, "that you want to break the engagement. Now that your rich relative has come to the neighborhood I am no longer worthy of you."

"It isn't that, Maggie, believe me," said Miner, twisting himself about with the red signs of mortification blazing on his cheeks. "But I think perhaps it would be better for both of us."

"And I haven't the least doubt of it," passionately interrupted Margaret, with heaving breast and quivering lips. "A thousand times better, for I value the love of no man who can love me thus. Pray, don't waste your time in conjuring up any better excuses; they are quite unnecessary. I wish you a very good-morning."

And she went on peeling her potatoes, while Gerald Miner crept out of the house, feeling very much like a whipped cur.

For a day or two he felt heartily ashamed of himself, but the reward—as at least he esteemed it—came at last.

Mr. Hiram Dale fell ill. Being ill, he was frightened. Being frightened, he was solitary. And consequently he sent for his cousin Gerald, a thing he never would have done in health.

"You don't think I am going to die, do you, Gerald?" he asked, tremulously.

"Oh, there's no danger at all," reassured the young man, as the doctor had said that morning that the patient's spirits must be kept up at all hazards.

"And you won't leave me?"

"Certainly not, if my presence can be any satisfaction to you," responded the delighted fortune-seeker.

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"I don't rightly know about that," said the widow, "but you don't mean to say that old Dale hadn't anything after all, do'yon?"

"Just sheets of paper as was to be a dictionary as the old man had a been a writin' all of his days. Manuscript, the lawyer called it, whatever that may be. He thought it was worth a deal of money, and he had spent his all a hankin' up old books as nobody but his self over heard tell of, and traveling about the country to pick up information."

"Humph!" said the widow; "but what did young Miner say?"

"I didn't sit near enough to rightly hear," said Mrs. Dunn, "but them as did tell me he swore a awful oath when he saw what was in the box, and flung the whole bundle on the back of the fire; I see it blaze up myself."

"And was that all?" asked the widow.

"That was all," responded her informant.

"I'm glad of it," cried Margaret, springing up, with sparkling eyes. "He is served right for once, anyway."

Mr. Miner called the next day, meek and subdued. If Margaret had been a model heroine she would have thrown both arms around his neck, and vowed that she loved him better than ever. But she was only a very human little girl, so she stood up, with dignity, and said:

"I wonder at your assurance in coming here, Mr. Miner, after all that has transpired."

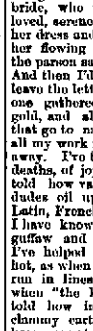
"But, Maggie——"

"There's the door, sir; please to walk out!" And there was nothing left for him but to "walk out."

Old Hiram Dale sleeps quietly in the village graveyard. And public rumor has added yet another ghost to the spectral population of the "haunted house"—a yellow-visaged old bogey who wears a wig and carries in his hand a "padlocked box."

MONODY OF A PEN.

BY J. C. WILSON.



'M but a worn-out fountain pen, my useful days are over; so badly battered up am I they've slung me on the floor. A writer's hand has wielded me for more than half a year, and now that I can mark no more, I'm lying sadly here. The janitor may come, perhaps, and claim me for his own, or with the other waste and truck perhaps I may be thrown, and of the millions in the world, not one of all the men will ever give another thought to this old fountain pen. The man who used to write with me, before he'd start to think, would rudely twist me all apart and chuck me full of ink, and then I'd scratch along and tell of some bright youthful bride, who wed the only man she loved, serene and joyous-eyed; and of her dress and of the buds that decked her flowing hair, and of the words the parson said about the "happy pair." And then I'd glide along the page and leave the letters bold, to tell how some one gathered in a wondrous pile of gold, and all the other little things that go to make a day, and now that all my work is done I'm calmly slung away. I've told of births, I've told of deaths, of joy and dark despair; I've told how vagrants are run in, how dudes oil up their hair; I've quoted Latin, French and Greek, had English I have known. I've treated of a loud guffaw and likewise of the groan. I've helped to klek when days were hot, as when they were too cold; I've run in lines from chestnut poems as when "the knights were bold"; I've told how in some lonely grave the clammy earth was flung, I've shown how some at ovo have wept, how some at ove have sung. How Richard Roe got thirty days for going on a drunk, how Paddy won a slugging match because he'd lots of spunk; how some one, smiling, took a gun and aimed it at a friend, and in a jesting, joking way, brought one life to an end. Of how the smiling servant lit the fire with kerosene, and swapped her apron for a robe where fires are never seen; of how some stumbling feet went down toward the burning barn, while others clambered up the road that leads toward the stars. I've told of human misery, of human grief, as well, of musty flasks of ancient wine, and buckets in the well; of gray-haired men and women old, of happy girls and boys, of groans and smiles, of prayers and thanks, of sorrows and of joys; and now my point is worn away, I'll scribble never more, but lie alone, a broken wreck upon the office floor; and those who've read of all I've told, in all the ranks of men, will give but little credit to this busted Fountain Pen.

In the Industrial Field.

The St. Louis carpenters are agitating the eight-hour question vigorously and are holding frequent mass-meetings for its discussion.

The longest electric railway in the United States will soon be put in operation in Topeka, Kas. The distance between the two termini is fourteen miles.

There are 2,800 all-night bakers in Philadelphia, not counting 1,400 men and women who are employed in twenty-two steam bakeries manufacturing cakes, crackers, and knick-knacks.

The eight-hour system of labor, which was adopted in Australia many years ago, has been found to operate so advantageously there that it is now upheld by both employers and wage-workers.

The employes of the New York elevated railroads have a very strong organization. Every member who is sick or out of work now receives $7 a week until he is able to accept a paying position. The plan has struck the employes of Philadelphia street-railway companies so favorably that they propose to adopt a similar one.

From all appearances Texas is a very good place for mechanics out of work to go to. Manufacturing interests in that State were never in a more promising condition than at present. Several large factories have lately been established in different Texan cities and an immense Boston woolen concern is about to move to Abilene.

The New York dry-goods clerks' recent appeal for a shortening of the day's work from fourteen to twelve hours is meeting with warm support from the labor organizations of that city. The press is also lending its aid, and altogether it looks as though something will be accomplished before long.

A PLEASANT PASTIME.

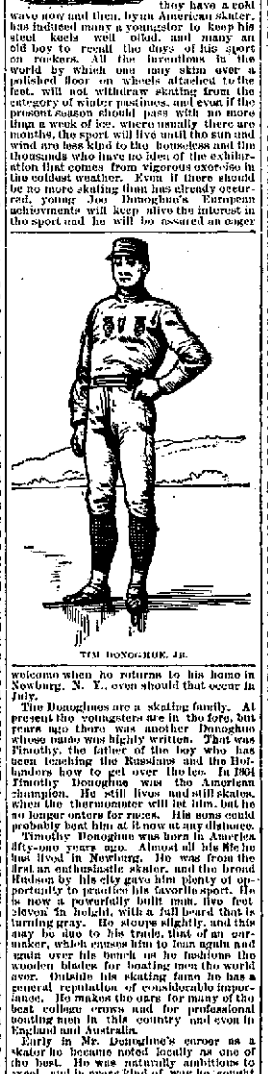
AN INTERESTING CHAPTER ON SKATING AND SKATERS.

The Exploits of a Young Yankee, Who Is Now Teaching the Russians and Hollanders the Art of Using Steel Heels—The Donoghue Stroke and the Skating High Jump.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



THIS has not been a good winter for skaters on American ice, but the skating are still on the market, and the extraordinary work done abroad, where they have a cold wave now and then, by an American skater, has induced many a youngster to keep his skates well oiled, and many an old boy to recall the days of his sport on rockers. All the inventions in the world by which one may skim over a polished floor on wheels attached to the feet will not withdraw skating from the category of winter pastimes, and even if the present season should pass with no more than a week of ice, where usually there are months, the sport will live until the sun and wind are less kind to the housekeeper and the thousands who have no idea of the exhilaration that comes from vigorous exercise in the coldest weather. Even if there should be no more skating than has already occurred, young Joe Donoghue's European achievements will keep alive the interest in the sport and he will be assured an eager welcome when he returns to his home in Newburg, N. Y., even should that occur in July.



THE DONOGHUE STROKE.

The Donoghues are a skating family. At present the youngsters are in the fore, but years ago there was another Donoghue whose name was highly written. That was Timothy, the father of the boy who has been teaching the Russians and the Hollanders how to get over the ice. In 1864 Timothy Donoghue was the American champion. He still lives and still skates, when the thermometer will let him, but he no longer enters for races. His sons could probably beat him at it now at any distance.

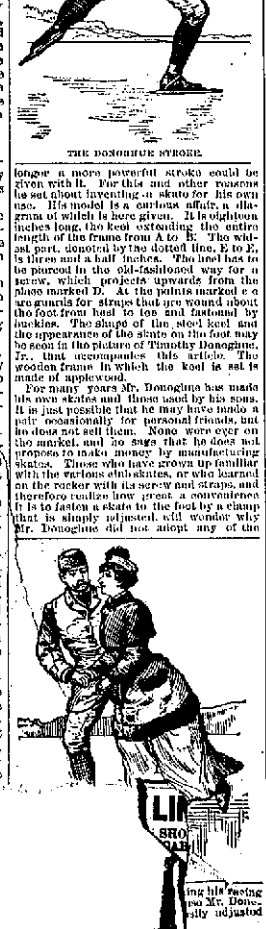
Timothy Donoghue was born in America fifty-one years ago. Almost all his life he has lived in Newburg. He was from the first an enthusiastic skater, and the broad Hudson by his city gave him plenty of opportunity to practice his favorite sport. He is now a powerfully built man, five feet eleven in height, with a full beard that is turning gray. He stoops slightly, and this may be due to his trade, that of an ornamenter, which causes him to lean again and again over his bench as he fashions the wooden blades for boating men the world over. Outside his skating fame he has a acquired reputation of considerable importance. He makes the oars for many of the best college crews and for professional boating men in this country and even in England and Australia.

Early in Mr. Donoghue's career as a skater he became noted locally as one of the best. He was naturally ambitious to excel, and in every kind of way he sought to perfect himself in the wintry exercise. It occurred to him that the rocker skate with a keel about equal in length to the length of the foot could be improved upon. He saw that such a skate necessitated keeping one foot after another in the air longer than was advisable for renewing the stroke. It seemed to him that if the skate keel were longer a more powerful stroke could be given with it. In this and other respects he set about inventing a skate for his own use. His model is a curious affair, a diagram of which is here given. It is eighteen inches long, the keel extending the entire length of the frame from A to B. The widest part, denoted by the dotted line, E to E, is three and a half inches. The keel has to be pierced in the old-fashioned way for a screw, which projects upwards from the place marked D. At the points marked c c are grooves for straps that are wound about the foot from heel to toe and fastened by buckles. The shape of the steel keel and the appearance of the skate on the foot may be seen in the picture of Timothy Donoghue, Jr., that accompanies this article. The wooden frame in which the keel is set is made of applewood.



TIM DONOGHUE JR.

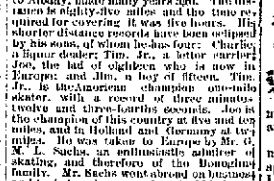
For many years Mr. Donoghue has made his own skates and those used by his sons. It is just possible that he may have made a few occasionally for personal friends, but he does not sell them. None were ever on the market, and he says that he does not propose to make money by manufacturing skates. Those who have grown up familiar with the various embellishments, or who learned on the rocker with its screw and straps, and therefore realize how great a convenience it is to fasten a skate to the foot by a clamp that is simply adjusted, will wonder why Mr. Donoghue did not adopt any of the



THE DONOGHUE STROKE.

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THE DONOGHUE SKATE.

improvements. When he goes on the ice he goes to skate, and he doesn't mind a bit of extra trouble to make his skates secure. He does not think that champions are to be dependent on racing. At all events he and his sons have won various kinds of championships on the father's skates, and they are well pleased with the model and its screw and straps.

Perhaps Mr. Donoghue's most famous feat as a skater was his trip from Newburg to Albany, made many years ago. The distance is eighty-five miles, and the time required for covering it was five hours. His shorter distance records have been eclipsed by his sons, of whom he has four: Charlie, a lumber dealer; Tim, Jr., a letter carrier; Joe, the lad of eighteen who is now in Europe; and Jim, a boy of fifteen. Tim, Jr., is the American champion one-mile skater, with a record of three minutes twelve and three-fourths seconds. Joe is the champion of this country at five and ten miles, and in Holland and Germany at two miles. He was taken to Europe by Mr. G. M. L. Sachs, an enthusiastic admirer of skating, and therefore of the Donoghue family. Mr. Sachs went abroad on business and took Joe along purely out of kindness. Neither of them has tried to make any money out of the boy's races, and he is still an amateur. He has met in Europe the best skaters of the continent, and he has won enough events to cause his friends to believe that he could win the world championship under good conditions. In his European races he has been handicapped by lack of practice. What with traveling a good deal of the time and meeting bad ice now and then with respect to weather, he has not been able to keep in prime condition. One of his races was run off immediately after he had left a train on which he had been riding for hours. What he has accomplished may be summed up in Mr. Donoghue's own words:

"As far as we have now heard, Joe's trip sums up as follows: He has won three races and lost three. He has beaten the champions of England, Holland, Sweden, and Germany, and has won all his races at the fastest of one mile. He has been beaten only at a half-mile and a mile, and by only one skater, the Russian champion. I think we have no reason to be ashamed of our boy, and I have only this to say: If Joe does not beat Von Panschin at a mile this winter, I will send him to Christiania, Norway, next October, for Von never loses until he gets all the practice he wants, and then send him to St. Petersburg, and have him try Mr. Von Panschin at home."

Von Panschin, the Russian, is a large powerful man of remarkable endurance. The first time he met Joe Donoghue they raced two miles. Joe's time was six minutes twenty-four seconds, twenty-one seconds better than the world's previous record. Von Panschin made the distance in six minutes thirty-one seconds. Afterward they met in a contest at one mile. Von Panschin made the fastest time on record, 2.57, and Joe Donoghue came in one-fifth of a second behind.

The writer had a chat with Donoghue, Sr., at his home in Newburg recently.

"A good skater," he said, "will always have the wind against him, for he goes faster than an ordinary breeze. Going before the wind a man can make 31 per cent. better time than on a calm day. When the wind is against a man it is desirable to present as little surface as possible. For this reason I have taught the boys to skate with their arms folded behind them. With our long skate we make long strokes. Von Panschin, in spite of his size, makes thirty strokes to Joe's twenty, while they are racing."



A SKATING HIGH JUMP.

"Do you practice or teach fancy skating?"

"Not a bit of it. I have never touched it, but have confined my attention to straight-away skating, which involves, of course, the ability to turn all kinds of curves quickly and securely. I doubt not there's much fun and sociability in fancy skating, with young lady partners cutting up fine figures on the ice, and in rougher sports, jumping over stumps. My skates, however, are not adapted for jumping or the more delicate figure drawing. They are made to race with, and I am content with that."

TERPSICHORE.

Getting the News Under Difficulties.

Ex-Senator and ex-Cabinet Minister William Windom has an idea that the importance of the American nation is not fully recognized by the middle and lower classes in foreign lands. He is led to this from an experience he had last summer when he landed in England. He sailed from this country on the third day of the Chicago convention, and during the eight days passage he was in such suspense to know what was the result of the convention as a man of his interest in public affairs can appreciate. Archibald Forbes, the English newspaper correspondent, was on the same boat, and the two dilsome tall guessing during the time they were out of sight of land. When they were once on British soil, Mr. Windom said:

"You are a newspaper man, Forbes, take your anger and go find out who was nominated."

The first man asked was a boatman at the docks. He had nearly forgotten the convention, but, getting the two national conventions mixed in his mind, he said:

"They elected the same man they did before."

A little questioning revealed the fact that the man knew no difference between a nomination and an election, so Mr. Windom did not know whether he referred to the St. Louis convention or meant the Chicago convention had nominated Blaine. Another man was hunted up and asked if he knew who had been nominated for President of the United States. The man asked what States he meant by "United States."

"The United States of America," said Mr. Forbes. "Do you know where America is?"

"I have heard of Canada," was the reply. "Is America the same as Canada?"

They left him, and Mr. Windom got his first information on the result of the convention from a scrap of a German newspaper, a week old, which he found at a hotel, and in which the only words he could read were two that are the same in German as in English—"Benjamin Harrison."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE new dance is likely to become popular. It is called "Chow-Chow." A portion of it consists of a waltz, in which four ladies can be hugged.

THERE are no rounds of drinks in the ladder of success.—*St. Paul Globe.*

AN HOUR WITH AMELIE RIVES.

BY HOLLY ROCK.



QUIETLESSLY the door swung on its highly polished brass hinges, and I found myself within an apartment filled with the perfumes of rare exotics, long and well cultivated, and draped profusely with finely spun lace. Draperies hung from everything draperable. I even found myself draped in a mist of wonderment and mirability.

A sudden and intense passion sprang up in the room, enveloping me with a species of suffocation. On looking up I beheld a fair young creature, with large, solemn eyes and wondrous luxuriant tresses coming toward me. I bowed graciously, and bended low over the perfect white head she extended to me.

"Miss Rives?" I murmured.

She assented, with a bend of her dainty head, and waved me to a seat.

I allowed my eyes to travel slowly from the tip of her tiny toe, which peeped from her dress-hem, to the top of the great shining mass of her hair, which was crowned with a white dahlia, unobtrusive but nestling there with all the confidence of having found its natural resting-place; or, better still, of having grown there. The ripple of hair which turned and mounted upward from one delicate ear had an individuality all its own, undulating and rising with conscious pride to join its fellows, and swell the beautiful knot which formed the coiffure.

The long, lean arms, rounded and perfect as an houri's, only half concealed by the lace sleeves which sought to envelop them, thrilled me with approbation and exquisite delight. The dimpled hands lay in a listless clasp, like twin rose leaves upon her lap.

With a great lump in my throat, I endeavored to address this beautiful creature. You will laugh at me, perhaps, but beauly, at all times, is new to me, at the present moment enthralled me and made me dumb.

At length the lovely lips parted, and a voice, the silvery sweetness of which is unsurpassed, breathed forth the commonplace:

"You wished to speak with me?"

"In truth, I did," was my response, in somewhat stilted fashion.

"Well?" A slow and entrancing smile dawning on the flower-like face.

"I love you," I gasped, with hurried and intense breathing, all at once losing my head, and plunged from my purpose by an overwhelming desire to be forever linked with this rare and perfect expression of humanity.

With a sudden, swift vehemence, born of surprise, she rose from her chair and threw down the answer to my avowal; like a fair angelic being from the paradise of the skies, she shone above me.

"You dream!"

No more. With a sharp cry of suppressed anguish, I started to my feet—there was a dull thud—and my slumbrous eyes struggled to hold the vision of loveliness, but Morpheus broke loose from my embrace and hid away, leaving my naked gaze to encounter my book, "The Quick or the Dead?" prostrate on the floor.

I rubbed my dazzled orbs vigorously, as the genii of old must have rubbed his magic lamp, seeking to call up the slave of my dream, but in vain. I only beheld my fire, from which all warmth had long since fled, burning dimly in its socket, the lamps spluttering and hissing wildly, and an icy atmosphere slowly but surely wrapping my apartment in uncomfortableness.

Wonderful Scent.

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, writing from Kingston, N. Y., in response to an inquiry as to the scent a dog will follow, when in trail of his master's buggy, whether that of the horses, or the wheels, relates this anecdote:

Some years ago a man by the name of Mallert was arrested in this city for shooting another man. Mallert was placed in a horse-car and conveyed to jail at a distance of two miles. The horse-car was closed except that the door in the rear end of the car was opened and shut on the way to let other passengers in and out. Mallert was placed in jail and the jail door locked. The next morning his bright dog was found lying against the jail door. I offered Mallert $100 for that dog, but he said no money could buy from him such a friend in distress. Mallert was afterward acquitted upon the theory that the killing was justifiable under the circumstances; but he was a long while in jail before his trial came off, and his beagle was his constant companion day and night. Now this beagle missed his master from home some time after his arrest, and the next morning found him in the jail at a distance of two miles, and the dog had no doubt that his master was there, because he lay by the jail door all, and this jail door was not the outer door of the Court House, but an inner door. Now what scent did this beagle follow? It must have been the scent of his master, although the feet of that master never touched the same floor for a distance of two miles; and he did not ride in an open buggy, but in a closed horse-car. The horse-car landed Mallert about 900 feet from the jail, and from that point to the jail Mallert walked over pavements upon the sidewalk, but before his dog came to find him, hundreds, and perhaps thousands of other people had walked over the same flag sidewalk, and yet his dog found him, and was so sure of it that he lay down by the jail door—an inner door in the Court House—to receive his master when he came out. It is no wonder that money could not buy such a faithful friend. But what scent did he follow?

Automatic Turnstile.

The principle of the automatic boxes, which form such prominent objects at our railway stations, has been applied to doors and turnstiles. A coin of the proper value must be dropped into a slot before the door can be opened, and thus the services of a money-taker are dispensed with. Such doors are applicable to the entrances of exhibitions and places of amusement.

These special uses, however, is for lavatories and the like. For such cases it is necessary to insure that the doors shall always be closed after a person has passed out through them, and that they cannot be again opened except by the proper coin. To this end folding doors, meeting at the middle are employed. To the inside of each door, and at right angles to it, there is fixed a gate.

When the doors are upon the two gates close the passage, and when the gates are open the doors are closed. A person wishing to enter an unoccupied apartment finds the doors open and the gates closed. He drops his penny into the slot and then pushes open the gates, the door closing behind him. When he emerges he opens the doors, and at the same time the gates close behind him. Thus the entrance is always barred.—*American Cultivator.*

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

The Church Social.
Neck or Nothin Hall,
Hickenny Corners.

MR. EDITUR:
As I was a tellin you in my last we was a goin to hav achurch soshal, an we did at the appinted time.

William Henery he of and at, tilt most that had bust his self, but he didnt, an every thing passed off real splindid.

I believe I tole you that each one of us thet was onto a commity had to talk fur five minits to everyone thet their names was onto the keerds we hed.

Well, my keerd hed the young doctor man, an the preacher, an Mis Giles, Peter Roper, Smantha Crathers, ole Zeke Jackson, an Mis Perkins, from over on Spider Crick, and a hull lot more.

I hed to talk to every one of em fur five minnits, an not enny longer, fur when the bell rung we hed to giv rite up an make off fur the next one.

Rite there is where the trubble begun—a havin to giv up an leave rite in the middle of a conversin.

I hed to leave the young doctor man rite in the middle of an awful interestin diogenese of a case of sickness over to Spider Crick. It se kindy flambergasted me a havin to leave so unsaymunously that when I got over to where the preacher set I jest kindy goshed out: "Do you beleave into the immision?" when I wint to say "immersion."

Thet was jist the way it went, everybuddy a makin mistakes.

We hed lots o fun, tho, an William Henery he didnt git into not a single scrummage. I spose twos causes twos into the church house. Mis Perkins, to be sure, she wus a goin to send fur me to cum over sum day afore long.

I spose Mary Hauser, thet is the oldest gal, is a goin to git married.

Oh, yes, the Cronkses an Parsonses air a sittin over there furs sum.

You see Tom Tilbert he stept in an claimed all the turkeys es his'n (the Tilbertses aint in our set), and so the others turned again him, sole the foals, an divided the money, so I reckon tho'l be quite frenly again.

I forgot to tell you thet the schoolmarm hed to talk to the widder fur five minnits, to the soshal. I tel you they didn't do much talkin, an ef Jerry an Simeon hedn't bin ther I guess tho'd a hed sum words.

Everybuddy hed a good time I guess, enyways I was awful tired when we got home, an by the time I hed wound the clock, spunged my bred, kivered up the fire, an locked the house, William Henery, he wus to bed, a snorin like sixty.

I got into bed an scrouged up again the wall, but he snored so awful it made the bedstid shake, an I jist couldn't go to sleep. So I jist gouged my elbow into his ribs an he turned over onto his side, and then I got sum sleep.

We air a goin to hev a quiltin an woodchoppin nex week. I didn't want it, but hed to give in. William Henery he hez butchered a hog an the ole Rineback cow, an I'm a goin to kil sum ole roosters, so I guess we'll hev feed enough; but I do dred a gittin seddy fur it. The schoolmarm has got her libnny suiety to runnin. We air a goin ex quick ex my corns git so's I kin walk. I'm a doctorin 'em now, but they air awful sore yit. Well, I mus quit an pare my corns an chop up the mincemeat fur the piso fur the quiltin an choppin. Yourn,

HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Model Woman.

Mr. Jones came home at an unseemly hour the other night and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below stairs with no other light than that of the electric tower on the corner to keep her company.

"M-m-maria," he said huskily, "y-you shouldn't sit up s'late when I'm out o n business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him he continued in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m' dear, but it's la-it time—tell you I'm shorry—won't shpeak to me?"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above:

"Mr. Jones, who are you talking to at this hour of the night?"

"Wish what I like to know m-myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened down stairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the situation she laughed in spite of being angry.

"It's the model," she said, "the model I bought to-day to fit my dresses on."

"Yes, thash so," said Jones, tipsily, "model woman—didn't talk back—make some fellow good wife."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Acme of Hospitality.

First traveler—Yes, the people of the South are hospitable and large-hearted, but in my visits to Ireland I have been treated to a refinement of hospitality which, Kentuckian, as I am, I acknowledge rather beats us.

Second traveler—In what respect

First traveler—The bottles are round on the bottom and won't stand alone. When you open them you've got to drink every drop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Much Sweetness.

Prof. Gustav Gehring states that 5,038,000,000 pounds of cane sugar and 5,688,000,000 pounds of beet sugar are produced annually. All plants contain sugar, but only four others—the sugar palm of the Indies, the maple tree, the sorghum and the sugar corn—are at all used industriously for its extraction; and from those four the total quantity of sugar obtained is comparatively insignificant.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Tucker Had to Explain.

"When does the next train go to Readville?" said a stout woman at the Park Square station the other afternoon.

"At four-two," replied Ticket Agent Tucker, in his blandest manner. The stout woman grew red. "Four to *what*, you fool?" she roared. And poor Mr. Tucker had to explain the railway system of marking time as best he could.—*Boston Beacon.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

Suitings,

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Work - All - Guaranteed!

NO. 16 WEST BERRY STREET

Six Doors West of Calhoun.

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TAILOR. 19-1mo.

FOR RENT.

OVERSEERS WANTED EVERYWHERE at home or to travel. We wish to employ a reliable person in your county to tack up advertisements and show cards of Electric Goods. Advertisements to be tacked up everywhere, on trees, fences and turnpikes, in conspicuous places, in town and country in all parts of the United States and Canada. Steady employment; wages $2.50 per day; expenses advanced; no talking required. Local work for all or part of the time. Address with stamp, EMORY & CO., Managers, 241 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. No attention paid to postal cards. 16-1yr

FOR SALE OR RENT.—A planing mill fully equipped with tools and machinery for doing a large business. Engine and boiler nearly new. Located on seven lots adjoining the Wabash and the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroads, near depot. Lumber on hand. Can be bought at a bargain. Apply to B. C. Taylor, on the premises, or to A. H. Carrier, Foster Block, City. 19-eodtf

FOR RENT.—One half of store room at 56 East Main street. Call at store. 14-3t

FOR RENT.—Store room No. 41 East Main street, Miner block. By W. K. & G. E. Miner, Room 5, Aveline House Block. 27-tf

FOUND.

FOUND.—Watch and chain. Owner can have same by calling at this office, proving property and paying for this advertisement. 10-tf

FOUND.—A large flat key. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this advertisement. 12-tf

WANTED.

WANTED.—A girl to do housework in a small family, at 202 West Wayne street. 13-tf

WANTED—People in want of any kind of help or employment to call at the Employment Agency, 152 Calhoun street. 6-tf

FOR SALE.—At 70 Harrison street, the Phaeton wagon, buggies, sleighs, harness, double and single bells, blant, saddle and bridle. Mrs. Dr. T. S. Virgil. 14-3t

Herman Helmke,

DEALEL IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers.

The public is cordially invited to call and examine my stock. Prices low and satisfaction guaranteed. No. 47 West Main Street, 19-1mo.

J. C. PELTIER,

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Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16. 1889.

THE West Virginia democratic legislators has decided to stand by Kenna.

THE Princeton college faculty has renewed its invitation to Gen. Harrison to spend Sunday at the college on his way to the inauguration.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance worker, is having a large attendance at his meetings in Anderson. He will make that place his headquarters for some time to come.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT MARTIN, of the eleventh district, and E. C. Vaughan, the retiring prosecuting attorney of Wells county, have formed a law partnership at Bluffton.

IT is now stated that Col. Fred Grant desires to be appointed minister to China, and his friends are combining to influence General Harrison to gratify his yearing in that direction.

MR. W. E. ASHCRAFT, editor of the South Whitley *News*, has purchased the Decatur *Journal*, and will take charge of it next week. H. W. Kirby, the retiring editor, will teach school.

M. LABOUCHERE says that Queen Victoria saves $5,500,000 annually from the civil list alone. Half of that would save a good many poor families in Ireland from being turned out of their huts of shelter with nowhere to go.

EX-COUNTY TREASURER W. L. PORTER, of Vermillion county, and late chairman of the republican county committee, has been discovered short in his accounts with the county about $12,000. The discovery has caused quite a sensation in Vermillion county.

E. B. BALL, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the pension building at Washington, where he sells fruits and cigars to the clerks. He is nearly eighty years of age, and bears a striking resemblance to the Father of his Country.

A JOINT meeting of the union and confederate veterans of the battle of Chickamauga was held at Washington, Thursday, to devise a plan for marking and preserving the battle-field, and marking the positions of all the forces that participated in the fight. The plan adopted was patterned in general after that of the Gettysburg association.

THE Kokomo "Kids" the crack Pythian division which has been suspended by the supreme chancellor for its failure to obey orders, is not cast down, and the commander reiterates the charge that the division was not fairly treated, and that no apology will be made to the judges in consequence. The division will appeal to the supreme lodge, and the commander claims that at the proper time, evidence will be forthcoming showing that the division was robbed of first honors at the Cincinnati contest.

THE monthly reports of the state treasurer, certified by the auditor of state, by section 5,640, revised statutes, must include "a statement of the exact amount of money in the state treasury at the close of business on the last business day of each and every month, specifying the amount belonging to each particular fund." The question is raised as to whether the reports, as published, comply with this provision. The last report gives a balance in the treasury of $299,368.09, but there is no specification as to what funds this money is in. The receipts and disbursements alone are given by funds. As the *Daily News* remarks, "we want a competent treasurer," this time at the state helm.

A GREAT CALAMITY.

The destruction of the manufactory of Louis Fox & Bro. and the partial destruction of the wholesale grocery house of Skelton, Watt & Wilt is one of the sorest and severest losses ever recorded in the city.

It is a calamity to some of the best and most enterprising young business men in the community and THE SENTINEL feels that it is speaking the sentiment of the people whom it offers them full public sympathy.

They are all comparatively young men and the fact of their immediate resumption indicates that they intend to retrieve their fortunes and the position they proudly held in the commercial and mercantile world.

Their loss and the fearful fire of last night serves as a warning. As the local columns detail, the city is shamefully deficient in its facilities for fire protection.

If it is not the inability to supply sufficient water it is something else, and last night it was something else.

The firemen have no ladders to reach the four-story buildings that grace the business heart of the city, and, of course, a fire at that height can have full sway.

The management of the department, too, must be strengthened. Last night the streams from the mains could scarcely reach the third story of any building and this deplorable neglect continued for over two hours before the firemen placed the two engines at their disposal to the assistance of the force from the mains.

These facts warrant prompt investigation and Mayor Muhler can not afford to loose any time in calling the council together to supply the wants of the city. A moment is too long, and the fact that we state the case mildly, should not defer action.

SCHOOL BOOK TRUST

Considered in the House—The Senate Agrees to Give $75,000 to Purdue University—The Natural Gas Bill.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 16.—After considerable delay, the house yesterday made a move, feeble in comparison with the spirited interest evinced in political legislation, toward smashing the condemned school book trust. Several bills, proposing various systems for reducing the cost of text-books, have been introduced, but the one given preference by the majority of the committee on education is the measure for which Mr. Pleasants assumes responsibility. The minority of the committee, the republican members, have presented a report recommending the passage of a bill providing for free text books.

The Pleasants bill requires the state board of education to "compile or cause to be compiled," a series of text books, embracing the branches of study that are now pursued in the common schools of the state. The board is given authority to fix the remuneration of the persons employed to compile the books. The work on the books relating to at least two subjects shall be completed within a year from the time the bill becomes a law and the text books on at least two additional subjects shall be completed each year thereafter. The board is to have power, in all cases, to designate what cuts and maps shall be used. The mechanical execution shall be equal to that of the books now in use. The copyrights shall be secured by the board. The printing of the books shall be done under the supervision of the commissioners of public printing and binding, who shall advertise for proposals and let the contract for a period of ten years to the lowest responsible bidder. The contractor must furnish a bond for $50,000 for the satisfactory execution of the work. When the new books have been compiled the state board of education shall issue an order requiring their uniform use in the schools, but the order shall not take effect until the expiration of a year. In defining the method of distribution of the books the bill requires that the school trustees shall certify to the county superintendents the number of copies required and the county superintendent shall then make a requisition for them upon the superintendent of public instructions, at the same time filing with the county auditor a duplicate of the requisition, upon which the latter shall issue a warrant upon the county treasurer, in favor of the county superintendent, for the amount, payable out of a revolving fund to be created by the county commissioners. The state superintendent shall make monthly reports to the state auditor of the number of books sold by him and pay into the state treasury the money received. The bill provides for the apporopriation of $20,000 to be used in defraying the expenses of compiling the books, and $50,000 for a revolving fund. The books are to be furnished to school children at cost. In a brief speech Mr. Pleasants explained the bill and answered some of the objections to it.

In the afternoon this bill and all others on the same subject were referred to a special committee of seven with instructions to report next Tuesday afternoon.

Natural Gas Discussion.

Senator Boyd's natural gas bill drew forth much of the fluid which the bill proposes to deal with. The bill was reported upon favorably by the committee, together with an amendment which makes it unlawful to pipe gas out of the state. The original bill makes it unlawful to abandon gas wells without first plugging them; one section makes it unlawful to consume more gas than is contracted for; another section defines the methods by which lands may be obtained and used by gas companies. Other features have heretofore been referred to. The committee's amendment encountered opposition from Mr. Shockney, of Randolph county. Union City is on the line between Indiana and Ohio, and the Ohio end of the town depends on Indiana for a contemplated gas supply. Mr. Stockney, therefore, moved that the amendment reported be rejected. Mr. Boyd, in speaking to the question, said that if it were permitted companies to pipe gas outside the state it would not be long until Indiana's gas supply would be exhausted and the state would have as reminders of its late wealth only holes in the ground, filled with salt water. Senator Harness was of the same opinion. Mr. Shockney, in supporting his position, said that it would be absurd to take a stand over the Indiana gas holes and say that nobody but Indianians should enjoy the benefit of the product. It reminded him of the opposition to railroads down in Jackson county, where it was maintained that railroads should not be permitted to pass through because the trains would scare the cows and turn the milk sour. After discussion, Mr. Shockney's motion to strike out the amendment was defeated. An effort to postpone further consideration until next Tuesday morning was made and an earnest debate resulted. The bill, together with a bill relating to the protection of land against gas companies, was eventually made the special order for Tuesday, at 10 a. m.

Appropriation for Purdue University

Senator Dresser's bill to appropriate $75,000 for the use of Purdue university passed the senate yesterday. Thirty thousand dollars of this amount is for the current expenses of 1890, $15,000 is for a new dairy house, an implement house, addition to the experiment station, a veterinary department and improvements on the farm; $15,000 is for additions to the shops and chemical labratory and $15,000 for building and equipping the school electrical engineers.

Five Bills Become Laws.

Five legislative bills yesterday became laws by receiving the governor's signature. The most important was that appropriating $187,000 for the school for feeble minded at Fort Wayne. Another made Madison county a separate judicial district. A spirited three-cornered fight for the judgeship of the new district is already begun, and representatives of all factions are making the governor's life a burden. Other bills are legalizing acts.

The Election of Prison Trustees.

Senator Francis, from the prison committee, submitted a report designed to correct the law in relating to the appointment of prison trustees. Three are to be chosen at this session. The report recommends that of the three elected, lots shall be drawn for the two years' term, two to serve two years and one for four.

The School Fund Interest.

Senator DeMotte's bill, changing the rate of interest on school funds and other public moneys loaned from 8 per cent to 6, was reported back favorably by the committee on education. Several amendments were presented, but the noon intermission interfered with final action.

Bigham's Bill Forced Through.

Late this afternoon the house door was locked and Bigham's police bill was rushed through. Representative Cranor, in insisting on a hearing, was forced to take his seat by the speaker.

BABIES IN ARABIA.

Life has exceptional difficulties for the babies of Eastern nations, especially those who are of sufficiently high rank to be brought up according to all the ancient customs of their race. A royal baby's first toilet, in Arabia, consists in winding a bandage about its body, after it has been bathed and perfumed. The little creature is then placed on its back, its arms and feet are straightened and the entire body swathed to the shoulders. In this position it remains motionless for forty days, but the bandages are removed twice a day that the child may have a bath. The Arabs believe that this process will make the body straight for life. Under such circumstances it seems fortunate that babyhood is not a period which can be remembered in after years, for nobody would choose to suffer such days of misery again, even in recollection. If the child be a girl, on the seventh day after her birth holes, usually six in number, are pricked in her ears, and when she is two months old heavy gold rings are attached to them, to be worn throughout her lifetime, except during periods of mourning relatives.

On the fortieth day the baby's head is shaved—a ceremony which could scarcely be performed in our own country, where thick hair is usually of a later growth. The operation is considered a very important one, and thirty or forty persons are witnesses of it, for the performance of certain rites. The disposal of the hair is regarded as a very weighty matter; it must not be burned nor carelessly thrown away, but buried, thrown into the sea, or hidden in some crevice of a wall. This fortieth day marks a turning point in the child's life. Heretofore it has only been seen by its parents, the slaves on duty, and a few intimate friends of the family; now, however, it may be seen by anybody, and it is regarded as fairly launched on the tide of existence. Several charms are attached to its body for protection against the "evil eye," boys wearing them to a certain age, and girls still longer. The favorite charm consists of a gold and silver locket worn on a chain.—*Memoirs of an Arabian Princess.*

HISTORY OF A POEM.

Will S. Visscher, who was George D. Prentice's amanuensis on the Louisville *Journal* for some time, says he wrote The Closing Year, one of his greatest poems, under the following circumstance: It was New Year's Eve, and the carriers of the *Journal* had no address for the patrons of the paper, a departure from a long-established custom. In those days The Carrier's New Year's Address was a matter of serious financial importance to the boys who delivered the *Journal* to the city subscribers. It was handsomely printed, usually, and every subscriber gave to the carrier a remembrance in the shape of coin. The poet who had engaged to furnish the annual address had failed and the boys were in distress. Mr. Prentice, one of the kindest of men, appreciated the situation, and said suddenly to his amanuensis—"Write—I will dictate the New Year's Address," which he did, and thus The Closing Year was produced. Some one present, and in authority, recognizing the strange beauty of the poem, caused it to be printed on satin—something immense in those days—and all Louisville was charmed with it next morning.—*Texas Siftings.*

EXPERIMENTAL ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Young Man (confidentially)—I want to see some of your solitaire rings.

Jeweler—Engagement ring, I presume.

Young Man—Y-yes, sir.

Jeweler—Here's just the thing you want. Alaska stone, rolled plate and warranted for a year.

Young Man—But I want a real stone.

Jeweler—Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of our plated rings along with each real [illegible] exact duplicates. [illegible] a success it is very [illegible] the real for the imi[illegible] *Express.*

ADVANTAGES OF BEING PLAIN.

A French newspaper lately introduced a novelty, by asking its women readers to write on the advantages of being plain, and the disadvantages of beauty. The discussion which resulted has brought out the deliberate expression of the opinion, on the part of a celebrated man of letters, that it is better for any one to be "homely" than to be handsome.

His reasoning is that one who is without good looks, seeks to make up for the lack of them with all the world by amiability, gentleness, and politeness, and so is liked by all, while handsome persons are apt to be vain of their looks, and, confident that they make them quite independent of ordinary politeness, attract dislike by "giving themselves airs."

As to women, the same writer is sure that the plain one generally has, except beauty, everything on her side—modesty, simplicity, and confidence. He relates an anecdote of Lord Russell and his son, the Viscount Amberley, which is to the point. At a royal *fete*, Lord Russell called his son to a window-seat, and said to him:

"My son, you are 30 years old, and should think of settling in life."

"Have you chosen a wife for me?" asked Amberley.

"No; you have only to choose for yourself. Look! Do you desire wealth with your bride? There is Miss Clanricarde, whose father has come back from India as rich as a nabob."

"With £20,000 from my estate of Amberley," said the young man, "I have no need to look out for a fortune."

"Well, then, do you look for high birth? There is young Lady Florence, the descendant of Rotherand, one of the companions of William the Conqueror."

"When one is the son of a Russell," said the Viscount, "there is certainly no necessity of looking out for a noble birth in a wife."

"Then if it is beauty that you seek, here is the lovely Miss Broughthampton. Her beauty alone has won her the most noted of suitors."

"My lord, I do not look for beauty any more than I do fortune. Since I am to marry, I desire only happiness."

"Oh, that is quite a different case! If it is happiness you seek, marry a plain woman, by all means."

ORIGIN OF SOME PROVERBS.

A couple of rogues engaged in distilling illicit Mountain Dew whisky quarrelled and fought one day, and falling out of a window both were killed. Then their stock fell into the hands of a couple of newspaper men who happened along. "When rogues fall out honest men get their Dew."

It was when ladies wore their hats on the backs of their heads that "Pride went before a fall"-bonnet.

Mr. Toodles often forbade his wife going to auctions, but 'twasn't any use; she would go. Then he would get drunk, and raise his voice and rave, but she went all the same, because "Auctions speak louder than words."

"No use crying over spilt milk," remarked the original man, "particularly when you had not yet put in the rum, sugar, and other ingredients for a milk punch."

He was a baker's man and he had a sweetheart named Cake—Patty Cake, and one evening when he was holding on his knee he said. "Patty, you are so sweet I would like to eat you." And Patty replied, roguishly, "You can't eat your Cake and hold it too."

It was the man who wet it too often, who "paid too dear for his whistle."—*Texas Siftings.*

Catarrh originated in scrofulous taint. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus permanently cures catarrh.

CARROLL MATTINGLY, a Louisville boy of 12, is probably the youngest publisher in the world. He recently published a neat and creditable holiday book.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe ree of charge. O18deod4m-weow15t

HARLOW CURTISS of Harwinton, Conn., is in his 89th year. He has carried on his farm himself last season, raising forty bushels of potatoes and cutting five acres of grass by hand. He recently shot a running fox at off-hand aim. In Bristol, Conn., a few weeks ago, he entered a rifle range and secured 91 points out of 100. He made three consecutive bull's-eyes. He can read a newspaper without glasses.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, know what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

ANY ONE CAN DYE DIAMOND DYES

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. — *Any Color* FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.



A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthing qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound." HONORIUS STEARNS, Felchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

HOPTONIC CONTAINS Hops, Malt and Peptonized Beef.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

New Advertisements.

VIRGINIA FARMS and MILLS SOLD and exchanged. Free Catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

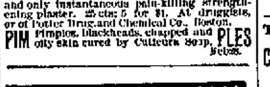
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ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion! Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. **EPPS'S** GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. **COCOA** MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



WEAK KIDNEYS BACKACHE

Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Sides, Back and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and Muscular Pains, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cts; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. PIMPLES, blackheads, chapped and oily skin cured by Cuticura Soap. PIMPLES

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KNOW THYSELF. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood,

EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful binding, embossed, full gilt. Price, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for books or letters for advice should be directed as above.

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If you would like to own an elegant SEAL SKIN SACQUE, JACKET or NEW MARKET, but are not prepared to pay for it promptly, it will be to your interest to communicate with us without delay. We are the largest American Importers and Manufacturers of Alaska Seal Skins, and the backward winter has left us with an enormous stock which we must reduce. Send your address for our new plan of purchase circular, which will explain how you can secure a Seal Skin and hardly know when and how you pay for it.

A. E. BURKHARDT & CO., CINCINNATI. *GOLD MEDALS for SEAL SKINS & FURS at Cincinnati Centennial.* Feb 8mon&thur1mo

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MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Only Genuine System of Memory Training. Four Books Learned in one reading. Mind wandering cured. Every child and adult greatly benefitted. [illegible] to Correspondence Classes.

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I still occupy the same room I was in 14 years ago.

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No. - 74 - Calhoun - Street, Opposite the Aveline House, over Mordhurst's Drug Store. FORT WAYNE - - - - INDIANA.

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A. FOSTER Merchant Tailor No. 15 W. Wayne St. Fall and Winter '88-9!

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings, very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

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C. W. BRUNS & CO., PLUMBERS, Steam - Gas - Fitters, [illegible] ame—The [illegible]

DREXEL'S COLOGNE
Sweet as Roses!! Fragrant! Lasting!
The Leading PERFUME. Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR *Cures Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Bilious Affections, Giddiness. At druggists. 25c.*

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL
Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.
Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.

CHEW *LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.*

LONG LIFE.

There is nothing in the world more generally desired than long life, yet the majority of people put off caring for their health—not because they are really careless, but because we live our lives at such a pace we have not time to give the subject sufficient thought until we receive a reminder in the shape of a severe illness.

Then, too, we are constantly bewildered by the various schools of medicine, and the physicians who represent them, and often blunder in our choice of a doctor.

If people only knew that the very best health-keeper, life-preserver and disease preventer that has yet been discovered, is simmered down into a concentrated and very palatable form in the shape of New Style Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, they would not hesitate a moment to try it.

But they do not know. How can they know, when so many not only worthless, but positively injurious drugs are constantly flooding the market under various names and guises, that the New Style Vinegar Bitters is as bad as any of them?

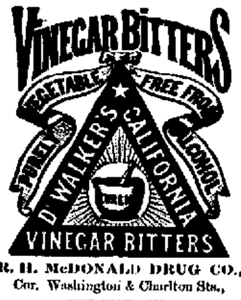
They do not know, of course, unless they have the courage to try the New Style. It straightens out a tangled-up system in a very short while, and those who buy it once buy it always.

Why don't you try it, reader? It is sent out by a responsible house, and is exactly as represented. It costs but a dollar for a very large bottle. Try it once and you will never be so glad of anything in your life. Your druggist may not have it, but he will order it for you. Be sure it says New Style Pleasant Taste on carton and bottle before you take it. Try it, and you will feel happier than if you had found a gold mine, for it really is a mine—of health.

Free from alcohol and opium; composed of expensive herbs and roots, with a fine, delicate flavoring.

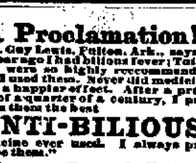
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R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
Cor. Washington & Charlton Sts.,
NEW YORK CITY.

DIETER'S CROWN



BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 30c.; ½ lb., 20c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

A Proclamation!
Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:—"A year ago I had bilious fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a practice of a quarter of a century, I proclaim them the best
ANTI-BILIOUS
medicine ever used. I always prescribe them."
Tutt's Pills
Cure All Bilious Diseases.

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TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
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MUSTANG LIN[IMENT]
[CUR]ES HOLLOWHORN [.. .] & HOOF DISEAS[ES]

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

IN THE WOODS.

A Boy Who Didn't Bother About Bears While the Fire Burned.

After the echoes made by walking had subsided, the stillness was oppressive. The bright moon cast strange shadows which fancy wove into such forms of life that the situation was uncomfortable, and to retreat to the shanty might bring host of wolves, bears, or other beasts directly upon me. A sensation of fear was mingled with one of cold, and camping in the wilderness where bears are plenty did not have the roseate hue at midnight that it had borne in the morning. If only one owl had hooted there would have been a relief to that dreadful silence, for I was familiar with that bird and its cries and hootings. Should I fire the pistol to scare the monsters which surrounded me, or should I call for John? A knowledge that I would have to explain matters, and a dim consciousness that when John told the story of the adventure to our schoolmates I might be the butt of ridicule, prevented either course being taken. After long consideration, and with a heart trying to burst its ribbed inclosure, and with pistol at full cock, I carelessly stepped a few steps in the direction of the shanty, which lay full in the moonlight forty rods away. The assumed carelessness must have deceived the monsters, for when I faced about and presented the pistol in their direction with the intention of killing the foremost, and then rushing for the shanty, not one had stirred. Several repetitions of these tactics brought him to the fire when John asked:

"Where have you been?"

"Me? Oh, just out to see what a beautiful night it is and to see if any game is about."

He yawned and said: "Put on more wood and turn in, there is no game here that stirs at night except rabbits and skunks, and the snow makes so much noise that they'd hear you a mile off. I heard you go out and then you stopped a long time; what were you doing?" "Watching for game," said I, and after firing up, turned in to count the stars across the Hudson, for the bright moon had extinguished them at the meridian. What if a bear should come in the shanty? The flint of the pistol was let down, but the weapon was at hand. John was unimaginative, unpoetical, a plain matter-of-fact fellow, and rabbits and skunks were all that he had seen when he was here before. How did he know there were no deer, wolves, and bears about us?—*Forest and Stream*

DREAMED HE WAS A HORSE.

Valdosta (Ga.,) *Times:* There are dreams and dreams. Dreams which are as vague as thin air, and dreams which make and leave an impression on the mind which days cannot eradicate; dreams which make us laugh and dreams which make us cry; dreams which are foolish and simple; dreams which are profound and mysterious; but it was left for good old Parson Squills, of Florida, to dream that he was a horse—one of your masculine, noisy, neighing, kicking kind.

The good old parson had many appointments far and wide apart, and some days he rode as much as fourteen hours to reach the more remote ones from his home. One night about dark he rode up to a good brother's house to spend the night. The brother had been killing hogs, and at supper the table was laden with spare-ribs, sausage, hog's headcheese, etc. The parson had missed his dinner and had a keen appetite, and he could not resist the tempting, steaming bites of choice meats before him, and, unmindful of dyspepsia or what not, he ate heartily.

At a reasonable hour he was shown to his room, and he retired for the night. The good farmer brother was also wearied from his day's labor, and he also retired early.

About midnight the farmer was aroused from a peaceful slumber by a considerable noise somewhere about the premises. He lifted his head from the pillow, and he plainly heard a horse neighing and kicking violently against the stable door, and, assuming at once that the visitor's horse had gotten out of the stable and was creating a riot among his own stock, he bounced out of bed, hurriedly dressed, and stepped out of his bedroom door into the hall. Then his attention was drawn to the parson's room across the hall, where he heard the horse squealing, and neighing, and kicking—bam—bam—bam!—and, puzzled beyond measure, he forced into the room, and as the door opened he saw the outlines of the good man standing erect in the middle of the floor, and he heard him panting for breath, which was followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief. "Strike—a match—my good brother," said the parson between breaths, and then he ejaculated, "pshwhew! good sakes alive; I must be a fool!" The brother struck a light and he found the bedstead scattered and broken up. The footbar was shattered and the mass of bedstead and bedding had come down upon the floor in a heap. "Pshwhew!" ejaculated the parson again, "I must be a fool—I dreamed I was a horse, and I thought I was kicking at the barn door. Fetch the light this way, brother, I don't believe there is any skin left on my heels!"

The bedstead was past further service, and the brother had to spread the parson's bed on the floor."

THE Pawnee Indians have become so civilized that most of the bucks wear paper collars, the squaws wear red stockings, and all are catching on to popular songs and slang words.—Been out i[...] were under bond, [...] Kansas, eh? [...]

NEW ENGLAND "NEARNESS."

Shakspeare makes Hamlet say:

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage table."

But a good New England woman did a "thriftier" thing than that. Her mother had a long sickness and finally died of inflammatory rheumatism, leaving several half-used bottles of medicine, which became a source of great concern to the daughter, for "it ought not to be wasted," she said. She offered to sell it at a discount to a neighbor, but finding it left on her hands, she took it all herself for sore throat, colds, gastric trouble, and whatever ailment she happened to have.

The same woman once told two visitors whom she had invited to tea that she had been in a good deal of trouble that day to calculate upon just how many biscuits to make for the meal. She always knew about her own family; she "allowed one apiece, and an extra one in case of being extra hungry"; but where two new persons were concerned, whose appetites and habits were an unknown quantity, she was in such a state of mind that she was "fairly upsot"; and at the table she watched with keen eyes to see what was to be the fate of the one "extra" biscuit which was all she could bring herself to provide beyond the regular "extra" of the family.

A certain New England family will never forget their inward amusement at the remark of a "near" woman (as penuriousness and close calculation are phrased), who had come to see them in the beginning of her annual round of visiting to "save her board"; she remarked at the dinner-table that the "food tasted good," for she had been keeping herself "short," in expectation of shutting up her house!

She had been brought up in such a small, narrow way that she "could tell to a pin" every article she had with her. When a little girl she had been sent from home to school, and boarded with her Aunt Esther, having for room-mate a girl named Hannah. At the close of the ten-weeks' term, when getting her things together, she went to her relative, with these words:

"Aunt Esther, I wouldn't do such a thing as to say that Hannah would steal, but when I came here I had seven needles and four rows of pins. Now, Aunt Esther, five pins are gone, and there is one of the needles which I can't find. Hannah *must* have taken them!"

Once, when she was going away for two or three days, she offered a neighbor the morning's tea-grounds to steep over, and, to save it, a pumpkin pie which she was afraid wouldn't keep till she got home. But she returned sooner than she expected, and went over and said if the pie had not been eaten she would take it back.—*Jane Gregory, in Wide Awake.*

SHE SWALLOWED THE CAR FARE.

If there is any one thing that makes the horse-car conductors mad it is the custom of some folks of using their mouths as purses for the car fares. It is a great nuisance in summer during travel on the open cars, where the conductor has a full complement of passengers. A Lewiston conductor says that children are the worst. Some of them disgorge a handful of change, and he has to accept it. One day a very pretty young lady, who was a guest in Auburn from a Massachusetts town, was coming down from the lake. She was one of a gay party of half a dozen, and they made merry on the down trip. When he was one seat from her on his tour of the car he looked over at her. She was so pretty he couldn't help it. Just as he looked he was pained to notice a fearful change in her countenance. Her cheek blanched and she seemed to choke. Her laugh died on her lips, too, and she joked no more. When he got along to the party the young lady's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I—I had some money--" The conductor, with infinite tact, says that he just passed it along, saying: "I know all about it. You've swallowed it. I see you do it." The young lady blushed, and the car rattled along. A child with five coppers in its mouth is a fearful picture for the conductor, but what do you think of one with twenty-four cents in its cheek? Better buy the youngsters ten-cent purses.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

SENSIBLE LOVERS.

"Make many presents, Dolby?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I've got a best girl."

"Ah! diamond earrings, I suppose?"

"No, sir; she's a sensible one. We just made the old lady a present of a clock that loses two hours every night, and a muzzle for the dog. I feel perfectly easy when I stay there late now."

"But her father?"

"Oh! he's got the rheumatism. Who's afraid of her father? In both legs, too!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Rheumatism

Is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, and causes the pains and aches in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

DR. CHARCOT, of Paris, an authority on nervous diseases, is soon to be summoned to St. Petersburg to see the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who are both in bad health.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Wende, Pres. of the N. Y. Electrical Society, (U. S. Pat. 357,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, [...] N. Y. Write to them [...]

THE THROAT TELEPHONE.

The Lowth stettio-telephone hails from Chicago, and is a combined transmitter and receiver. A hollow extension about four inches long is attached to the receiver, from the end of which a small button protruded slightly. This button is placed against the throat near the vocal cords, and the receiver is held against the ear in the usual manner. When the operator speaks the vibrations of the throat are transmitted, with, it is said, distinct clearness. The machine is operated by the muscular vibrations that accompany the utterance of words.

The inventor, James Lowth, is said to have been experimenting and working on this instrument for over ten years. When he first applied for a patent, three years ago, the authorities at Washington thought him a crank, and refused to issue one. He attached the instrument to wires in the office and asked over it: "What do you think now?" Back over the wire came, "I give in. It works perfectly."

The *Electric Review* says it has been successfully operated between that city and Milwaukee, and in Pittsburgh it worked over a line seventy-five miles in length, on which were twenty-five Bell instruments.—*Boston Cultivator.*

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

EXPERIMENTERS at Manhattan, Kan., have discovered that the use of salt on wheat fields will greatly increase the yield. It is also announced that salt will kill potato bugs.

The Finest Train in the World!

Via Union and Central Pacific roads. Sixty-four hours from Council Bluffs or Omaha to San Francisco. A Pullman Vestibule train; steam heat, electric light, bath rooms, barber shops, library and dining car—a palace hotel on wheels is the GOLDEN GATE SPECIAL, every Wednesday. 12-sat-8t.

IN Siberia, when it is 26 degrees below zero, men go puffing about and inquire of each other: "Well, is this warm enough for you?"

EVERY NIGHT I SCRATCHED

Until the skin was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary change your Cuticura Remedies performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your Cuticura Remedies, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the Cuticura Remedies, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the Cuticura Remedies to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the Cuticura Remedies have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Sept. 21, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatsoever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure. GEO. COTEY.

We cannot do justice to the esteem in which Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

Catarrh to Consumption.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage of the nose, the organs of hearing, of seeing and of tasting so affected as to be useless, the uvula so elongated, the throat so inflamed and irritated as to produce a constant and distressing cough.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never failing.

Each package contains one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent, and an improved Inhaler, with treatise; price, $1.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Pains and Weaknesses OF FEMALES

Instantly relieved by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, most agreeable, instantaneous and infallible pain-killing plaster, especially adapted to relieve Female Pains and Weaknesses. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters, and the most perfect Antidote to Pain, Inflammation and Weakness yet compounded. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR MEN ONLY!
A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 47 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, fullest explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.
Nov. 28eod&w1yr.

M. L. ALBRECHT,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
CARRIAGES
—AND—
BUGGIES.
—CORNER OF—
MAIN AND BARR STS.

[MUSTANG] LINIMENT
[CURES ...] SHOULDER-ROT, [SC]AB IN SHEEP!

POND'S EXTRACT.

LETTERS FROM THE GOVERNORS.

It is a well-known fact that POND'S EXTRACT is used and recommended by more distinguished people than any preparation or remedy extant.

It is used in the household of the President as well as that of the humblest citizen; by members of the army and the navy, the Bar and the Bench, the pulpit and the press—all ranks and classes of people. To further illustrate this fact we append a few of the more recent letters from Governors of different States:

The Governor of New Hampshire.
GENTLEMEN: I have used POND'S EXTRACT in my family for several years, and have found it a most desirable and valuable remedy. Yours truly, MOODY CURRIER.
Dec. 3, '87.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.
GENTS: POND'S EXTRACT has been a valued reliance in our family for several years, especially in relieving the aches, sprains and bruises incident to children. Very truly yours,
Nov. 30, '87. JAMES A. BEAVER.

The Governor of New Jersey.
DEAR SIR: I have for many years used POND'S EXTRACT, and have derived great benefit and relief therefrom. Yours truly,
Dec. 5, '87. R. S. GREEN.

The Lt.-Governor of Illinois.
GENTLEMEN: POND'S EXTRACT has long had a place in the medicine chest of my family. I assure you that we have found it a ready and valuable agent to relieve pain in many cases, and that very promptly. We cannot well keep house without it.
I am, truly yours,
Oct. 10, '87. J. C. SMITH.

POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable for all kinds of Pain, Inflammation and Hemorrhages.

Excellence invites imitation. Beware of worthless imitations of POND'S EXTRACT.



Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successfully used monthly. Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 15-1yr

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect November 18, 1888.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *3:30 a. m., 11:35 p. m., *3:00 p. m., *3:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, 17:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *6:15 a. m., 112:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:35 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, 14:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—Ar—Cincinnati Ex.........—Lv		
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	" —Detroit Ex	" 11 30 a m
6 20 p m	" —Way Freight.........	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 p m

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER R. R.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

[Fort Wayne Time Table.]

Going South.	Arrives
5 30 a m—Ft. Wayne accommodation—	9 30 a m
10 45 a m—Cin & Lo'v'le mail and ex—	4 05 pm
5 50 p m—Indianapolis express......	—10 00 p m

WABASH RAILWAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1888.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt. Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.........	6 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom....................	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily..............	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.......	1 25
Limited Express, daily	0
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m..............................	10 30 a m
1 45 p m..............................	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m..............................	1 25 p m
1 10 p m..............................	6 15 p m
7 00 p m..............................	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov., 1888.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.........	Lv 5 05 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.........................	" 2 40 p m
From Grand Rapids.......................	Ar 6 00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 35 a m
" "	" 1 00 p m
" "	" 11 20 p m
From " "	Ar 6 15 p m

Trains daily except Sunday.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Monday Evening, Feb. 18,

MR. A. M. PALMER

Will present the Great Success of Two Seasons at Madison Square Theatre, New York, entitled,

"JIM, The Penman"

Written by Sir Charles Young.

Mr. Palmer's Co. Includes:

F. C. Bangs, Wright Huntington,
J. L. Ottomeyer, C. J. Bell,
Guy Lindsley, Alfred Becks,
John Matthews, John T. McKever,
Benj. Singer, Clara Lipman,
Miss F. C. Jackson, Lititia Aldrich,
Jennie Eustace.

The time of the play is the present.

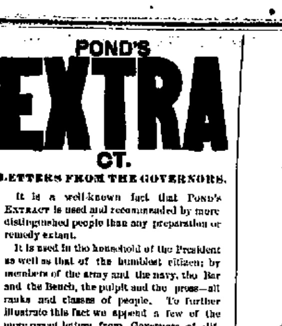
ACTS I and II.—Mrs. Ralston's apartment in the town house of the Ralstons in Regent Park. Conservatory at back.

ACT III.—The Library of Ardleigh Court, Ralston's country house.

ACT IV.—Small reception room at Ardleigh Court, with breakfast room at back.

Sale of seats Friday. **Prices: 25, 50, 75 cents and $1.00.**

MUSTANG LINIMENT
SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!



The three wise men
of Gotham
Would not have
been so wise,
Had they not sought
for knowledge,
And used their ears
and eyes
In getting information
Of every sort and kind,
Instead of going through
the world
Like men both deaf and blind.
And you can be as wise as they,
If you but choose to buy
The Soap that's called the SANTA CLAUS—
Its good effects to try.
Because 'twill help you through your work
At such a rapid rate,
That you'll have time to master all you care to undertake.

All Grocers sell SANTA CLAUS SOAP

Made by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., CHICAGO.

TAR-OID

NATURE HAS NO BETTER REMEDY

Than this New Compound of Tar for Wounds, Burns, Sores, Piles, Salt Rheum, Eczema, and Coughs, Croup, Scrofula, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Bronchitis, and Consumption.



TAR-OID must not be confounded with the cheap remedies which are prepared on the theory that Skin Diseases are caused by impure blood, which is not true. They have their cause in a want of vital action in the Skin. TAR-OID restores this action, hence it cures every form of Skin Disease, also sores, burns, etc. It is soothing and wonderfully healing—gratifying results follow in every case. It is harmless and can be used with perfect safety by any one. It is superior to all other remedies. There is positively nothing else like it.

TAR-OID is a sure cure for piles. It never fails. We warrant a cure or refund the money. It gives immediate relief. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful in its action.

Send for our "Good Samaritan" free.

CHICAGO'S BEST PHYSICIANS INDORSE IT.

TAR-OID has no equal for Piles and Pruritis.
LEILA G. BEDELL, M. D.,
181 Dearborn av.

TAR-OID gives me fine results in Rectal and Skin Troubles, Indolent Sores, and Enlarged Glands.
F. H. PRATT, M. D.,
57 Central Music Hall.

TAR-OID acts like a charm on Piles, Old Sores, etc.
J. B. M'CULLOUGH, M. D.,
93 S. Halsted st.

TAR-OID has yielded excellent results in Croup, Bronchitis, and Consumption.
J. K. BOYNTON, M. D., R. 806, 70 State st.

TAR-OID has a most wonderful action on the skin and has given me fine results in Coughs and Consumption.
W. H. BURR, M. D.,
113 Dearborn st.

TAR-OID gives me perfect satisfaction in Cervical Troubles, Swellings, and Piles.
M. M. THOMPSON, 403 Oakley av.

TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

For Sale by Dreier Bros., Corner of Columbia and Calhoun.



Lots of SOAP but room for JAXON because it beats them all.

It is QUICK, EASY, CHEAP. It's worth trying.

SAVES MONEY, TIME, LABOR, STRENGTH, CLOTHES.

5 Cents is all it COSTS. That's not much if it's bad, and is mighty cheap if it does what is claimed for it.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1889.

—:o:—

No Advance on Sugar, Coffee or Teas.

—:o:—

Just Received a Shipment of Twenty Hogsheads of Choice New Orleans Sugar 5 1-2 Cents a Pound.

—:o:—

Great Reduction in New Turkish Prunes, Foreign and Domestic Dried Fruits.

—:o:—

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c. per pound; choice, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Imperial Tea, good, 30c.; best, 50c. per pound. Gunpowder Tea, 30c.; best, 50c. Oolong or Black Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. Japan Tea, 20c., 30c.; best, 50c. The above prices are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality. No better anywhere. The other grades are good, sweet, drawing tea and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted Coffee.

Best Rio Coffee, 20c.; Best Roasted Rio, 21c.; Jersey coffee, 22c.; Dannemillers, 22c; Leverings, 22c.; Anchor, 22c.; Victor, 22c.; Best Old Government Java, 27c.; Roasted Java, 32c.

Sugars—White, Brown and New Orleans.

Choice yellow C sugar, 6¼c.; best standard A coffee white, 7¼c.; crushed, powdered and Granulated sugar, 8c. per pound; choice New Orleans sugar, 5½c pound.

Foreign Fruits for Cakes.

New Valencia Raisins, 8c.; Loose Muscatel Raisins, 12c.; Seedless Sultana Raisins, 10c.; Finest Malaga Layer Raisins, 15c.; Zante Currants, 8c.; Leghorn Citrons, 25c.; Orange and Lemon Peel, 15c.; Layer Figs, 12½c.; Good Figs, 8c.; Golden Layer Dates, 8c.; Shelled Almonds, 30c. per pound.

Domestic Dried Fruits.

Dried Raspberries, 28c.; Pitted Cherries, 25c.; Dried Blackberries, 10c.; California Pared Peaches, 20c.; California Apricots, 20c.; California Pitted Plums, 15c.; California Nectarines, 20c.; California Silver Prunes, 15.; California Evaporated Peaches, 20c.; New Turkish Prunes, 5c.; Dried Peaches, 8c.; Dried Apples, 5c.; Evaporated Apples, 9c.; German Pears, 10c.; Prunells, 16c.

CANDIES AND NUTS.

Pure stick candy, 12c.; Pure mixed candy, 12c.; Fancy candy, 20c.; Brazil nuts, 10c. quart; Almond nuts, 15c; Mixed nuts, 12½c.; Walnuts and Filberts, 12½c. quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups.

Pure Maple syrup, 80c.; golden drips, 40c.; Sorghum, 40c.; New Orleans molasses, 35c.; best, 50c. a gallon; The sorghum is splendid and 10c. lower than we ever sold it before.

Liquors and Wines for Medical Purposes.

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two years old, $1.75; one year old, $1.40 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry, $1.25 a gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; wines in bottles, 35c. and 40c.

Oils—Machine Oil, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neatsfoot Oil, Castor and Headlight Oil.

Fish oil, 70c. per gallon; Neatsfoot oil, 80c. per gallon; Lard oil, 70c. per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c. per gallon; Golden, 30c. per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c. per gallon.

Cigars and Tobaccos, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut

Good cigars, 60c. and $1 per box; Choice cigars, $1.50 per box; Horse Shoe plug tobacco, 45c. per pound; J. T. or Big Chunk, 38c; Wild Flower 40c.; Bob White, 45c.; Jolly Ike, 40c. per pound; Smoking tobacco, 20c, 25c, 35c.; best Dunham, 45c. per pound; Fine cut tobacco, 25c, 50c, and 75c. per pound.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES PILES, BURNS, CUTS, CORNS, BRUISES, CHILBLAINS & FROSTBITES

MUSTANG LINIMENT CURES SWINNEY, SADDLE AND HARNESS SORES IN HORSES & MULES!

THE BIGWIG PAPERS.

BY S. E. FIESTER.



DEAR FIDOLA—I mourn for my dear children's prospects, and you are the sneak that helped to make our misfortunes. George Washington has been gloomy for some days, and I couldn't get at the cause of it till lately. Last night he told me all about it. You see he had been up to call on Miss Hessbold, and while she was out of the room a few moments he got his eye on a letter which was partly covered up on the stand, with one corner stuck out. Well, he made up his mind that as he was her beau he ought to know who that letter was from, so he just pulled it out, and, as I live to tell it, it was from Solomon, and he a declaring that he loved her, and asking her to be his beautiful bride, and a lot of other stuff, such as makes people like us tired. George Washington heard her come in kind of suddenly, so that he didn't get time to replace it, and she caught him putting it back and flew mad, called him a sneak, said she hoped she might never see him again and ordered him out of the house. Thus ended George's present prospects.

I knew something dreadful was going to happen, for I had a token, or something like a token. I was troubled yesterday morning right after I got up, (I got up early before it was quite light) with something like a-rushing around my heart, and once I thought I would faint. By-and-by it got to tingling around in my bosom, and I thought I was getting a chill, and I was sure it must be a token of disaster. When it got light I went out for wood, and as I stooped over something rushed to my neck and out jumped a mouse! O, Fidola! but I did scream to think of that terrible mouse being in my bosom and me not a knowing of it at all, and having the horrid feeling of a token and things spiritual. If I had only known it was a mouse there, I would have died from fright.

Thus ended Tryphena's token, but my heart mourns worse for Sophia Jane, and to think you should let homely Kate come over and steal away the affections of our clerk from her. It makes me sick at heart to tell you and I want you to know that you are to blame for it. When homely Kate came over I thought it best to appear kind, and so I introduced her to the clerk, and, as Sophia Jane had to help me about the cooking at meal time, homely Kate entertained him, and before she was here three days she had stolen his heart, homely as she is. But I soon began to suspect something, and when she began running over to the store for needles and pins so often, I knew how it would end, so I had George Washington go in and sit behind the bush like and hear what they said, and report to me. He heard them make fun of their benefactors, joke at our bread, and sling out slurs at our butter, and then she up and told the clerk how I got my flour and butter so cheap, after which they laughed like a set of fools. While they were laughing George Washington coughed also he was choked, and rose up from behind a pile of goods within two feet of where they stood. He gave them a scorching look, and, remarking that he was choked on lies, he walked past them out of the store. Knowing that he overheard them, and feeling ashamed or afraid to come back to my hospital home, they had nothing to do but to go to the hotel for dinner, and homely Kate left in the afternoon for home. She sneaked in the house and got her things while the rest of us were out of the house. The clerk, of course, quit boarding here, and I have been bereft of my grandmotherly hopes. On top of all these troubles "came the last feather which broke the animal's back," as poor Dick used to say. For what worse could happen than that the Littlesouls should move over here, and in the same block at that. O, Fidola, did I not tell you how mean they were? Did I not tell you to keep homely Kate at home, and never permit the Littlesouls to move into this town? But, verily, verily, I say unto you, I shall have my revenge. I poured out my complaint to daddy and mammy and they took pity on us, and, as they had not moved their things here, I induced them to go back and take us along with them, and let us get out of this town in disgust and contempt. I will even shake the dirt of my feet off against my persecutors, and I intend to throw a pair of old shoes out of the hind end of the car as we move away, to let the people know that I have no need of old trash in the society in which I am destined to move when I get into civilized borders. As for you, Fidola, henceforth let your name be changed to Fidolaless, and I never want to hear from you again. In the circle we next make our fireside I want none of you to poke your heads, nor none of your epistles. I went up and dunned Miss Hessbold for her board money, and she paid it, after I threatened her with a lawsuit. How to get rid of our butter puzzled me at first, for daddy would not hear to our taking it along. Remembering a text which says, "Return good for evil," and knowing it to be a poor rule that won't work both ways, I translated it into "Return poor butter for goods," and, laying aside my Sunday cloak, I went and packed it in jars, and traded out a jar at each store. Hence we are all ready to start, and here let me say adieu, Fidolaless, adieu; a thousand times and forever adieu.

TRYPHENA HIGGINS.

A Terrible Experience.

Africa contains over eight million miles in area, and has more than two hundred million inhabitants. In such a vast and almost unknown country thrilling adventures are of everyday occurrence, and the traveler, hunter and explorer is subject to perils peculiar to Africa alone. Of such was the experience of Mr. Deane, one of the agents of the Congo Free State. He was in command of Stanley Falls station, when it was attacked by the Arabs. Deane, with his comrade Dubois and four Haussa soldiers, fled from the station, and it was not long before Dubois fell into the river and was drowned. Deane and his soldiers pushed on all night in a drenching raid, and only stopped at daylight for a short rest. While Deane's clothes were hanging on the bushes to dry, shouts in the rear told them that they were discovered, and that the Arabs were in hot pursuit. Deane had just time to throw his clothes over his arm and start at full speed through the bush, followed by his attendants. It was nearly noon before they succeeded in distancing their pursuers, and by that time it was a most woe-begone band of fugitives. In the mad race for life, every Haussa had lost his gun, and not a weapon of any sort was left in the party. One by one Deane had dropped his garments, and he had nothing left except a small military cape, which he threw over his shoulders. In the midst of an African jungle, he had not the slightest protection for his bleeding feet, and even if he had saved his boots, he would not have dared to put them on, for the tracks would have instantly revealed to any prowling Arab or hostile native that a white man was in the neighborhood. A cannibal tribe, with whom Deane himself had had a serious fight, lined the river below, and he dared not appeal to them for succor. He was about three hundred miles from the nearest white station at Bangala. All that could be done was to struggle down the river, through the dense bush and forests, several miles inland, avoiding all the tribes, except one or two that were known to be friendly, and living on whatever they could pick up that would afford nutriment. For four weeks this white castaway wandered through the country, living on wild grapes, fried ants and caterpillars, and sleeping at night on the bare earth, with no covering but dried leaves. At last they came to the Bakuma tribe, and shortly afterward were rescued by Captain Coquilhart, who had been sent in search of Deane. It was an experience that not one white man in a thousand could have lived to relate.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

BY S. E. M.



THE hair must be brushed and brushed again. This is the biggining and the end of the admonition. Brush it. So shall your hair be clean and silky. No amount of combing will make it either.

Look well to your brush. No wire brush, no heavy, silver-backed brush, but even, well-chosen bristles.

If your hair is dull in color, wiry in texture and will not catch the burnished gleam of the last rhyme you read, brush it. If it is losing the gloss it had when you were younger, if it looks old and sickly, brush it. If your hair is fretful and peevish, brush it till it smiles and behaves with docility under the comb again.

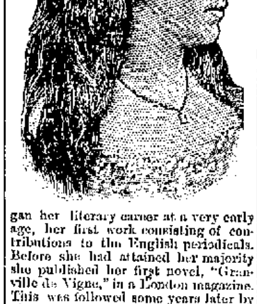
Wash it first. Beat an egg into foam, rub it well into the roots, thoroughly but gently, then rinse it in lukewarm water. Keep a small brush for the purpose a nail-brush or a tooth-brush will answer—and part your hair, strand by strand, until you have cleansed the scalp well over. If your hair is moist by nature, dissolve a little borax and glycerine in the rinse water; if it is harsh and dry use the glycerine only, lest the head after so much manipulation feels uneasy or sore. Find an airy place—in the sun if the day be not too warm—and brush the wet hair dry. Brush it caressingly with a soft brush till the moisture is nearly expelled. Then stop petting it and brush quickly with a stiff brush till it is satiny and dry.

At bedtime unfasten your hair and brush it. Brush it half an hour every evening for a month. After that brush it fifteen minutes nightly, ten minutes if you have no more time. Loosen it completely, rub it with your fingers, rubbing and brushing alternately, using, as before, first a soft, soothing brush, then a vigorous, stiff one. Brush it to the tips of the longest strands. Gather it very loosely for the night, allowing full ventilation, and in the morning brush it fifteen minutes at first, afterward ten minutes, devotedly every day.

If your hair is thin and threatens to fall, or the parting is growing inconveniently wide, let it down at night and massage the scalp. Rub it, gather the loose skin between the fingers, pinch it a little, invent exercise for it with the tips of the fingers. Give it some work to do every day and brush it. Part it on the side at night, and give the day's parting a rest. No treatment of this sort produces sudden or spectacular results, but if there is no disease of the hair follicles and the general health is good, it will often work wonders in a twelvemonth.

Madame De La Rame.

The subject of this sketch is better known by her nom de plume, "Ouida," than by her real name. Though of French extraction, she is a native of England, and is 48 years old. She be-



gan her literary career at a very early age, her first work consisting of contributions to the English periodicals. Before she had attained her majority she published her first novel, "Granville de Vigne," in a London magazine. This was followed some years later by "Strathmore," which was issued in 1865. From this time forward her pen was busy, each recurring year witnessing the production of one or more novels. The productions of no writer of fiction of modern times have been so widely read as have those of Ouida. The demand for them some six or seven years ago amounted to a rage. As a result, Madame Louisa de la Rame has realized between $300,000 and $400,000 from the sale of her works. Her manuscript commands a higher price in London than that of any other fiction writer. She resides at present, and has for some years, at Florence, Italy.

ALEXANDER the Great died at Babylon, B. C. 323, at the age of thirty-three.

SOME FUNNY FANCIES.

RICH relatives are like wine. They grow dearer with age.

THE "Maiden's Prayer" usually has something to do with a him.

"MY dear wife," murmured paterfamilias as he looked at the dressmaker's bill.

THE borrowest man to this date is the one in Manhattanville who wanted to borrow a friend's tombstone.

PATIENT—Doctor, I can't sleep nights. What shall I do? Get a position somewhere as night watchman.

THERE is said to be a veterinary surgeon in Albany who has grown so expert that he can tell the age of a rake by looking at its teeth.

"CONSISTENCY, thou art a jewel," sure enough; but thou standeth an exceedingly poor show when the other fellow can afford a diamond ring.

MISS PARENTALSTEIN (age 35)—So you are going to get married at last, Pauline? Pauline—Yes, dear, I should think it was about time; you know I'm 24.

YOUNG wife (at a ball)—You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses? Young husband—Yes; I wasn't buying 'em then.

MADAM (to applicant)—Where was your last place? Applicant—At the hospital, mem. Madam—Were you a nurse there? Applicant—No, mem: I was a small-pox patient.

SMITH—You say the speculation has proved a failure? Jones—A total failure. Smith—I thought you said there was a fortune in it. Jones (with a groan)—So there is. Mine is in it.

MINE eyes have seen the gobbler lose his cranium in the dark, a prehistoric turkey that came over in the ark, the boarders break their molars as they chew the patriarch, but their bills go marching on.

MRS. HOPEFUL—Is my boy improving any? Professor of penmanship—He is getting worse. His writing is now so bad no living soul can read it. "How lovely! The darling! He'll be a great author some day."

MRS. BROWN (who has boarders)—And how is Mr. Smith getting along? Mrs. Smith—I fear he is past recovery. For the last two weeks he has eaten scarcely enough to keep a robin alive. Mrs. Brown (unconsciously)—Isn't that lovely!

THEIR brand of breath: Representative Martin, of Texas, recently walloped a reporter because the latter said that he blew out the gas in his room. He should have gloried in the assertion. It isn't every politician who dares to monkey with the gas with his breath.

WOMAN (looking at a house to rent)—I don't fancy these windows on this side. The people in the next house can look in here and see anything that's going on. Landlord—If you want the house, madam, I'll have the windows boarded up. "How on earth could I see into their windows then?"

BACK NUMBERS.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushion and slumbered,
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."
The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly, devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed:
"O Lord! send me down the back numbers."
—*Judge.*

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavored to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's as old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed; "but, my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from inquiring about her age."

MILLIONAIRE (to old and poor chum)—You ought to drop your bad habits, Smith. If you'd stop taking that glass of beer every day you'd have $18.25 in a year. Go on that way for a hundred years and there'll be $1,852 in bank if nothing happens. Then put that in some good stock, and if all goes right you'll make money. That's the way people get rich.

FASHIONED FOR THE WEALTHY.



Borrowit—It seems to me, Moses, that this coat is entirely to short. Moses—Ah, my dear sir, dot vas made for my finest trade—the shentlemans who nefer wear any patches!—*Texas Siftings.*

How It Happened.

Wife (at the theater)—See here, George, you said your only object in going out was to see a man named Smith who owes you money. What does that odor mean?

Husband—Um—er—the fact is, my dear, Mr. Smith is short of cash to-night, and as he could not pay my bill, he insisted on treating me. I had to accept, of course. It don't do to offend a slippery debtor.—*New York Weekly.*

On the Cross-Examination.

Lawyer (to witness)—You are very minute in your statements, and you are very particular in your details. Now I want to know if you are really so conscientious that you are afraid to state something that is not so?

Indignant witness—No, sir, not in the least; quite the contrary.—*Texas Siftings.*

ROMAN remains have been found at Wiveliscombe, G. B., with tessellated Mosaic pavement. A Buddhist cross, called Suastika, was also found among the remains. This symbol, it is said, has been found in many Roman buildings. It has also been found cut in stone in the north of Scotland, and incised upon bronze implements and weapons of early ages. It consists of two crosses with arms of equal length, and additional pieces extending from the end of each arm at right angles. It is called by some a fire generator, by others the wheel which is a symbol of the sun wheeling along the heavens. It is an Eastern sign which dates as early as 1,200 years B. C.

THE favorite hymn of the gum-chewing maiden is: "Oh, that will be jawfull."

The Chill Blast

That sets the naked branches a-quivering is not felt by the wealthy valetudinarian indoors, but not all the covering that can be piled on his warm bed, nor all the furnace heat that anthracite can furnish, will warm his marrow when chills and fever runs its icy fingers along his spinal column. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the thing to infuse new warmth into his chilled and aguish frame, to remedy the fierce fever and exhausting sweats which alternate with the chill. Dumb ague, ague cake, bilious remittent—in short, every known form of malarial disease is subjugated by this potent, and, at the same time, wholesome and genial medicine. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, sick headaches, loss of appetite and sleep, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and debility are also remedied by it. Use it with persistence to affect a thorough cure.

She Had no Poetry in Her Soul.

"I cannot endow thee with worldly riches, darling," he whispered; "but if love as wide as the rolling prairie, as deep as the Atlantic Ocean, can compensate, it is thine!"

And she answered, "I shouldn't know what to do with so much love as that. It would swamp the house, and run over outside, and perhaps some other girl would get to dabbling in it. If you were to compress it all into a plain gold ring I might think about it."

He said she had no poetry in her soul, and now he walks out with her sister.

A MAN named T. A. Ridenour was twice convicted of murder at Winchester, Va., but secured a new trial both times on technical grounds, the reason being in the second case that the clerk in making up the record, had inserted an extra initial in the name of the murdered man. The third trial has just been concluded and resulted in his acquittal. So he owes his life to an initial. The evidence against him was circumstantial.

"RELIGIOUS NEW YORK" profusely and beautifully illustrated, showing the churches of the Jews, Catholic, and Protestants, and fine portraits of some of the heads of the churches of the metropolis and telling how New Yorkers worship, from the Jews to the Christain scientists. This article in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for March (now ready) is a very spirited one by the Rev. Carlos Martyn. It is better than a Sunday visit to New York, and will be of great interest to every member of the family. The children will be delighted to learn the new games in "YOUNG JAPAN AT PLAY," (handsomely illustrated) in the March number. It is a wonderful number. Ask your newsdealer for it, or send 20 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th street, New York.

"DIED for want of one foot of rope," is the suggestive verdict of a lynching party out West.—*Boston Star.*

USED one bottle of "Mother's Friend" before my first confinement. *It is a wonderful remedy.* Looked and felt so well afterwards friends remarked it. Would not be without "Mother's Friend" for any consideration.

MRS. JOS. B. ANDERSON, Ochoopee, Ga.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

SOME men are like an anchor. They are not useful until they are buried.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and $1. *Trial size free.* At all Druggists'.

THE umbrella is the check-rein of the human animal.—*Boston Transcript.*

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

STRANGE as it may seem, when money is close it is very difficult to get near it.—*Boston Post.*

If the Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula, and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

A BUSINESS outlook—A merchant in his doorway looking for customers.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

"THIS beats me," as the egg remarked when it saw the spoon.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

DYSPEPTICS will never use any other medicine after once giving MAGEE'S EMULSION a fair trial.

Grand Excursion to Colorado.

On Feb. 26 a grand excursion for land seekers to Alamosa in the sunny San Luis Valley will be run on any regular train over all roads leaving Missouri River points. Fare for round trip $31. Tickets good to return in twenty days. Special round trip rate of $1 will be made by the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., from Alamosa to Del Norte, Monte Vista, La Jara, Antonito and Fort Garland. Tickets will read through Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo. The San Luis Valley is the great agricultural empire of Colorado, and offers unequaled inducements to the farmer and stock-grower. For details inquire of nearest ticket agent. S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent D. & R. G. R. R., Denver.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive cure for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such is its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time, and Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. It is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is Worth ... in any ...

Man, W...

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Apply ... ELY ...

Weak Men ...

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Neuralgia.

NEW, PERMANENT CURES.

For Years. Palestine, Ohio, June 27, 1887. Suffered constantly for several years with neuralgia; all remedies failed; tried St. Jacobs Oil; was cured. No return in 8 months. E. S. PETHEROLF, P. M.

Never Again. St. Olbory, Ill., May 15, 1888. My wife was troubled with neuralgia and after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil was never troubled again. HENRY BECKEMEYER.

After All. Rutland, Ill., May 21, 1888. Have known cases of neuralgia given up by doctors to be cured by St. Jacobs Oil. J. M. SHAW, Druggist.

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DIAMOND VERA-CURA

FOR DYSPEPSIA

And All Stomach Troubles, such as: Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and Disagreeable Taste after eating, Nervousness and Low Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

$5 TO $10 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED!

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1,000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders given away to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel-Plated Sample that sells for 65c. Brewster Mf'g Co., Holly, Mich.



ADORED.

Beautiful woman, from whence came thy bloom,
Thy beaming eye, thy features fair?
What kindly hand on thee was laid—
Endowing thee with beauty rare?

"'Twas not ever thus," the dame replied,
"Once pale this face, these features bold,
The 'Favorite Prescription' of Dr. Pierce
Wrought the wonderous change which you behold."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

SCROFLA.

Of all the ills that human flesh is heir to, Scrofula is most prevalent. Very few, indeed, are entirely free from some taint of Scrofula. Young people of delicate constitution are often afflicted by this disease, which manifests itself in various forms. The glands of the neck, groin, abdomen, etc., become enlarged, either persistently or with slight impairment of health.

Swellings in the Neck

frequently become so engorged with scrofulous matter that abscesses are formed. Painful running sores may also appear on the arms, legs, and feet; sometimes continuous and sometimes of an intermittent character. Occasionally the sores appear in the ears and nose, and on or about the eyes, causing deafness and blindness. Pimples, cancerous growths, swollen joints, etc., are other symptoms of the disease. It must be treated through the blood if a permanent cure is to be obtained.

What is more beautiful than a rich, soft complexion in man or woman? This can be obtained only by the eradication of all scrofulous taints from the blood by the persistent use of

Magee's Emulsion,

and health will follow. Be sure your Druggist sells you only that prepared by

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

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TELL YOUR FRIENDS

The Ladies' Home Journal

is to be made BETTER and LARGER. It can be had now for only 50 Cents per year; another year it will cost $1.00. We shall double the price because we cannot afford to furnish so good a paper as the JOURNAL is to be for less than One Dollar, but we shall double its value, and give you more of it for your money. AGENTS can make hundreds of dollars securing subscriptions.

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RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.



Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. Ask for Chichester's English Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. At Druggists. Accept no other. All pills in paste board boxes, pink wrappers, are a dangerous counterfeit. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 testimonials from LADIES who have used them. Name Paper.

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

FOR THE BLOOD

S. S. S.

Swift's Specific has cured me of a malignant breaking out on my leg, which caused intolerable pain. It was called Eczema by the doctors—four of whom treated me with no relief. I candidly confess that I owe my present good health to S. S. S., which in my estimation is invaluable as a blood remedy. MISS JULIA DeWITT, 2227 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Our baby when two months old was attacked with Scrofula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave Swift's Specific, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty. E. V. DELK, Will's Point, Texas.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lump in her neck. We gave her Swift's Specific, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt. S. A. DEARMOND, Cleveland, Tenn.

Send for book giving history of Blood Diseases and advice to sufferers, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

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Nothing on the farm PAYS Better than a good meadow of pasture, and the way to get there is to follow the directions given in my pamphlet on "Grass and Forage Plant Culture" which is sent Free to all who ask for it. We carry tremendous stock of Northern grown Grass and Clover Seeds, and can SAVE YOU MONEY every time. Get our Catalogue. It tells all about it.

SALZER'S EXTRA GRASS MIXTURE for pasture or meadow, for rich, dry soils, per bushel, $2.00; per 20 lbs., $12.00. Sow it and cut 3 rousing crops annually.

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The great fertilizing plant—making the desert fertile, and everywhere doing well, sinking its roots deep in the soil, finding nourishment and moisture in all soils and climes. A clover everybody should try in the East, West, North and South. See Catalogue about it. By mail, oz., 10 cents; lb., 30 cents. By express, peck, $2.50; bushel, $9.00. Send 8 cents for grain samples.

ASTHMA.



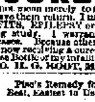
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ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

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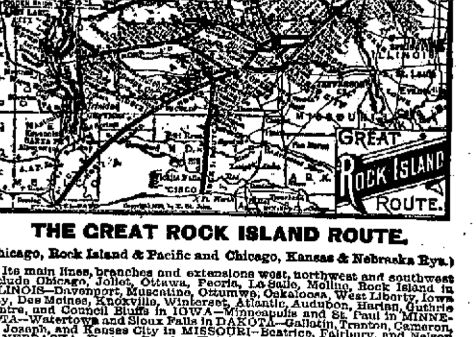
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A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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Its main lines, branches and extensions west, northwest and southwest include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Knoxville, Winterset, Atlantic, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre, and Council Bluffs in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls in DAKOTA—Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City in MISSOURI—Beatrice, Fairbury, and Nelson in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Norton, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to older States and to all towns and cities in Southern Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Texas, Arizona, Idaho, California, and Pacific coast and trans-oceanic Seaports.

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Of Palace Coaches—leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and luxury of accommodations—run through daily between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo. Similar MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE TRAIN SERVICE daily between Chicago and Council Bluffs (Omaha), and between Chicago and Kansas City. Elegant Day Coaches, Dining Cars, Reclining Chair Cars (FREE), and Palace Sleeping Cars. California Excursions daily. Choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and intervening localities. Quick time, prompt connections and transfers in Union Depots.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

Thoughtful Thoughts for Thoughtful Christian Men and Women.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME LIFE.

The Annual Report of the Salvation Army — What Did Christ's Prayer Mean?

Methodist Bishops.

There are eighthen Methodist Bishops, whose names and ages are as follows: Bishop Bowman, 71 years old; Foster 69; Merrill, 64; Andrews, 64; Warren, 57; Foss, 54; Hurst, 54; Ninde, 57; Walden, 67; Mallalieu, 60; Fowler, 51; Vincent, 57; Fitzgerald, 50; Joyce, 52; Newman, 62; Godsell, 48; Taylor, 68; Thoburn, 52. Their average age is 58 years. Every one of them is past the ministerial dead-line. What are our Methodist brethren thinking about? The great cry of the churches is for a young man whose experience has not had time to grow, whose character is yet immature, and whose sermons are ripe as green apples in May. What are a man's experience and accumulated knowledge and spiritual power worth when he gets to be half a century old? —*The Mid-Continent.*

How Is It?

The home-life of a Christian has been fitly called the "surest test" of his piety. When abroad, like a soldier on parade, he is conscious that the social eye is upon him, and therefore he keeps himself within the requirements of his religious profession. When within his own home, like a soldier off parade, and in the undress and freedom of the barrack room, he is apt to act out his own self, and to reveal a disposition elsewhere held in restraint. Hence, it becomes every believer to seek a character that will ensure the fireside test, since he that is not Christ-like under his own roof-tree is not really Christlike at all. How is it, fathers and mothers? Do you set the right example before your children you should? They are watching your inconsistent lives, and will do as you are doing! Be watchful.

Booth's Army.

The annual report of the Salvation Army states that the advances made in every branch of the army work during 1888 were enormously greater than in any previous year, says the London *Times*. The number of corps increased from 2,267 to 2,587, the number of outposts from 553 to 653, and the number of officers from 5,687 to 7,107. As many as 885 cadets passed through the training home. At the shelter for the destitute poor opened in the early part of the year 2,350 beds were provided, while 250,000 meals at a penny each were supplied to adults, and 220,000 at a farthing and a half-penny to children. Similar shelters are about to be opened in other parts of the metropolis. In the United Kingdom the army uses 1,575 buildings, with sitting accommodation for 700,500 persons. The rent-roll of these buildings is upward of £100,000 per annum, and during the present year a large number of other halls will be opened. Upward of 2,000,000 meetings were held and 3,000,000 houses were visited, while 154,200 sought salvation at the penitent form in the United Kingdom alone. In the rescue homes 2,000 fallen women were received, and of these the army claims to have converted over 500. The progress in foreign countries has also been very marked. Gen. Booth, while calling attention to the fact that the army met with more obstruction during the year than in 1887, expresses regret that it should have come from the authorities. The people seldom treated them roughly now, but the law had been set in motion in several places against them. In concluding the report the General makes reference to the work set down for this year, and makes an appeal for £60,000 to enable the organization to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands upon them.

Temptation.

I don't for a moment believe that our Lord ever for a moment prayed that he might be spared from the sacrifice of cross, with all that sacrifice involved, to both spirit, soul, and body; though I can well understand how He might naturally shrink from it. But apart from mere speculation, I think it is clear that He was praying for some other cup to pass from Him—a cup in which there was double portion of bitterness. First, a cup of temptation from Satan, which he was pressing with terrific force to His soul; even that He should forego the cross, and attain kingdom and power and glory in another way, as at first he tempted Him on the mount. This temptation was, no doubt, not only real, but it was terrific. Second, the real cup was that, under the strain now upon Him, spirit, soul, and body, He fell, and for the moment believed Himself dying there in the garden: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." All sorrow is on the downward line to death, and sorrow unchecked and unmitigated, would end in death. Such sorrow was His. He feared that He would die; and to die there, and under those circumstances, would be a frustration of all His purpose of redemption. If the body, the human nature, should fail, the sacrifice would not be offered. It was not that He feared to go to the cross, but lest dying there in the garden under the hand of Satan, who had "the power of death" (Heb. v:14) He might not be permitted to die upon the cross and under the hand of God, and thus "deliver them who, through fear of death, were under bondage," and redeem [illegible] death. In other [illegible]

THE BOOKS TO READ.

You will make the best use possible of your time. Emerson says: "read the best book first." Unless you do that you will die never having read them. One can easily use all his time in reading newspapers and die and never have read "The Sermon on the Mount." Of making many books there is no end; there is an end to life. Choose, select, discriminate. Do not read the books of a day or of a year.

Books that live for hundreds of years have not attained so long life because they have been carefully preserved—they have been carefully preserved because they deserved to live. Men have said all along of such and such a book, this is too good to be lost, we must save this. We all know the words of Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, nobody much remembers what Edward Everett said there. I pass by a second-hand store and see outside a job lot of books. You can pay a quarter and take your choice. As a rule these are books that have not passed examination. They are more valuable in a paper mill than in any other place. The ink is an objection to them, however. The annual issue of novels is somewhat wonderful. Some time ought to be given to novels. Let us begin with the good old ones, the ones that have stood the test of time and passed muster as works of genuine interest. The busy people have begun with "She" and "Quick or the Dead." This is certainly not a good beginning nor ending either.

It is a pity to die ignorant of Walter Scott and well acquainted with "The Duchess." It is too easily conceded that because one is traveling that he must while away the time on whatever the train boy has in stock. A railway car is not a good place for reading, but if people will risk their eyes, why not do it on something excellent? Take a good book that you have wanted to read and lacked the time and put in your grip and so redeem the time. The man who reads the best books one hour a day for thirty years will have gone very far. He will pass in company for any reading man. I spent a few days in the woods with a man who impressed me with his wonderful memory of the best things that have been said on earth. One would think to hear him that he had a large library and had attended to what was in it. Nothing of the sort. He had one book, the old "English Reader," which my father read in 80 years ago. There are bits in it of the best words of many lands and all ages. —*Myron W. Reed.*

GLIMPSES OF BELGIUM.

Of the Belgian climate one can only say that it resembles that of England; of the people no foreigner can ever truly say that he knows them. I have been told by persons who have resided here for years, in positions that brought them in constant social contact with the upper classes, that in all that time they had never advanced one step towards a closer acquaintance. It is evident from the manner in which they intrench themselves behind closed shutters and encircle their gardens with high and massive walls that the noblesse and gentry retain all the exclusiveness of their historic ancestry, and as it is their chief hold upon the masses, it is easily understood.

But, after all, the vision of the masses is becoming here as elsewhere acute enough to penetrate all these false barriers, and see in the privileged classes only men and women like themselves and with no higher claims and prerogatives. Socialists and Anarchists are making themselves conspicuous. The smell of dynamite and murmur of threatening voices are in the air. There are open-air meetings which by order of the burgomasters have been broken up by the police, and meetings in halls, whose walls are decorated with the red flag and photograph of the "Martyrs of Chicago," whose souls, as they themselves proudly predict, is to bruise the serpent head of monopoly. The interference of the police has so far resulted in nothing more serious than a gory nose or two and a few arrests. The refusal of the orators of the day to "circulate" at the command of the Chief of Police has led to their being incontinently marched off to the comisariat, followed by an immense concourse vociferating "*A bas Buls!*" (the burgomaster,) "*A basla police! Vive la liberté!*" also singing loudly the "Marsellaise," the "Connagnale," and the latest Anarchistic war song: *La Dynamite Marche alite Dynamitors;*" which might be freely translated:

"With dynamite, our wrong to right, let us fight." Up to date the arrested leaders have been dismissed with a reprimand (there having been no actual violation of established laws); their reappearance on the street being the signal for an oration, with still more violent shouting of "Down with this, that, or the other," and wilder vocalization of the dynamite ditty.—*Letter from Brussels.*

MASONIC EXPENDITURES.

It seems almost incredible to an outsider what an enthusiastic Mason will spend upon the glorification of his order. Three notable examples of this lavish expenditure can be found in Stephen T. Wright, who is a wealthy real-estate owner; J. Charles Davis, who is Harry Miner's lieutenant in a round dozen amusement enterprises, and Christopher Johnson, who runs two hotels in this city. They have each reached the thirty-third degree pinnacle and devote all their spare time to Masonic affairs. There is authority for the statement that in the last twenty years this enthusiasm has cost Johnson $20,000, Davis $40,000, and Wright about $25,000.—*New York World.*

PENNSYLVANIA Farming—Bean out in Kansas [illegible]

OUR OWN GENERATION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE TELLS US HOW WE MAY SERVE IT.

The Lord's Greatest Battlefield—Remember the Poor, and Assist in Appeasing the World's Hunger—A Sermon Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Subject: "Our Own Generation." *Text:* "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone-slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast with us? There are about four generations to the century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there has been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into Heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God, that I had a good father once so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more, perhaps a thousand generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of Heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eighty generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in Heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring classes feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which all the health officers and all the doctors and all the ministers and all the reformers and all the Christians need set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! No! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortune have not enough to eat and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying: "It would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?" [illegible] appease the [illegible]

while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax from being round and dull got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends.

I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table, and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

I have read that the battle-field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battle-field of Leipsic, 160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzenberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the King rode through and they shouted, "Bread. Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet and he has made enough apparel for each, and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present suffers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes there will be enough for all to wear. God has done His part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac shall have spun and woven it. And here come forth the Rocky Mountain goat and the cashmere and the beaver. Here are the merino sheep, their origin traced back to the flocks of Abrahamic and Davidic times. In white letters of snowy fleece, God has been writing for a thousand years his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff or no tariff at all on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the shivering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the winter. Don't think that God has forgotten to send ice and snow, because of this wonderfully mild January and February. We shall yet have deep snows and so much frost on the window pane that in the morning you cannot see through it; and whole flocks of blizzards, for God long ago declared that winter as well as summer shall not cease, and between this and the spring crocus we may all have reason to cry out with the psalmist: "Who can stand before his cold?"

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph, and telephone, and stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since, but now they are so numerous we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if [illegible] times demanded them [illegible] we have now living [illegible] Martin Luthers, [illegible]tons, fifty Lady [illegible]eth Frys. During [illegible] splendid warriors [illegible] are developed [illegible] the whole

world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the four thousand years before the flood and the eighteen centuries after the flood, to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any of the one hundred and eighty generations that have passed off.

But where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death, on the south side is victory; on the north side is Panama and poverty, on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves: for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one, his troops followed and finally his whole army. The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it are sin and ruin and death, on the other side are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side and your family will cross with you and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved we will never save any one else. How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept Him instantaneously and forever. Get on the Rock first and then you will be able to help others upon the same Rock. Men and women have been saved quicker than I have been talking about it. What, without a prayer? Yes. What, without time deliberately to think it over? Yes. What, without a tear? Yes, believe! That is all. Believe what? That Jesus died to save you from sin and death and hell. Will you? Do you? You have. Something makes me think you have. New light has come into your countenance. Welcome! Welcome! Hail! Hail! Saved yourselves, how are you going to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have.

The most of that which you do to benefit the souls of this generation, you will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong, and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great centennial exhibition was being held in Philadelphia, the question came up among the directors as to whether they could keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director who was a man of the world, from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion and tears running down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember what my glorified mother taught me about keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath." And he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one man can do if he does right, boldly right, emphatically right.

What if we could get this whole generation saved! These people who are living with us the same year and amid the same stupendous events and flying toward the future swifter than eagles to their prey. We cannot stop. They cannot stop. We think we can stop. We say, "Come now, my friend, let us stop and discuss this subject," but we do not stop. The year does not stop, the day does not stop, the hour does not stop. The year is a great wheel and there is a band on that wheel that keeps it revolving, and as that wheel turns, it turns three hundred and sixty-five smaller wheels, which are the days, and then each of these three hundred and sixty-five wheels turns twenty-four smaller wheels, which are the hours, and these twenty-four smaller wheels turn sixty smaller wheels, which are the minutes, and these sixty smaller wheels turn sixty more smaller wheels, which are the seconds, and they keep rolling, rolling, rolling, mounting, mounting, mounting, and swiftening, swiftening, swiftening. Oh, God! if our generation is going like that and we are going with them, waken us to the short but tremendous opportunity. I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to stop its tears, to balsam its wounds and to induce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus, acclamation rapturous and gates pearline, and garlands amaranthine and fountains rainbowed and dominions enthroned and coroneted, for I cannot forget that lullaby in the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

And what a lovely sleep it was! Unfilial Absalom did not trouble it. Ambitious Adonijah did not worry it. Persecuting Saul did not harrow it. Exile did not fill it with nightmare. Since a red-headed boy amid his father's flocks at night, he had not had such a good sleep. At 70 years of age he lay down to it. He has had many a troubled sleep, as in the caverns of Adullam or in the palace at the time his enemies were attempting his capture. But this was a peaceful sleep, a calm sleep, a restful sleep, a glorious sleep. "After he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the aching out of the head and all the weariness out of the limbs and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will at life's close have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last fatigue of body, our last worriment of mind, our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be the cool sleep. To those who are thin blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified with night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departure from this world. If we have served our generation it will not be putting out into the breakers, it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend writing me from Illinois says that Rev. Dr. Wingate, President of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life, found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments he seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is. I knew you would be with me when the time came, and I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was he had served his generation in the gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell on sleep. When in Africa, Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture, and stepped back again, but after a while went in and touched him, and lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey and he had died in the grandest and mightiest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. He had served his generation by unrolling the scroll of a continent, and by the will of God fell on sleep. Grimshaw, the evangelist, when asked how he felt in his last moments, responded: "As happy as I can be on earth and as sure of glory as if I were in it. I have nothing to do but to step out of this bed into Heaven." Having served his generation in successful evangelism by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

In the museum of Greenwich Hospital, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions amid the relics of Sir John Franklin, who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation in the cause of science and discovery by the will of God, he fell on sleep.

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high-risen sun full in our faces, and, before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I, whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And then it has flashed upon us in glad reality. And I should not wonder if after we have served our generation and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awake in blissful bewilderment and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Who hung this upholstery? What fountains are these tossing in the light? Why, this looks like Heaven! It is. It is. Why there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor, that must be the palace of Jesus. And, look there, at those walks lined with a foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them those two arm in arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Ajalon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty. And those two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled off flames of martyrdom, must be John Huss and Hugh Latimer.

But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the house of "many mansions" of which I used to read? It is, it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! whose are those voices, whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long-absent kindred. Why there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, "Never more to part! never more to part!" the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the words, "Never more to part. Never more to part." Then our glorified friends say: "Come out with us and see Heaven." And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the Kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of Heaven, I cry out, "Who is he?" and the answer comes: "This is the greatest of all the Kings of Israel. It is David, who after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

GOOD NEWS FROM JAPAN.

Bishop Fowler reports most excellent work done in Japan this past year. Over one thousand additions to the church in the history of the Missions. Rev. Ogata, a native of Japan, but who was educated at Greencastle, Ind., has proved himself a very efficient missionary. During the recent session of the Japan Conference representatives of the old Daimio School in Hirosaki which sustains to Northern Japan about the same relation that Yale College does to the Congregationalists, tendered their school building, grounds, and endowment to the Methodist Mission, on condition that they would put in the school two foreign teachers. The Conference did not hesitate long before accepting this proposition, and now we have another good school in Japan. The Bishop says: "This is the opportunity of Methodism. Japan to-day is offered to us. Ten years hence it will be too late to take it. We should enter every principal city in Japan with preacher, teacher, and school appliances."

Tale of a Camera.

First Little Girl (looking over an album)—Is that a picture of your papa? Ain't he sweet? I'd love him. He looks as if he has his pockets full of Christmas presents. Whose picture is this other one?

Second Little Girl—That's papa too. "What! This? Oh! I don't like this at all. He looks awful cross in this one. He looks as if he'd bite any one's head off. When was these taken?"

"Why, you see, this first one, the nice one, was taken while he was runnin' for office, and this other one was taken after he got elected."

Too Good.

Customer—Say, this rifle you sold me yesterday is no good.

Dealer—What is the matter with it?

Customer—It shoots to accurately.

Dealer—Why, isn't that just what you want?

Customer—I guess not. I'm the proprietor of a shooting gallery, and I give prizes to those who score the highest number of points.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE Legislature of Georgia has taken quite an advanced step toward establishing a common school system. The appropriation for the coming year is $100,000, and for the year following, $260,000. This will give them a school year of six months instead of three, and they soon expect to increase it to ten months. A few years ago the appropriation was 45 cents per scholar, while Ohio's was $11 and Massachusett's $16. Let Georgia's example be followed by the other States in the South and ere long the Southern problem will be solved.

BY mistake a New Orleans paper printed a list of coming weddings, under the head of "The Sugar Crop."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Feb. 17, may be found in Mark v. 25-34.

INTRODUCTORY.

In Ephesians 1:6 occurs the oft-quoted word, "accepted in the beloved." A study of the words in the original, while not vitiating the familiar King James' translation, makes the ampler and yet more reassuring meaning of the word to be, *graced* or *gifted in the Beloved.* That is, all that we have comes as a plain and positive impartation from Christ. We *attain* this as to nothing; all that we have we *obtain* as a gift through Christ. We have an object lesson on this truth in the lesson before us. How significant, especially, the statement, "Virtue had gone out of him," and the query, "Who touched me?" Christ is at this time on the Capernaum side, where "the people gladly received him," and is now on his way for healing to the house of Jairus.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

A certain woman. That was all she was then; an unknown woman, just as one of the crowd, a sufferer amidst a multitude of sufferers. What made her great was her contact with Jesus. In him was all greatness and goodness. To become one with him is to make the most of life, and to lift ourselves out of the crude mass into personal recognition with God. In a sense we all have filial relations with the great Head of the Universe. In a sense, no less true, we are in our natural alienation wholly absent and apart from him—"without God and without hope in the world," wanderers in the wilderness, lost in the dark. Have you noted that passage in Ephesians 1:5: "The adoption of children by Jesus Christ." Only as we are in Christ are we lifted up to true sonship toward God. Only through Christ do we write our names on heaven's great family registry.

Rather grew worse. Such progress is made with the world's soul physician. It is always from bad to worse, growth downward, moral degeneration. So was it found when Christ came to earth. The philosophers had applied their lotions and the sick man was worse, the so-called religions had applied their medicines. Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, all to no effect save to increase the disease. Even Judaism was growing jejune and effete. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" the world's soul might well cry, "is there no physician there?" The patient fares no better under latter-day physics, according to the course of the world. Materialism, rationalism, agnosticism, "miserable comforters are ye all," the soul finally declares. The Princess Alice was inclined for a time to be skeptical, but ere her early and lamented decease she said to some one: "Since I talked with a certain humble Christian I have been trusting that Jesus has saved me from my sins." She had fled away from earth's false physicians to the great Physician.

Touched his garment. He is never so far away, or so thronged and pressed, but that you can do that, poor soul. You do not feel near enough to recline, like John, upon his breast. You do not feel bold enough to stride along like impulsive, courageous Peter at his side. But you can humbly stoop and touch his garment. There in your home, there in your resting-place in church or Sunday-school, wherever you are, you can, albeit timidly, but, pray God, trustingly, touch the hem of that blessed garment which, through the influences of his Spirit and the word, floats savingly within the reach of your trembling fingers. You have sung it often with the lip; sing it now from the heart.

> "Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
> I want thee forever to live in my soul;
> Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
> Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

And remember in faith these other lines, drawn from the gospel record:

> "She only touched the hem of his garment
> As to his side she stole,
> Amid the crowd that gathered round him,
> And straightway she was whole.
> O, touch the hem of his garment
> And thou, too, shalt be free;
> His saving power this very hour
> Shall give new life to thee."

I shall be whole. It was just a touch, but it was the touch of faith. The "I shall be whole," along with the stretching forth of the hand, gave energy and efficacy. Behind the slight movement of the body was a mighty movement of the soul. You see here the *if* put in the right place. It is not "if thou *canst*," as said the father of the smitten child; not "if thou *wilt*," the address of the leper; but "*if I touch.*" The peradventure has to do with the human side. As to the divine part in the transaction there is complete certitude. "I shall be whole," she says. O, we spend so much time with the *if*, with the bend of the *f*, as it were. We are a long while reaching the wholeness promised to us by God's word. That is a reasonable word of Wayland Hoyt's, quoting to the inquirer the text, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Don't you suppose," says the preacher, "that if you do your part of it it is perfectly certain that Christ will do his part—receive you—never cast you out?" Presently the inquirer was saying, "It must be so;" in answer to the question, "Do you thus come?" "As far as I know myself *I do*;" and a moment later, "Why, is that all? Then—I think—I must be a Christian." Why not you?

She felt in her body. Yes, it is the time to look for feeling. Feeling comes after faith. Are you waiting for emotion before you come to the Savior? You are waiting on the wrong side of the stream for such a messenger; cross over on the other side and you will find him *waiting for you.* All the feeling we may expect away from Christ is a sense of unworth and unrest. We begin to feel and know what a Saviour Jesus is after we come to him. Or rather we have received him who has come to us. "If I could only feel it; I do want to feel safe and sure!" exclaimed the man on his couch of mortal sickness. "Now, listen," said the evangelist, "listen to God's own precious words: 'After ye believed ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance.' You never feel that you have a book in your hand until you have taken it: but after you [illegible] it is for you, and take it up; then [illegible] till then, do you feel that you have it. Just so with this great salvation." Friend, out of Christ, prove the Scripture for yourself and see.

Virtue had gone out of him. Salvation is not merely power, it is love as well. Redeeming grace brings into exercise the mightiest forces of the universe. There is such a thing as stored energy, reserved for use. It is not to such a treasure store we come for redemption. It is rather to that which is pictured for us in the active, forceful dynamo which is continually generating and supplying power as it is demanded. When a soul comes to Christ there is a conscious meeting of man with God, and there is a new and gracious impartation as strong and fresh and powerful as when the blind eyes were opened of old and the deaf ears unstopped. We stand in personal and vital relations with the Son of God, and in every individual case all His wondrous energy goes out toward the repentant sinner. Depths of compassion, a world of love and sympathy, the riches of His grace are drawn upon when one sinner repents. Away with the idea of priestly vicegerency, of delegated absolution! When a soul is regenerated virtue goes out from Christ Himself. "In Him was life." In Him alone.

Who touched me? Christ is speaking, looking about upon a thronging multitude. The same voice speaks to-day. In the great congregation, in the Sunday-school where multitudes are pressing upon him, but so few, alas, are reaching toward him with the hand of faith. Have you felt that stirring of soul within you which tells you that in prayer or in meditation upon the word or under the gospel proclamation you have turned unto him and have laid hold of him? Here now spoken to you this word, "Who touched me?" He wants your witness, your testimony. He seeks yet more. He wishes to send you forth with peace and assurance. For we go from grace to grace, and the real touch of faith leads on to the cleaving of trust and the resting of faith. Very like this question was that of old Peter, its half rebuke hidden in its gracious promise, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

Next Lesson—"The Great Teacher and the Twelve." Mark 6: 1-13.

How to Avoid Adulterations.

Jones—It beats the world how everything is adulterated. I brought some sugar last night, and I find it is one-third sand.

Smith—Well, that may be, but everything isn't adulterated. I bought a barrel of sand this morning, and I'll be hanged if it had a particle of sugar in it. If you wish to avoid adulterations, buy sand, Mr. Jones; buy sand.

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Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

"Natural Gas" next Friday.

Seats can now be secured for "Jim, the Penman."

Mr. J. H. Bass returned from Chicago this morning.

Mr. T. R. Pickard returned from St. Louis this morning.

The Catholic Knights meet at Library hall to-morrow afternoon.

Seats for the Duff Opera company open Wednesday, Feb. 10.

Mr. Geo. W. Stevens and N. F. Anderson, of Toledo, are at the Rich.

Miss Carrie Strass, of Monroeville, is in the city visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Agnes Tiernan of Fort Wayne, is the guest of Miss Mollie Closs of Decatur.

Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, the wife of the secretary of the City Y. M. C. A., is quite ill.

Mr. R. L. Mattingly, a prominent attorney of Salina, Ohio, was in the city last evening.

Mr. J. N. Williams has on exhibition at the Shoaff gallery, his fine collection of paintings.

Hon. R. C. Bell, Mr. H. C. Hanna and Mr. W. S. Bash returned last night from Indianapolis.

The two young sons of Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Keller are recovering from an attack of the mumps.

Mrs. H. K. Parry, and her guest, Miss Taft, are spending a few days with friends at Huntington.

The ladies of the Trinity Lutheran church gave a pleasant social last evening at their church parlors.

Rev. R. M. Barns has accepted an invitation to deliver the memorial address Decoration day in an Ohio town.

Chris Entemann's orchestrion was yesterday shipped to Huntington, where it was purchased by Sam Ashley for $1,600.

Marie Carlise, nee Carrie Hill, of this city, has had her husband arrested at New York to compel him to suppor her.

Mr. C. F. Taylor, formerly of the *Daily News*, is now connected with the advertising department of the Los Angeles *Times*.

There was an explosion of crude oil at the Standard oil works, west of the city, yesterday. The side of the engine room was shattered.

Mr. Jonas Hutchens, of Kendallville, Ind., is in the city to spend the sabbath, as the guest of Mr. A. L. Woodworth, foreman at the Pittsburg shops.

Mrs. Nancy Evarts, of 104 Wells street, has returned from Crestline, Ohio, where she attended the funeral of her father, Mr. James M. Reed.

The ladies of the St. Paul M. E. church will hold a social, next Monday night at the residence of Upton Null on Simon street. A very successful time is expected.

Dr. J. S. Irwin is again at his desk and consequently at the educational helm. THE SENTINEL is pleased to announce the doctor's complete recovery and the public will be glad to hear it.

The Haydn quartet have been photographed in a group and their handsome faces are seen in a frame at Siemon Brothers. The quartet have been invited to participate in the forthcoming Island Park assembly.

In consideration of having been their first patron, Messrs. Thieme Bros., the Berry street tailors, have had made and presented to Mr. Vandoren Root, a momento in the shape of a gold piece, appropriately engraved.

Mr. Sam Stewart, of the Union Pacific Tea company, will leave here on March 1st, to accept a position as traveling salesman for Park & Co.'s tea importing house, of New York and Philadelphia. Mr. Stewart expects to make Fort Wayne his headquarters.

Mrs. T. K. Eaton, of Elkhart, formerly of this city, having been called to the bedside of her uncle, T. B. Eaton, of Fremont, made her friend, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, of this city, who is also lying sick at her residence, 59 Oakley street, a flying visit yesterday as she was on her way home.

A gentleman in this city has forwarded to the Sisters of Providence near Terre Haute, the handsome amount of two hundred dollars. The loss sustained in the burning and total destruction of a large building, falls heavily upon the community. Such timely aid from friends is appreciated by the good nuns.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaretta S. Taylor, mother of Judge R. S. Taylor and Messrs. I. N. and Samuel Taylor, will take place from the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, and from the residence of I. N. Taylor, on Fairfield avenue, a half hour earlier. The services will be conducted by Rev. J. G. Leeper, assisted by the Haydn quartet. Judge Taylor arrived home from New York last night.

The Portland *Sun* says: "A large audience greeted Rev. S. A. Northrop, of Fort Wayne, at the Friends church, on last Friday afternoon. After a short address he stated briefly the declaration of faith and covenant of the Missionary Baptist denomination, after which he requested all those who had once been members of Baptist church to rise, and quite a goodly number responded. About fifty remained for the after meeting and expressed themselves in favor of establishing a church at this place."

Mrs. Isaac Wiel has returned to the city.

Mayor Muhler fined Enoch Joslin for drunkenness this morning.

Engineer Joe Woods has returned to the city from the southwest.

Golden & Monahan have started a branch house at Van Wert, Ohio.

John Shoeff, who was injured in the collision at Roanoke, will recover.

The Fruit House will be open Monday night, February 18, on account of pay day.

Judge Chapin decreed Horace W. Hanna a judgment for $260.85 against Henry Hays.

Fred Keller and Martha Howell, Dean Ellison and Leretta Fry have been licensed to wed.

Mr. J. D. Rerick, editor of the Kendallville *Standard*, made THE SENTINEL office a call to-day.

Miss Mary Kent, who has been visiting friends in this city for some time, left for Peru to-day.

Mr. A. D. Guild has returned from Rock Run, Ala., where the great Bass furnaces are located.

Joseph Bailine sues John C. Hunter to quiet title to real estate. Vesey and Leonard are attorneys.

Fred Eckart sues Adam Bopp to recover $200 on a mortgage. John F. Rodabaugh is counsel.

The St. Mary's Catholic church choir, of this city, will participate in the forthcoming concert at Avilla.

Justice France fined Frank Lorentz for assaulting Julius Peroz. Lorentz is a bar tender for Alex. Martin.

Councilman and Mrs. J. J. Williams royally entertained a party of friends at their home on Williams street last night.

In the circuit court yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson were fined for assault on Charles Thomas. The parties live in Lake township.

Mr. L. B. Root, the dry goods merchant, has been confined to his room, at the Wayne hotel, for a few days, by a severe rheumatic ailment.

Mrs. Meade C. Williams, of Princeton, Ill., accompanied by her son, Mr. D. R. Williams, is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jesse L. Williams.

Alfred Noll, page in the house of representatives, Indianapolis, came home last evening to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noll.

The divorce suit of Joseph Yagur has been certified to the superior court from Wells county on a change of venue Yagur formerly worked on the Muncie road.

There was a rear-end collision on the Nickel Plate road, at Payne, to-day. A rear engine, clouded by the fog, ran into a caboose ahead of it and smashed the platform of the car.

The Loyal Temperance Legion will meet to-morrow afternoon at W. C. T. U. headquarters, on Harrison street. One hour of earnest gospel temperance work for young and old. Come.

Engineer D. F. McFee, of engine No. 13, was struck on the head, receiving quite a cut, by a gate rod which, through the carelessness of the gate keeper at Continental, was left in the center of the track yesterday.

The millers of Northern Indiana met at the Business Men's exchange yesterday afternoon and continued their old organization in force. Their object is to prevent competition that leads to cut prices, in fact they have a sort of trust that enhances their profits. The directors of the association are: F. R. C. Hanks, Goshen; C. W. Tuttle, Columbia City; I. N. Arnold, Huntington; D. H. Shoppard, Waterloo; J. B. Monning, Fort Wayne, C. E. Orff, Fort Wayne; T. W. Logan, Lafontain. The directors then elected the following executive officers: President, T. A. C. Hanks, Goshen; vice president, I. N. Arnold, Huntington; secretary, J. B. Monning, Fort Wayne; treasurer, C. W. Tuttle, Columbia City. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at Warsaw, May 1.

MR. KAOUGH.

To Hold a Reception on Uncle Sam's Domain.

Postmaster Kaough, realizing the desire of the people to inspect and see the interior of the handsome new post office, asks THE SENTINEL to announce that he will open the office to the public from 7:30 to 9 o'clock to-night.

Everybody is invited and everybody will be welcomed in elgant democratic style.

ASLEEP IN DEATH.

They Rest, But the Tears of Mourning Ones Will Keep Their Memory Fresh.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers for the week ending February 16:

Mattie E. Payne, 28 years.

Child of Phillip France, 1 day, exhaustion.

Child of Pat Carney, 7 days, lung fever.

Margaret Taylor, 71 years, tumor.

Ora B. Dukeman, 6 years, spinal meningitis.

Adelheid Fabian, 15 days, spasms.

A Young Lady Hurt.

This morning, Dr. Stemen was called to the residence of Engineer A. J. Ford, on Wallace street, by the fact that his daughter, grown to womanhood, had fractured one of her lower limbs.

S. S. MONTANO, County Auditor of Los Angeles, Cal., joined the Salvation Army, and shook dulcet tinklings from a tambourine, just because he was sanguine that Cleveland would be the next President.

AT THEIR POST OF DUTY.

Stand Our City Pastors on the Sabbath Day Pleading for Purer Lives and Better Hearts.

Rev. Talmage's sermon will be found in to-day's paper. Read it.

There will be revival services at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow evening.

Read our religious column on the inside of this paper. It may do you good.

Services at the U. B. church to-morrow, at 2 p. m. All kindly invited to attend. Bring Bibles or Testaments.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

Special services at the City Y. M. C. A., Sunday, February 17. Come and bring your friends and enjoy a season of prayer and song. For men only.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets.—Services at 10:30 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening in the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All are cordially invited.

The revival still continues at the Berry Street church. Rev. D. C. Woolpert, the pastor, will preach in the morning, and Rev. J. H. Slade in the evening. All invited.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching at 10:30, to-morrow, by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. A cordial invitation extended to the public.

Simpson M. E. Church—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. C. Cook, of Trinity, and 7:30 p. m., by Dr. Stemen. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor.

Pastor Northrop and his congregation heartily welcome the multitude to all services at the Baptist church to-morrow. Come early and secure a good seat as standing room is at a premium.

Grace Reformed church, A. K. Zartman, pastor. Morning service at 10:30, and evening service, 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. Grace church has a cordial welcome for all. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Services in the Third Presbyterian church, next Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., by Rev. J. M. Boggs, Morning theme: "The Ideal of Life." Evening theme: "Different Views of Christ." Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabreeze, rector. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. Morning service and sermon, at 10:45. Evening service and sermon, at 7:30 p. m. Strangers cordially welcomed.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barns at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. Young people's meeting at 6:45 p. m. Morning discourse "Immortality of the Soul."

Regular meeting for men only at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A., 245 Calhoun street, to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. Dr. C. B. Stemen, surgeon of the Pennsylvania and Wabash roads, will lead the meeting. All men cordially invited.

Regular Sabbath services in the Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street, to-morrow at 10:30, by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper. Subject, "Fruit Bearing." Sabbath school will follow the morning service. Song service led by the chorus choir of twenty voices. All welcome. No evening service.

Pastor Sims will hold a series of meetings at the Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets, beginning to-morrow night and continuing nightly during the week. Subjects simplified by blackboard diagrams. Regular service in the morning. Subject in the morning, "The Six Worlds." Song service at 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.

Don't despond. If there anything that is calculated to last the composition of a person it is an insidious cough, the forerunner of consumption, the most fatal of human afflictions, I had a bad cough, took Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and was relieved.

Capt. WM. HARCOURT, Baltimore, Md., Postoffice.

Those wishing to have their fortunes told should call on Mrs. Silvers, 190 Montgomery street. Ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 50c. Pay in advance. No crowds admitted.

For five days only—Overcoats at actual cost. SAM, PETE & MAX.
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Flour Down 25c Barrel.

Best Quality, Orff's or Monning's, $5.00 barrel. Churubusco Mills ... barrel.

THE HUM OF THE WHEEL.

Saturday's Budget of News From the Busy Centers—Conductor Dillon's Narrow Escape.

The Pittsburg pay car arrived this morning.

The new north side depot is a thing of the future.

There is but little news concerning the new Mahoning road.

Many of the men in the shops were at the big Fox fire last night.

Chas. Buck, section foreman of the Wabash road, is on the sick list.

The employes of the Pennsylvania company received their month's pay today.

John Sible, firemen of the Nickel Plate, was at Churubusco last week, the guests of his parents.

C. O. Jenkins, traveling passenger agent of the New York Central road was in the city this morning.

L. F. Loree, engineer of maintainance of way of the Cleveland division of the Pittsburg road, is in the city.

Superintendant T. R. Pickard, of the Bass works, returned this morning from St. Louis, where he has been since last Monday.

While Indiana roads are almost without exception showing an increase in earnings over the corresponding period last year, in but few cases are they large.

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, denies the rumor that he will resign. There is little question as to his being his own successor at the next annual meeting.

Superintendent Finnis Cartright, of the Old's wagon works, leaves to-day for South Bend, Ind., where his family still reside. Mrs. Cartright and the children will remove here early in the spring.

J. J. Stier, foreman of the Bass works, is being congratulated to-day over the arrival at his home of a bright-eyed baby girl. The popular foreman receives the many compliments in a pleasant way.

Robert Cran, foreman of the Bass foundry car wheel rooms, observed the anniversary of his birth on St. Valentine day. Mr. Cran has been with the Bass works for a number of years, and is one of its most capable and trusted employes.

Henry Thieke, of the Pittsburg machine shops, will be married next Tuesday morning at the St. Mary's Catholic church to Miss Thacklow Cossengan. The happy couple will dispense with the usual wedding tour, and will settle down to housekeeping in pleasant quarters at the corner of Murray and Lafayette streets.

J. J. Turner, superintendent of the Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis division of the Pennsylvania lines, has statistics he has kept personally which shows that more persons have been injured and killed at railroad crossings in towns and cities and in yards by what are called slow trains than by fast trains. He argues that people will look out more carefully for the fast trains, knowing the danger of crossing tracks when such a train is due.

The Paulding, Ohio, *Democrat* has this item: "Conductor Dillon, of the Nickel Plate, was in town this week, as witness before the grand jury. He is the man whom the prisoner now in jail, calling himself Wm Clark, attempted to stab at Worstville early in December. Clark was trying to steal a ride on the trucks underneath Mr. Dillon's train. If allowed to remain there he would have been ground up at the first cattle guard. He was ordered to come out, and refusing to do so, Conductor Dillon pulled him out. Angered at this Clark drew a knife and made three desperate thrusts at the conductor, Mr. D's watch only saving him from a horrible death. The point of the knife struck the watch and glanced off. It was a narrow escape for Mr. Dillon."

A COMPLEXITY SIMPLIFIED.

"Of what denomination arede chile?" asked an old colored preacher of a young couple who had brought an infant to him for baptism.

"Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word "denomination."

"I axed you ob what denomination the chile war?" repeated the minister a little severely.

The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment, then the father stammered out:

"I—I—doesn't know what yo' mean by 'denomination,' sah."

"Hough, yo' don't," replied the preacher, scornfully. "Well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' ign'ance so yo' kin understand it: Are de chile a boy or a gal chile?"—*Youth's Companion.*

"For I am declined into the vale of tears," she said a little sadly, "but indeed I don't much mind it since I can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents.

The firm of F. D. Paulus & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Wm. E. Angwine retiring. The business will be continued by F. D. Paulus, at No. 53 East Main street.

15-2t F. D. PAULUS & Co.

For five days only—Underwear and Hosiery at cost. SAM, PETE & MAX.
15-5t

A Sensation.

A new book, by Alphonse Daudet, "One of the Forty" of which 350,000 copies of the original in French were sold during the first...

BISHOP VINCENT.

His Coming to Fort Wayne Uncertain as Yet.

It was stated that Bishop Vincent would come here to-day and preach to-morrow, so that Rev. Dr. Barns, of the Wayne Street M. E. church, and Rev. Mr. Woolpert, of Berry Street, wrote him. These letters explain his position:

February 7, 1889.

To Rev. D. C. Woolpert.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have not yet agreed positively to lecture at Fort Wayne. There is an application, I believe in the office of the Lyceum Bureau but my time is so much taken up that I am uncertain what I shall do. I have put your letter on file and if I can comply, as you request, I shall certainly take great pleasure in doing so.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN H. VINCENT.

February 14, 1889.

To Rev. R. M. Barns.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I must have gotten things mixed in the Fort Wayne matter, as I do not remember to have corresponded with more than one person. I get hundreds of applications for Sundays, for lectures, for conventions, for district conferences, and can not, of course, carry anything in my mind pertaining to them, but depend upon the letters themselves when I happen to strike them in the conduct of my correspondence.

Now I certainly never promised a specific Sabbath to the Berry Street or any other church in Fort Wayne. The bureau has said that Fort Wayne wants me if I can find the time. I have not yet found it. President Rogers writes me, saying that I had agreed to preach Sunday morning, the 24th, for Rev. D. C. Woolpert. The fact is I lecture in Milwaukee Saturday night, and preach in Milwaukee on Sunday. It is a very mixed case. Truly yours,

JOHN H. VINCENT.

RACE HORSES.

The English Thoroughbred and the American Trotter.

Prof. W. H. Brewer, of Yale, read a paper before the National Academy of Science at New Haven recently in which he referred to trotting horses as follows: The English thoroughbred is a finished breed, and it has undoubtedly arrived at the summit of its excellence. There has been practically no new blood in this breed since 1760. This breed has been finished and completed in two senses; first, as to its grade, heredity, blood, and character; and, secondly, as to its speed, in which the limits has been undoubtedly reached. We have faster horses than our grandfathers, but it is not likely that our grandchildren will have a faster breed than we now have. The English thoroughbred is a race-horse, and has but one point, speed, which is bred in him. All other points are secondary. The main point is to win in the race, and the value of a thoroughbred depends entirely on his performances. Unlike the deciding of the value of cows, etc., as to their breed is the value of the thoroughbred determined. No matter what his color if he only wins. That is all that is asked. The winning horse is the admired one.

The owners of the thoroughbred wish him to win by the smallest possible margin. They are as afraid of having them show their full speed as political parties are of the record of their candidates. Horse-racing is old, but the breeding is not. This breed may be said to have been begun in the reign of James I. This matter of breeding covers a vast amount of literature. Horse-racing came in as the principal sport of the gentry of Great Britain, and the rulers encouraged it, as it was supposed to furnish more material for warfare. In 1791 the first race calendar was published. How the thoroughbred is bred, where skill and art are required, is very simple in science. For 120 years a list of the winning sires has been published. The value of the sire depends upon the value of his offspring.

In the case of trotters there has been a steady increase of speed. The fastest record is 2.08¾. Less than a dozen horses have ever trotted in less than 2:14. The best record in running was made in St. Louis, the time being 1.39¾. The speaker showed a table on which were the number of horses in the last few years which had made a record within five seconds of this time. The nearest that any horse has come to this record is 1.40, which was done this year. A very large number of horses have made their record but once. There are many that have made as fast time as those that have records, but in not winning the race they get no record. The record as it now stands may be lowered. When I said that speed had reached its maximum, I didn't think but what better time would be made. I think about 1.39 will be the speed of runners. Hereafter breeders will be expected to keep up this high standard of excellence rather than to making better time. I believe the thoroughbred has finished his evolution. In order for a thoroughbred to make his best time all conditions must be favorable, he must have a good rider and a fine track.

Table linens, napkins, towels, best and cheapest. Louis Wolf & Co.

HIT BY A HORSE.

Mrs. Henry Breimeyer is Severely Bitten by a Horse.

Mrs. Henry Breimeyer, living at 219 West Jefferson street, went to the stable in the lot at their home, Thursday evening to cover their horse with a horse blanket. While she was in the act of doing so the animal turned and bit her in the wrist, almost severing the hand from the arm.

The ugly wound bled profusely, and a physician was immediately summoned to dress her injuries.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—Indiana—Rain, clearing Sunday, colder; northwesterly winds.

For five days only—Fur caps and plush caps at cost.

15-5t SAM, PETE & MAX.

The regular monthly meeting of the City Y. M. C. A. will be held in the parlors of the association, next Monday evening at 7:30 sharp. A full attendance is requested. C. B. BROWN, Recording Secretary.

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Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Glass, Toilet Articles, Wines and Liquors, Etc.
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PURE - LARD,
Put up in all styles to suit the trade.
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